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SOKIN 장편 소설

FUSION FANTASTIC STORY

# 코더이영호

CODER

LEE YONGHO

BOOK 01

*Sokin*

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

**Coder Lee YongHo**

(코더 이용호)

*by*

**SOKIN**

# Synopsis

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One day, poor college computer science undergraduate Lee Yong-Ho goes to Mt.Jiri to have a fresh start for his last semester in college.

But he gets struck by lightning on his way down.

He then wakes up in a hospital but realizes that something's different.

He could see words floating in front of his phone.

He realizes later that it is program bugs.

Follow Yong Ho as he uses his debug window to solve his problems.

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English Translation by KobatoChanDaisuki @  
[KobatoChanDaisuki](#)

ePub conversion by Lisa Hayes @ [Hasseno Blog](#)

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# Prologue

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Software Engineer.

Programmer.

Developer.

They are all similar words but there is especially one word with much controversy.

Coder.

When implementing the software, the person who does the coding according to the specifications.

To put it in another way.

The person who can do nothing but coding.

However, without coders, programs cannot be made.

# Chapter 1: Bug Window

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Mt.Jiri, Cheon Wang Peak.

One man arrived at Cheon Wang Peak.

pant pant

Sweat was pouring like rain on a man's face and he was breathing roughly.

"I'm so goddamn tired"

The man's name was Lee YongHo.

YongHo sought Cheon Wang Peak as a new start before reinstating school.

It was summer, 2nd semester of 4th year would start soon. And he would soon be thrown into the war known as employment.

"It really starts now."

YongHo murmured, while looking at the clouds below. The white clouds were everywhere and they looked like they could be grabbed with hands.



“I will definitely achieve success.”

He pledged and pledged again. He hoped to let his parents live in luxury, and order food without looking at the price tag. And all this required his success.

“I can do it! Let’s do it! The world’s best programmer!”

The time was early dawn.

The Sun was about to rise. There were barely any people around Cheon Wang Peak. YongHo was looking at the clouds on the mountainside.

“Is it going to rain I wonder.....”

Grey-colored clouds were rushing towards him. And thunder could be heard far away.

“It looks like I need to get down quickly.”

Urgency could be seen on YongHo’s face. His current position was on the peak of Mt. Jiri. It was not a distance he could travel in one or two hours. He would be in a real fix if it rained while climbing down.

“Let’s get down quickly.”

YongHo quickly climbed down from Cheon Wang Peak.

Rumble

The thunder got louder as soon as he got off the Cheon Wang Peak boulder.

Flash

Lightning struck far away. The flash was blinding to YongHo's eyes.

“The weather forecast never mentioned it would rain today.”

He definitely checked the weather before climbing. However the rain clouds in the sky clearly told him that the weather forecast was wrong.

“As always, one cannot trust the weather forecasting agency.”

YongHo sped up his steps while blaming the weather forecast.

Rumble

The thunder could be heard getting near and near. The sounds were loud to the point of being frightening. The thunder was raging as if it was chasing YongHo as he was climbing down.



Bang

Suddenly, lightning struck right on top of YongHo's head. His vision turned blank and his arms and legs trembled uncontrollably as if he was epileptic..

“I... I have so many things I haven't done yet.....”

His consciousness stopped like an unplugged computer.

plop

The healthy man collapsed in the middle of a quiet mountain road. The rain clouds that were covering the sky also began to clear.

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“Mr. Lee YongHo? Mr. Lee YongHo, Are you awake?”

“.....”

“Mr. Lee YongHo?”

Hospital emergency room. A white-gowned doctor was speaking

to him as he was flashing light at YongHo's eyes.

“Mr. Lee YongHo, try to blink if you are awake.”

YongHo blinked, complying with the doctor's words.

“This is the hospital. Mr. Lee YongHo was found collapsed on the mountain.”

After listening to the doctor's words, it seemed his consciousness came back a little as YongHo's eyes started focusing a little.

“Do you feel uncomfortable anywhere?”

“...No.”

YongHo barely replied to the doctor, with all his strength.

“You need to calm down a little more so it's better if you stay hospitalized for one more day.”

YongHo went straight back to sleep after nodding to the doctor's words, just like that. After a long time, YongHo opened his eyes again.

“I have such bad luck.....”

He looked for his phone after waking up. He put his phone in his bag before it started to rain. Fortunately, nothing was missing.

“Let’s see.”

YongHo switched his phone on.

1. java.lang.NullPointerException
2. Sliding Menu Error
3. DrawLayout Function Problem
- .....

“Whoa, What is this?”

YongHo dropped his phone on the bed. He shook his head and picked his phone and looked at the screen.

1. java.lang.NullPointerException
2. Sliding Menu Error
3. DrawLayout Function Problem

On the top right, he could see familiar lines. They were familiar but they were something that should not be seen. Surprised, he looked for the doctor.

“Doctor! Doctor!”

The white curtains surrounding YongHo parted and a nurse walked in.

“Yes. What is it?”

“I, I think I’m seeing things.”

“Yes?”

“See here, the phone screen.”

YongHo held the smartphone towards her. The initial screen could be seen like any other phone.

“What about it?”

“Can’t you see the words?”

“Words?”

The nurse looked at him with a “what nonsense are you talking about” expression. She did not understand YongHo’s words.

“Yes. Words.”

The words were floating there even while conversing with the Nurse. It was as if he was looking at a hologram.

“Sometimes, patients hallucinate after a big shock. It will gradually get better after getting some rest.”

The nurse said while calming him down.

“Re, Really?”

“Yes. You don’t have to worry about it much.”

“That doesn’t seem to be the case.....”

YongHo murmured as he found it strange. It didn’t seem like it would go away after one or two days.

“Just calm down first and tell me if you have the same symptoms after some time?”

“Okay.....”

YongHo replied in a small voice. The lines didn’t disappear from his eyes even after the nurse went away.

“Phew... What the heck is happening...”

He sat still staring at the phone screen looking at the strange happenings. There was red light on the messages icon. His friends

had contacted him.

“Let’s look at those messages”

After clicking the messages icon new words started appearing in front of his eyes.

“Wha... What the heck is this?”

Not even checking the messages, he stared at the hologram for a short while before a different content appeared.

Title: A NullPointerException has occurred.

Detail: Null pointer exception is occurring on line 1025 of SendMessageActivity.class. The origin of the error is due to referencing an object with no value.

Solution: Make a Message Object in line 1025.

“What, what is.....”

Looking at the details, it seemed like there was a bug in the program and there was a method to solve it. As a Computer Science undergraduate, YongHo understood its meaning.

“It seems to imply that there is an error in the message application”

He studied Indroid, a smartphone OS(operating system if you didn't know already). It wasn't to the point of making a complicated app, but he knew what Null Pointer Exception was and what Activity was.

“Wh... Why am I seeing all this?”

He didn't understand but the reality was displayed in front of him. The bugs and solutions of the application in front of him could be seen in his eyes as if he was seeing a hallucination.

“Let's sleep; it will get better after sleeping.”

YongHo attempted to deny reality as he put down his phone and closed his eyes. And the words disappeared as if they were never there in the first place...



## Chapter 2: Bug Window (2)

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“.....”

The next morning the words were still floating there without disappearing.

“D, doctor!”

YongHo looked to the doctor in fear. It was the nurse who came first, again.

“What is it, sir?”

“I, I can see the words again like yesterday. I, I seem to be hallucinating.”

“Please wait a moment.”

This time the nurse went away and a doctor with disheveled hair came towards him. It looked like he woke up not too long ago.

“D, doctor, I can see strange words.”

“What kind of words are you seeing?”

“Um... for example, program errors.”

“Program errors?”

“Uh, that is, errors that happen in a program can be seen in my eyes.....”

Seeing YongHo speaking nonsense that even the person himself couldn't believe, the doctor grabbed his arm and said.

“Umm... Sir.”

“Yes.....”

“If you receive a big shock, it is possible that situations where happenings such as seeing things that you had interest about occur . After going home, watch your condition for about a week and if there is no change then please come again”

The doctor said the same words as the nurse. YongHo was about to go mad. But as it is a professional's opinion, he couldn't really doubt it.

“.....”

“It will probably disappear soon”

“.. I understand”

YongHo replied weakly to the doctor. Then he picked up the smartphone on his side again.

The bug notifications were still floating on the top right corner, as if telling him to catch them.

The bug window.

He named the sudden screen as such. He made some discoveries in the bus on his journey back to Seoul.

First, focusing on the bug alarm for about 3 seconds allows him to look at the details.

Second, Not only syntax errors, it also tells him logic errors and function errors.

‘But is this all true? I wonder...’

That was the biggest doubt. Whether it will run correctly after those solutions are applied.

‘Let’s go home and test it’

He quickened his steps towards his home.

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Gae Po Dong.

It was the place he lived. From the peeled paints and the torn concrete, one could tell that it was built in the 1980s.

“We’d have to leave here too...”

150 million Won ( $\approx 130,000$  USD) for 15 pyeong ( $\approx 50\text{m}^2$ ) and half of it was debt. When he opened the door no one could be seen inside as both of them went to work.

“That’s good.....”

His father was fired from the administration center and he now worked as a security guard at a building. His mother was a waitress in a restaurant. It was all for his tuition. As their sole child, a lot of expectation was put on him. But he failed to live up to those expectations.

Seon Min University.

It was within Seoul (Unis in Seoul are considered good within KR), but not many people knew of it. He tried his best in his CSAT ([College Scholastic Ability Test](#)), but the test results weren’t as high he expected. He had a little interest in mathematics and computer science and he decided to enroll in one.

“Let’s wash up first.”

The smell of sweat was all over him because he hadn’t washed for days.

Right after washing, he sat in front of the computer.

‘If this really is the solution to the bugs.....’

Solving bugs without going through debugging(the process of solving bugs)? It was an ability that all programmers in the world would want. More than half of developing a program was debugging.

“Let’s confirm if this is true.”

He opened Eclipse(Open-source tool related to developing) and he made a new class file. Then he purposefully modified the source code so that an error would occur.

Exception in thread “main” java.lang.NullPointerException  
at Main.<init><Main.java:28>

The console window of Eclipse showed logs of what errors that happened. And some words started floating in front of YongHo’s eyes.

-java.lang.NullPointerException occurred

After looking at it for 3 seconds they changed and details showed up.

Title: A NullPointerException has occurred

Detail: A NullPoiinterException is occurring on line 28 of Main.class. The origin of the error is due to referencing an object with no value.

Solution: Please make a Main2 Class that is being referenced in line 28

“Wha, it’s true!”

The solution was precisely correct. YongHo purposefully did not make Main2 Class and made the error occur. And the bug window was precisely indicating that.

clunk(door unlocking)

The sound of the door opening could be heard in YongHo’s ears whose mouth was gaping in surprise.

“YongHo, you’re back?”

“M, mom?”

“Yes, Did you have a nice trip?”

“Uh, yeah, I guess.”

“What were you doing right now?”

“I was studying.”

“Studying?”

YongHo’s mother asked with a suspicious glance.

“Yes, really.”

Seon Min University was one of the lowest-tier universities in Seoul. And he was no.30 on the waiting list.

“I understand, you are about to graduate so you should study hard.”

His average credit until now was 3.5(out of 4.5). It could not be considered high, but not also low either. However, considering the name value of the university, it definitely wasn’t high.

“Did you have your meal?”

“I did.”



“Where did you get the money to eat outside...”

“.....”

“I heard the employment rate of young men and women was chaotic nowadays... Are you sure you can find employment?”

“I understand.”

“Don’t just say that.”

“.....”

He bragged about getting scholarship but he didn’t manage to get it a single time in all 4 years. As he had nothing to retort, he went back to his room and closed the door.

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Kang SungGyu.

He was SUC(Software Union Circle)’s former president.

“Hey, it’s been a while.”

“Hyung, How do you do?”

“Well, so so, How was Mt.Jiri?”

“It was okay.”

But SungGyu’s line of sight was not on YongHo. He didn’t even turn around from looking at the monitor. YongHo went up to him and peeked at the monitor.

“What are you doing right now?”

“Oh, I was trying to make an app.”

“An app?”

Eclipse could be seen on the computer screen. It was the Indroid development screen that he had experience with.

“Yeah, a Hyung I know got me a part time job.”

“Oh.....”

In the department, SungGyu had the most ability. It was to the point that the seniors who already graduated looked for him. Maybe because of that reason, he often had offers for part time jobs.

“But this thing just keeps getting errors.”

SungGyu spoke as he ran the Indroid application on Eclipse.

“The NullPoint on line 107?”

“Huh? How did you know that?”

At that moment, YongHo felt cold sweat on his back.

“Oh.....! I peeked from behind.”

Actually, he spoke after looking at the bug window. It told him the type of errors as well as the place they occurred in a lot of detail.

“Really? Anyway, I don’t know why it keeps getting null. When this happens I have the urge to smash the keyboard.”

After changing the topic, he spoke as he calmed himself down.

“Well, if it’s you, Hyung, I’m sure you’ll solve it in no time at all.”

“I’ve been stuck on this for 2 hours. After all that big talk on the part time job.”

SungGyu complained.

“Then, hyung, how about you let me go at it? In exchange, you can treat me to dinner tonight.”

“Really? You wanna have a go?”

“Leave it to me.”

“Okay(said in English), if you solve it, I’ll treat you to dinner. I’ll just get some fresh wind outside.”

“Take your time, I’ll have it done by then.”

“Good.”

It was already confirmed that the bug window was correct. But he still had some suspicions. In order to clear those suspicions, he needed these type of situations.

## Chapter 3: Bug Window (3)

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Caused by: java.lang.NullPointerException

Indroid.content.ContextWrapper.getResources(ContextWrapper.  
com.nail.launcher.Loading.<init>(Loading.java:107)

“Line 107 is it?”

YongHo, on his seat, ran his Indroid application again. After looking at the notification on the top right corner for about 3 seconds it went into details.

Title: A NullPointerException has occurred

Details: The current error is occurring from

```
String[] mTitle =  
getResources().getStringArray(R.array.app_title)
```

Line. This error occurs when a null value is referenced.

Solution: The getResources() method creates an object from the SDK of Indroid when the onCreate() method is running. You cannot use it before the onCreate() method.

“So it should work if I move the getResources() method to below the onCreate() method”

After changing the position of the getResources() method, the NullPointerException error disappeared. SungGyu came in as YongHo finished modifying the code.

“Hey, is it done?”

“I think it is fixed now.”

“Let me see.”

SungGyu sat down and ran the program.

“Oh? It really works!”

“See?”

SungGyu, who ran the program on the connected smartphone, looked at YongHo.

“Wow~! I guess you do have some ability?”

“Haha, well, it’s all thanks to you.”

YongHo often made programs for part time jobs with SungGyu. And he learned Indroid app developing while doing them.

“Now you are allowed to say you learned from me.”

SungGyu tapped YongHo’s face as he made an exaggerated expression.

“Then... By chance, can you introduce me to a part time job?”

This was the real reason he came to find SungGyu. Even though his parents payed for his tuition, he had to pay for his living expenses by himself.

2nd semester of 4th year.

He wanted to earn money from developing programs as it could help his study.

“Well, let’s go out for dinner first. We will speak there.”

Perhaps because SungGyu will earn a lot from this, he took YongHo to a barbeque restaurant rather than the student union building.(School cafeteria is usually in the student union building.)

sizzle

Pork belly BBQ was looking nice as was being grilled.

“Did you research about where you will find employment?”

“Well I’m currently studying for TOEIC and writing my profile for my résumé.”

”Then why look for a part time job?”



“Well preparation for employment is not free... You know all this, don't you?”

“Well, I guess that's true.”

Everything needed money. From TOEIC schools to study groups for profile-writing.

Some people even have plastic surgery in order to fit the company's' criteria. If one wants to spend money, there were countless ways of doing it.

“Do you have anything good?”

“Let's see.....”

“Working with you will help me more rather than working at a convenience store, don't you think?”

“There are a lot of offers for app developing nowadays.”

“You know my ability, Can't we do it together?”

“There is this one that just fits you.....”

“Let me do it!”

YongHo shouted without even listening to the end. One more part time job meant one more line in the résumé.

“Well then, do you want to work as my assistant? I can’t give you a lot of money though.”

Excitement filled YongHo’s face as he heard SungGyu’s words. One could not work a part time job with SungGyu as there was simply no place(So everyone want that spot and it is usually taken). Earning money while studying at the same time, it was 2 birds with one stone.

“That’s great!”

“I’m only doing this because you don’t seem to have fooled around all the time. You understand right?”

“Yes, of course! Hyung!”

“Well, let’s eat first and get into details.”

That night.

bang(door shutting loudly)

YongHo went to the living room. His father just came home.

“Welcome back, dad.”

It could be seen that he had drank a lot, as he stank with alcohol and his eyebrows were loose. His drunk face was filled with wrinkles. Strands of white hair could be seen between his black hair.

“Son, you were home...?”

He staggered his way to the bed. YongHo could finally go back to his room. However, he didn't manage to. His mother was speaking to his father in the room.

“Did you get your salary this month?”

“That... They didn't give me any because they said that the building management company will change.”

“Sigh, What are we going to do for this month's expenses then?”

“Can't it somehow be managed by the money you earn?”

“This is YongHo's tuition. And there's also the debt from the house.”

YongHo silently went back to his room halfway through the conversation.

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YongHo hurried to college after sleeping in. SungGyu was already in the clubroom.

“You look tired.”

“Didn’t get enough sleep yesterday.”

“Health is the most important thing.”

“I understand.”

“What did I tell you?”

“7/10 of programming is stamina.”

“Yes, so train your body properly.”

After that, SungGyu went into the main point. The app this time was for chatting.

“The request this time is for a chatting app.”

“Chatting? Then you would need a server for it.”

“Yes, we need one.”

“How are you going to implement it?”

“I am trying KCM(Koogle Cloud Message) this time.”

“.....”

KCM was a type of push message service provided by Koogle.

“Taking the push message right out of the middle, and puts it like a chat bubble on the phone screen. It said that KCM considered chatting as they structured it in the reference manual.”

“Then what’s my job?”

“You can do the server. You probably won’t need many class files. You only need to receive the request from the client and just transfer it. I have something I made before so you only need to fix some lines in it.”

“Then what about the pay.....?”

YongHo was worried that he would receive only a small amount of money as he didn’t have a big role.

“The total is 1,500,000 Won( $\approx$ 1300USD). me 900,000( $\approx$ 785USD) and you 600,000( $\approx$ 515USD) how about it?”

This was not bad at all. YongHo thought that he was great for asking SungGyu for the part time job.

“That’s okay. How long until the deadline?”

“The original deadline is in 2 weeks but I think we only need 1.”

600,000 Won( $\approx$ 515USD) was very good for a week long job. YongHo asked SungGyu, excited.

“But can it really be done that quickly?”

YongHo asked half in fear. SungGyu replied as if it was no big deal.

“Well... We only need to implement the chatting. And we could probably find source codes on the internet too.”

“Whoa! I really wonder why you came to this college when I see you every time.”

“I never had interest in studying.”

“You had?”

From YongHo's point of view, there was no other person who studied as hard as Kang SungGyu.

“Korean, English, Maths, Social Studies, Sciences. I had no interest in any of that.”

(\*TL note: the 5 subject mentioned here is the exams in CSAT)

“Oh.....”

“That's the problem. I'm interested in nothing other than computer studies.”

“Problem?”

“Becoming advanced technicians require being mathematics skills, but I hate it..... So I do part time jobs like this every day.”

“What's so wrong about this lifestyle?”

“You, have you heard about coders?”

“Coders?”

## Chapter 4: Bug Window (4)

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“A coder who only does the implementing according to the specifications given by advanced technicians.”

“Aren’t they programmers all the same?”

“You’ll know if you get in society.”

After finishing the conversation quickly, SungGyu sat down in front of the computer. And YongHo sat next to him.

“Hyung, I can just put it over Tomcat(a type of server), right?”

“Yeah, no problem.”

“Are you going to create the DB(database) too?”

“Yeah, I’ll need about 5 tables.”

“What’s the address and account for the DB?”

“Give me a sec.”

It wasn’t the first time they cooperated, so their rhythms matched. They were like two gears that meshed well.



“I can just rearrange and put the API(Application programming interface, a kind of agreement between the server and the client) on the existing document, right?”

“Yeah, let’s do it that way.”

If SungGyu surpassed an ordinary college student’s ability, YongHo had no ordinary ability either for a college student. Although it was only a small scale project, He understood well the process of how the finished programs came out. It was all thanks to working with SungGyu.

‘Let’s look at the bug window.’

After getting the tasks sorted out, YongHo looked at the bug window. It was only at the starting phase but one or two bugs could be seen.

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The work went smoothly.

“Hyung, it’s going well, isn’t it?”

“I don’t see a problem with it.”

“Then I’ll test it on the scalaphone.”

“Let’s do that.”

Indroid app itself could be run on many different phones. So when they started working, they were specified a few target terminals. If no bugs happened on those few terminals, it didn’t matter whether other phones could run it or not. YongHo uploaded the program on the phone and ran it.

– Program ending due to unexpected error.

“What the hell? ANR(Application Not Responding)?”

“Why is this happening?”

“Yeah, it’s strange. On other phones it just works fine.”

YongHo pretended he didn’t know the reason for the ANR but he already knew through the bug window.

OS version clash.

The problem was with the Indroid’s OS version. The version of OS of scalaphone was too outdated to support the newest UI(User interface: basically, program screen).

YongHo pretended to search the internet for a while and asked SungGyu as if he just remembered something.

“Hyung, Did you perhaps use the latest UI? Apparently, it says that sometimes if the version of the Indroid OS is too low, it won’t support the latest UI and will cause errors.”

“Really?”

SungGyu was searching the internet with the error log from the connection between Eclipse and the scalaphone. After listening to YongHo’s words, he stopped searching, commentized the latest version of Action Bar UI and ran the program again.

“It really works... wow, it seems like I would have wasted a few hours again if not for you.”

“If it was Hyung, you would have solved it quickly.”

“But how did you know without even looking at it?”

“I seem to remember a similar thing happened a while ago.”

“Oh, you are really more capable now, Aren’t you?”

“You would be surprised more and more.”

Even YongHo was surprised that it was actually fixed. At first he thought it was a coincidence. Second time, he lifted the doubt from his heart. The third time, He was starting to be assured. He got rid of the thought to visit the psychologist.

‘I’ve hit it big this time.’

The Bug window.

He was surprised again at the function of the bug window.

SungGyu and YongHo were standing in an office in Gasan Digital Complex.

Ding Dong

After pressing the bell, a female employee opened the door and greeted them.

“What is your business here?”

“Oh, we are the programmers for the chatting app.”

“Come in.”

SungGyu got his part time work from an outsourcing website even though he could find work through his connections. As he was only a college student, he didn’t put a high bottom line for his pay, and perhaps because of that, he could find work easily. The work this time was from an outsourcing website as well. After entering, they could see an office around 20 Pyung( $\approx 66\text{m}^2$ ) with around 5 people working.

“This way.”

Following the lady, they could see a man in his middle 40s sitting on a place surrounded by screen dividers. It was the president who requested the work this time.

“Good day to you, Mr. president.”

“Oh, nice to meet you, the one next to you is.....”

“My junior from the same department.”

The president’s words were short. YongHo’s face stiffened. At SungGyu’s introduction of him, he bowed his head.

“Good day to you, sir.”

While they were conversing, the lady brought two chairs.

“Oh, nice to meet you, please sit.”

The president went into the main point as soon as they sat down.

“I’ve checked the APK(Application Package: The download file for the android program) that you set me.”

After posing himself, he continued.”

“It errors on my phone.”

“Error? Sir?”

“Yes, it doesn’t even run.”

The president handed his phone. SungGyu tried to run the chatting app that was installed in it.

-Program ending due to unexpected error

It was ANR. The president raised his voice triumphantly.

“See? It doesn’t work.”

“.....”

“This, I can’t give you the money.”

The president tried to stealthily feign ignorance. If he really wanted it to work, he would have told them as soon as the error occurred. However, by leaving it until today, it was the same as saying that he didn’t want to pay the money.

“What?”

“It errors, how can I give you the money? Don’t you think?”

“It works on my phone perfectly. Please check.”

SungGyu handed his phone to the president. But the president didn’t even receive it.

“So what if it works on yours?”

“.....”

“I said it doesn’t work on my phone? It’s not like I don’t want to pay you.”

“You should have told us as soon as the error occurred. Then we could have fixed it and sent it to you again.”

“I only got to know of it today too.”

Kang SungGyu bit his lower lip.

“President.”

“Why? Are you perhaps thinking I’m doing this because I want to rip this small amount of money off you? That’s just nonsense.”

SungGyu clenched his fists hard at president's words. YongHo put his hand on top of SungGyu's clenched fist.

“Hyung, isn't this the same error as last time?”

YongHo knew exactly the kind of thing were happening in the president's phone as soon as the chatting app started running, through the bug window.

After checking, it was OS version clash again.

“Oh! The OS version clash in that scalaphone?”

The fist that was grabbed by YongHo started loosening.

“Yeah, we should check the OS version.”

The product ID for president's phone was the same as the scalaphone that caused the error. YongHo checked in the settings menu. The OS version was even older than the scalaphone.

“Sir president, This is not a problem of our program.”

“What?”

“It's not the program's fault, the problem's with the phone itself.”



“What nonsense are you talking about? You are saying it works on some, and it won’t work on others?”

SungGyu was speechless at president’s words. He basically had no understanding of Indroid app developing. SungGyu took out the contract paper from his bag.

And with bam he put it on the table.

“Moreover, the contract specifies the terminal and OS it needs to work on. President’s phone doesn’t fit the specifications.”

“Doesn’t support? What nonsense are you talking about?”

“Here, have a look.”

SungGyu pointed to a location on the contract. There, a list of phones in which the app should run in was written. Scalaphone was not listed.

“So you’re saying I should pay you even though it doesn’t work?”

The president snorted as if speechless. SungGyu was also getting tired of president’s stubbornness.

“I don’t know about that. If this doesn’t work, then no pay.”

The president spoke with a kill-me-but-I-won't-give-you-money expression. The program and the source was already in the company's hands. The president had nothing to lose.

“So you are breaching the contract, sir?”

“If you don't like it, then sue.”

“.....”

SungGyu's face started to turn red. YongHo, on the side, couldn't hold back any more and stood up.

But suddenly, someone kicked opened the door to the conference room.

bang

# Chapter 5: Bug Window (5)

---

“President Oh!”

With a shaggy beard and a fat belly, and a black suit to top it off... With a glance one could tell that they were good at using force.

“You know what? I feel really bad right now.”

Behind him was men who looked like his subordinates. The office employees looked away in fear. As the man came in, the president stuttered.

“P...President, what are you doing here, sir?”

The man who kicked into his way into the office started walking towards president Oh’s back. Then he grabbed president Oh’s shoulders and gripped them hard.

“The club app I requested. I am in a real mess because of you, you know?”

“What... What do you mean?”

“I even advertised that it can do room reservations. But it doesn’t F\*CKING WORK! YOU SON OF A B\*TCH!”

“Ack!”(screaming)

Because the man gripped too hard, president Oh fell over, just like that. His face turned red like a tomato, and to resist the pain he bit his lips.

“It doesn’t work, it doesn’t, huh? Our boss installed it and even personally called me, you b\*tch!”

“F, first, let’s see what kind of error it makes. Then we will solve it right away.”

“Mangchi, bring over the phone.”

“Yes, sir!”

“Bring the Mangchi(hammer) with you. If he doesn’t get it fixed I’ll just smash him along with the phone.”(\*pun intended... Mangchi brings a Mangchi over)

The man called Mangchi took out the phone and placed it on the table. And a fist sized hammer was placed right next to it. Yong Ho, who stood up was so surprised that he stood still and couldn’t speak a word.

President Oh tremblingly picked up the phone as if he had epilepsy. He ran the application.

-Program ending due to unexpected error

The application didn't even run.

“He...Head Researcher Kang!”

President Oh hurriedly called an employee.

Head Researcher Kang, who was just about to go to the toilet as an excuse, turned around.

“C.. Come here quick!

The man whose hand was placed on president Oh's shoulders also waved at Head Researcher Kang.

tremble

Head Researcher Kang's hand which was typing the keyboard was trembling.

“8 minutes left.”

President Oh's open hand was placed on the table, like a frog. One of the mafia gripped president Oh's wrist so he couldn't evade. Next to him, a man was holding a hammer.

“7 minutes, is it fixed?”

Sweat was pouring like rain on Head Researcher Kang's forehead. Perhaps due to the sweat covering his eyes, he kept wiping his eyes.

“You took me for a fool. That's why one cannot just trust these sheltered bastards. You sold me trash that doesn't work? If you can't fix it, you, Head Researcher Kang or whatever, your hands will be crippled too.”

Head Researcher Kang's hand trembled even stronger at the man's words. It didn't look like he could type in that condition. President Oh spoke after looking at his condition.

“That, that won't do. Just I'll just stake both my hands.”

President Oh placed his right hand on top of his left. But he couldn't do anything about the trembling.

“Wow, what a tearjerker. Sh\*t, did ya all hear that?”

However, Head Researcher Kang's condition didn't look like he could solve the problem. More like, he seemed like he needed to go to the hospital quickly.

SungGyu and Yong Ho, who were unluckily also trapped in the room, felt cold sweat on their backs at the dangerous situation. Yong Ho, who was standing up, also sat down quietly.

They could see what kind of situation was happening from just their conversation.

‘it, it really looks like his hands will be smashed at this rate.’

He was trying to rip the two off a few moments ago, but at this moment, he looked pitiful. Moreover, the president looked not so bad when he covered for his subordinates. However, these kind of thoughts were buried beneath the mafia’s violent actions.

‘What... what do I do?’

At this rate, he would see blood flying everywhere. And there was no guarantee that he wouldn’t be involved. He peeked at the phone on the table.

And looked at the bug window.

‘OS version clash problem’

It was the same problem. The OS was so outdated that it made one wonder when it was bought. However, the guy called Head Researcher Kang didn’t look like he was solving the problem due to nervousness and fear.

Time was flowing even as Yong Ho was conflicting in his mind.

Bang

The hammer man struck the ground. The floor was indented.

“Sh\*t, it’s f\*cking tiring. 5 minutes left.”

Maybe he made up his mind at those words, Yong Ho stood up and went towards Head Researcher Kang.

“What are you? Why the f\*ck are you moving?”

“I... I am a co-programmer, and I can fix it.”

“Really? Fix it quickly, before your president’s hand is crippled.”

The hammer man placed the hammer on the president’s hand gently as if saying it was not an exaggeration. Maybe due to the weight of the hammer, president Oh’s face distorted.

“H...Head Researcher Kang, please make way.”

Yong Ho sat next to Head Researcher Kang and pulled the computer towards him as if he was an employee. Looking at the screen, he realized that Head Researcher Kang hadn’t done anything. Even at Yong Ho’s action of pulling the computer, he didn’t move a bit.

After confirming the source code, Yong Ho fixed the program according to the bug window’s solutions. It didn’t even take 5



minutes to finish.

After he fixed the program he clicked the build button on Eclipse. On the console window, logs after logs came up and the application was run on the phone.

Build success.

After the last log, the application started running on the phone and the black logo screen could be seen.

RightNow.

That was the name of the application.

“If I see you again, it won’t just end with this, alright?”

“Yes.....”

“Let’s work properly next time, yeah?”

“Y... Yes of course.”

The man tapped president Oh’s face and left the conference room. It looked like a storm had raged in the room.

After the mafia left, Yong Ho requested for money.

“Please give us the money.”

“T...Take it.”

The president took out a money envelope and threw it on the table. After Yong Ho and SungGyu stood up, he said in a small voice.

“Th...Thanks.”

The sue-me expression was gone. Instead, a miserable middle-aged man was sitting there.

As soon as they left the office, SungGyu said to Yong Ho.

“Phew... You did really well this time, Yong Ho.”

“It was nothing.”

“You really are something. I have to change my opinion of you now.”

“It was nothing, really.”

“Here, 800,000 Won(\*≈695 USD).”

SungGyu took out 800,000 Won from the envelope and handed it to Yong Ho. 16 50,000 Won notes, he earned 800,000 Won in 2 weeks.

“Hyung, I only promised to have 600,000 Won(\*≈521 USD).....”

“Compared to what you did today, even 800,000 isn’t enough, Just keep it, I’m still scared.”

“Thank you, Hyung.”

Yong Ho didn’t bother rejecting it. More money was better.

“You are going home now?”

“Yes. I think I need a rest too.”

“Yes. Be careful on your way home.”

“Hyung, thanks, really. Be careful on your way home too.”

Yong Ho and SungGyu parted ways and Yong Ho came back holding his thumping chest.

\*\*\*

The stairs on the way home.

Yong Ho couldn't move on the stairs between 4th and 5th floor.

"Dear... Are you alright?"

"I am alright, yeah, I am."

"You didn't sleep at all these days."

"Did I really do that?"

"What will happen if you end up collapsing? I will earn the money, so how about you just rest for a few days? You don't even get paid anyway."

"I still need to go. What will happen if I really stop getting paid?"

"Dear..."

Because it was an old apartment, soundproofing was bad. Yong Ho couldn't enter the house and he was hesitating in front of his house.

'Oh god...'

He gripped the money envelope in his pocket.

800,000 Won.

If said small, it was small, and if said large, it was pretty large. But it sure couldn't feed a family of 3 for one month. Yong Ho couldn't enter his house because of the sense of shame he felt.

‘Where should I go now...’

He couldn't face his parents as he was now. The sense of guilt was heavy on his heart.

Yong Ho climbed down the stairs quietly.

# Chapter 6: Course Registration Chaos (1)

---

There was a [lakulaku](#) in the clubroom for the members. YongHo was lying on it. A female undergraduate who just came in complained as she looked at YongHo.

“What is this, that sunbae(\*korean equivalent of “senpai”) is sleeping here again?”

“It seems like it.”

“Why the hell does he sleep here when he lives in Gangnam?”

(\*Gangnam is a kind of beverly hills in Korea, Seoul)

“Su... SuMin, don't say that.”

“It's true isn't it? His household is well off.”

Ji(surname) SuMin(first name).

As a rare female in the computer science department, she could be said to be the top in both academics and looks. The prettiest girl, in other words, the Queen, in Seon Min University college of Engineering. With a tall height, big eyes and curves in the right place... She was flawless.

“SuMin, you can't say that in front of the person himself.”

“What sunbae, that’s just bindae(bedbug).” (pun intended)

“Hey!”

“He even has a nickname, bindae Yong.”

“Hey, stop it, he’s going to wake up at this rate. Let’s leave.”

On the other hand, YongHo was already up the moment SuMin came in.

‘Why is that here even though it’s holiday?’(he calls her ‘that’)

YongHo knew SuMin’s personality. She doesn’t respect her elders, and didn’t treat sunbaes like they should be. Only when one can meet her standard can one receive something other than ignorance.

‘Go away, just, go.’

YongHo wished that Choi HyeJin would leave and take SuMin away. But expectations just ended as expectations. After coming towards the lakulaku, SuMin spoke as she pulled on the blanket that was covering YongHo.

“Sunbae, is this your house? Aren’t you getting up?”

grip

However, YongHo wasn’t losing out. He gripped the blanket hard as he noticed the SuMin’s intention.

“Oh? Won’t ya let this go?”

“.....”

“GET THE FUCK UP!”

Had YongHo contributed some money from his part time job or looked after his Hoobae(juniors), her attitude would have been different. SungGyu contributed a part of his pay every time he did a part time job. But YongHo didn’t do it a single time.

“WAKE.THE.FUCK.UP!”

SuMin pulled the blanket with all her strength.

“I get it already! Just let it go.”

YongHo spoke as he opened his eyes. But SuMin was ruthless. She still pulled with all her strength.



“You should’ve woke up when I said with words!”

bang(falling on floor)

YongHo let go of the blanket first. SuMin couldn’t win against the momentum and fell on her butt.

“Kyaa!”(scream)

But the scream came from HyeJin who was behind her. There was a triangular dent on YongHo’s briefs on the place where the blanket disappeared.

Kang SungGyu, who arrived who knows when, held Ji SuMin back.

“SuMin, that’s enough.”

“Sunbae, that... that bastard just...”

“You can’t just call sunbae bastard...”

“Even so!”

SuMin glared at YongHo as if she was falsely accused. YongHo who just finished putting his trousers on looked at her and spoke.

“Who told you to take away my blanket?”

“This pervert!”

SuMin glared at YongHo with a red face. SungGyu, on her side, held her back and spoke.

“Calm down first. Anyway, I called you girls here because.....”

SungGyu explained that there was an offer for a part time job for server monitoring during the course registration period. The professor in charge told them that if they safely pass the hurdle, there would be another incentive. SungGyu called SuMin and HyeJin to explain it to them

“Hyung, can I do it too?”

Unlike SuMin who was contacted by SungGyu, YongHo didn't get contacted. YongHo asked if he could participate. He needed to earn money in every way possible before the semester started.

“F\*ck off, it's not your place to butt in.”

SuMin coldly said. But SungGyu spoke as if saying the obvious.

“I already told the professor that you would be doing it. I called SuMin and HyeJin here to asked whether they want to participate

in it or not.”

“Oh... Thank you, Hyung.”

YongHo rested his back on the chair as if he was relieved.

“Sunbae, if he’s doing it, leave me out.”

“Really?”

“Yes. Doing a job with that pervert... I hate it.”

“It would be a good opportunity you know? The professor said it would be good for employment if you manage to finish this job.

At SungGyu’s words, HyeJin added.

“S...Sunbae, I’ll do it.”

“HyeJin!”

“SuMin, think over it carefully. It’s a good opportunity. I think when the professor said it would be good for employment.....”

“Stop.”

SungGyu stopped HyeJin.

“So, you’re doing it or not?”

“.....”

Seeing the hesitating SuMin, HyeJin tried to persuade her.

“We are 4th years already. It’s the last chance for professors help.”

“I said stop, HyeJin. It’s not what you’re thinking.”

SungGyu’s reaction reassured HyeJin’s thoughts.

“By the way, whether you participate or not, I have no intention of removing YongHo.”

SuMin sulked at SungGyu’s resolute words. It was like this all the time. SungGyu was on YongHo’s side. SuMin knew this very well.

“What are you going to do? The professor told me to give you an opportunity as your grades are good. If you still don’t want to do it, then I don’t have a choice.”

“Let’s do it SuMin, it’s a good opportunity.”

SuMin was biting her nails as she was hesitating. She finally spoke.

“Then, please make it so that that pervert won’t come next to me.”

“Then, I’ll tell the professor that you’re doing it, okay?”

“Yes.”

SungGyu called YongHo after treating SuMin and HyeJin to lunch.

“Hey, why did you sleep in your boxers in the clubroom even though you knew that would happen?”

“Do you think I wanted to do this? It was just too hot and.....”

“And SuMin too, couldn’t she just tell you?”

“Even though I live in Gangnam, our house is on lease, while half of it is debt. To top it off, I have to pay back the student loan after graduating.

“.....”

“I have it hard.”

“True...”

YongHo sipped the canned coffee in his hand on the bench outside the student union building, looking at the people passing by.

“But thanks every time, Hyung.”

It was likely that the list of names the professor in charge of SUC(Software Union Circle if you’ve forgotten) didn’t have YongHo in it. And it was SungGyu who put it in there. YongHo didn’t have to ask to know about it.

“If you are thankful then work hard. If you work hard and live well in the future, just treat me once to a meal.”

At SungGyu’s words YongHo said in his mind.

‘I will treat you to something more than just a meal.’

## Chapter 7: Course Registration Chaos (2)

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The period for the part time job was 2 weeks. Before it, an employee from an outsourcing company was scheduled to explain the outline of the course management system to them. YongHo and co looked for the employee who was in the student support office.

YongHo & co looked for the employee who was in the student support office.

“Good day, sir.”

“Oh, yes. I heard you would be visiting.”

SungGyu, as the representative, did the greeting. The employee greeted back to YongHo & co. A slight annoyance could be seen on his face.

There were dark circles under his eyes. He looked very tired.

“Come this way.”

The employee took them to the conference room.

The explanation went on for about 1 hour. From the structure of the hardware of the management system to the software installed in each of them... Time went by quickly.

“So, basically, the system as a whole is composed of one DB server and two application servers?”

“Yes, you’re correct. There is an extra server for backup.”

“Where can I see the source code?”

“At the end of the PPT I have sorted out the information on DB(DataBase: The program that manages data in enterprises)access information and SVN(Subversion: Program source version management tool)access information. Server administrator account and everything else so you can refer to that.”

SungGyu’s words didn’t sound like he had done this just a few times. YongHo, SuMin, and HyeJin next to him didn’t even have a chance to speak. It wasn’t something one could understand by just studying at college.

“Anything else you want to tell us?”

“You can do whatever you want on the TestBed(the thing where you can test the prototype program) but don’t access the management DB if possible. And don’t EVER do something like Commit(coding)ting on the SVN. You can do whatever you want as long as you keep those conditions.”

“I understand.”



The explanation ended with SungGyu's reply. The other people didn't understand any of it anyway.

After eating their meal, the four got together. The topic was of course about Kang SungGyu.

“Sunbae, did you understand all of that?”

“Well. Bits and pieces.”

“Then what is SVN?”

“It's called subversion and it's basically a software source version management system. Don't you use it usually when you do team projects?”

“That was that?”

Ji SuMin asked as it was the first time she had heard of it.

“You used it without even knowing what it is. Huh?”

“.....”

At SungGyu's words, SuMin couldn't say anything.

“If you don't get anything while working, first ask me. If I don't

know, then I will ask the employee as the representative and tell you the answer. If everyone starts asking, the employee would get annoyed.”

“Yes, sunbae.”

The figure of SungGyu in SuMin’s and HyeJin’s eyes changed. YongHo already knew of SungGyu’s skills. Kang SungGyu was also known as God SungGyu in SUC.

(People call a person with ‘God’ as their surname if s/he is admired in South Korea)

\*\*\*

For most universities, course registration was done over 5 days. It was in order to prevent overloading the server by dividing the dates by school year. The first day was for 4th years.

“There would be no problem for 4th years right?”

“That should be so? There are less students, and there aren’t many courses they can apply for.”

Probably because of that, there was little tension on the employee’s face.

“Is monitoring going well?”

“Yes.”

YongHo showed his laptop screen. They accessed the server to check the CPU and RAM usage manually by eyes.

“Check it well. This knowledge, you need it everywhere when you get in society.”

“But do we need to do this all manually? Isn’t there some automated system for it?”

At YongHo’s words, SungGyu lowered his voice.

“There probably is. But the scale of the course management system is small.”

“Even so... making people do this work...”

“Shh, you don’t order people around in someone else’s territory. You’ll know when you do it later.”

Monitoring was not only YongHo’s job. HyeJin and SuMin also opened 3 Telnet(A software that stores the access protocol with other servers) and were monitoring each server.

“Even so, I think it’s too much...”

YongHo looked towards the place where SuMin sat. The employee was sticking around SuMin like glue.

“If you don’t know something, ask me anything, ok?”

The employee from the outsourcing company stuck around SuMin all day. It wasn’t that he was cold to YongHo, but he was overly friendly towards SuMin.

“There’s one thing... Do we have to all this monitoring by eyes?”

SuMin asked what YongHo wanted to ask. YongHo and SungGyu included was waiting for the employee’s answer.

“Of course there is an automated software. But it’s too expensive to apply it for this kind of system.”

“Then why not develop it here?”

“By myself? No... let’s not talk about that.”

“Sorry?”

The employee was just about to speak but he stopped himself. YongHo and SungGyu were interested in the reason but couldn’t force it from him. The employee continued after calming himself down.

“Don’t speak of it anywhere; It’s actually because of money reasons.”

“Money?”

At SuMin’s interest the employee elatedly blabbed on.

“To develop a software you need people, and to get people you would need money right?”

“That’s correct.”

“But in reality, universities don’t feel the need to invest money in it because it won’t make them any profit in the short term.”

“.....”

“You will get to know all this if you get employed.”

SungGyu didn’t understand the employee’s words. Silence pervaded the course registration management task force conference room.

The second day was for 3rd years. Tension could be seen on the employee’s face this time.

“Please especially pay attention today.”

And even advised them. YongHo was paying attention as he also looked at the bug window. He could see a few bugs, but he didn't mind it as he didn't, there would be any problem for the course registration.

“1 minute to go.”

Of the students, the 2nd years and 3rd years were the most intense. 4th years were busy finding employment and 1st years didn't know much.

“Open, server condition?”

The CPU for all three servers filled up to 99.9% as soon as the system opened.

“No problem.”

YongHo replied calmly.

“DB?”

“None either.”

SungGyu replied to the employee's words. DB was more

important than the application server. If the application server dies, you could just re-activate it, but it doesn't just end with re-activation when the DB dies.

“Please wait a moment.”

Suddenly, YongHo spoke as he looked at the screen.

“Something?”

“The memory has reached over 70%, and it's still climbing.”

“What?”

The employee focused on the screen at YongHo's words. His words were true. The memory usage rate for the DB was climbing and didn't fall down even a bit.

“L...Let's keep watching for a minute. If it still doesn't work then we can just re-activate it.

The sessions that accessed the DB through the application server returned the resources after they were finished. It was normal to go up and down. But now, it just kept going up.

“Over 80%”

It kept climbing but never fell back down. Confusion was seen on the employee's face.

“Oh, f\*ck. it worked fine during the test, so why now....”

The employee was swearing. Defect reports would have to be written if the server went down. And that was the best case scenario. If they asked for compensation...

“90%.”

YongHo's words carried urgency.

“98%”

The memory was occupied too quickly. At this rate the only solution would be to pull out the plug if the server couldn't even accept the commands.

“Re...Re-activating.”

The employee put the command on the DB server.

shutdown immediate.

Suddenly, the screen froze for the students were registering for courses. The DB server stopped.



Startup. Until the command to re-activate was put in.

## Chapter 8: Course Registration Chaos (3)

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It was the second re-activation of the DB due to the same error. The RDBMS(Relational database management system) program was still occupying more than 90% of the memory on the server. If it was temporary, there would be no problem, but the problem was that everything would freeze the moment memory reaches 100%.

“Hyung, is it alright to re-activate this on a whim?”

“Nope.”

“I don’t think this is right.”

“Me too... I am of the same opinion.”

Ring Ring (telephone sounds)

The telephones in the conference room started ringing without giving them a moment to breathe. It was the complaints from the students whose screen froze.

“When can I register for the courses again?”

“It will be back to normal soon.”

-it’s not my problem alone right?

“Yes. It’s happening to all the 3rd years. So you don’t need to worry.”

The worries of the students were about just one thing.

Am I the only one who has this problem? While I’m stuck, wouldn’t my preferred course fill up? – They worried about these.

‘hmm.....’

Even as he was answering the calls, YongHo’s attention was somewhere else. He was checking the bug window. But from someone else’s view, he was just wandering off.

“Look at that, that sunbae still has the time to wander off even in this situation.”

“Don’t say that, SuMin.”

“I can’t understand why SungGyu-sunbae would cover for someone like him.”

“But he’s kind!”

“Kind? Didn’t you see that he was only wearing briefs in the clubroom?”

At SuMin's words, HyeJin turned around, face red. She then changed topic.

“Th...There's another call, let me get it.”

HyeJin picked up the telephone in a hurry, YongHo, who was focusing on the bug window also heard their conversation. If someone talked in this 5 pyung( $\approx 16.5\text{m}^2$ ) room, then one couldn't not hear it.

‘Why does she hate me so much?’

YongHo hadn't really done anything wrong. Other than settling his food and lodging, he had done nothing to feel bad about.

‘But anyway, Line 107, that is where SQL(Structured Query Language, used in relational database) is run...’

YongHo looked at the details of the bug.

‘Hmm... But what does this mean?’

Even though he's a 4th year, and he had done many program related part time jobs, he was still a student. It wasn't the first time he had seen content like this, but he couldn't really understand anything.

Title: A Table Lock has occurred.

Details: Due to the SELECT FOR UPDATE statement, a Table Lock has occurred. Due to the lock, other users trying to access the related table are waiting and is causing the current error.

Solution: Change the SELECT FOR UPDATE to SELECT FOR UPDATE WAIT 3 to make other users end their sessions after around 3 seconds.

‘I need to tell this somehow.....’

The bugs up till now, YongHo had knowledge of it. But something like SQL... that was an exception. All he knew was something from 3rd year when he listened to the Database course.

‘Let’s indirectly throw it to SungGyu-Hyung.’

He first wanted to confirm with SungGyu. Even at this moment, the memory usage was running towards 100%. They could eat lunch only after 2 more re-activations happened.

YongHo quietly called SungGyu who was about to enter the conference room.

“Hyung, wait a sec.”

“Sorry?”

“Just talk to me for a sec.”

“Why? I’m busy at the moment.”

“It’s because of that. I only need a moment.”

“Hyung, by chance, do you know what Table Lock is?”

“Table Lock?”

“Yes. You know how the error stems from line 107?”

“So?”

“The query statement(shortened version of SQL, apparently) which is run at that line had something that went SELECT FOR UPDATE.”

“SELECT FOR UPDATE?”

“I looked it up on the internet and found out that it’s the same system used for reservations in a cinema. It seemed like we were using it on the course registration system.

“That’s the problem, you’re saying?”

“What I found was that a Table Lock is basically: when I use the table, you can’t use the same one. If you want to use it, you would have to wait until I let go of it.”

“Hmm.....”

“So, if I don’t let go of the table, other people would have to wait indefinitely.”

“So you’re saying the memory is filling up because one person isn’t letting go of the table and other people are waiting for it?”

It seemed like SungGyu got a grasp of the situation.

“You are right. By making people wait the memory usage rate keeps going up as time flows. So even though it looks perfectly fine after re-activation, the memory would keep going up as time flows.”

“You have a point there.”

“If we want to get rid of the waiting status, it said to put a WAIT 3 statement to automatically end the users’ sessions.”

“This is all on the internet?”

Surprise was written all over SungGyu’s face after listening to YongHo’s explanation for a few minutes. It wasn’t the skill that

YongHo he had that he knew about.

“You know? ‘Stack Overfly’. But actually, I don’t really get what any of it means...”

“Stack Overfly you say...., I get it. Let’s talk to the employee about it.”

Stack Overfly.(parody of Stack Overflow)

As the world’s biggest program related Q&A website, it boasts 1.7million users and over 5 million Q&As. SungGyu used it often when he did program related part time jobs.

“Let’s go quickly.”

YongHo followed SungGyu towards the student support office.

It was already many times that the DB re-activated. Everybody was exhausted because of the calls every time the DB re-activated.

“Excuse me sir, but is the problem found?”

SungGyu carefully asked assistant manager Kim(surname) WonHo(first name). But the reply didn’t come. Assistant manager Kim was still looking at the screen. He just murmured to himself.



“Oh, f\*uck... Why isn’t it working.”

“Assistant manager Kim.”

“There’s no problem with line 107.”

Assistant manager Kim was looking at the server’s log. The log said that the error was happening on line 107.

“ASSISTANT MANAGER KIM!”

After calling him quietly many times, the assistant manager didn’t respond. So SungGyu called him loudly. Finally, Assistant manager Kim turned around to SungGyu.

“I’m busy so talk to me later.”

Assistant manager Kim treated SungGyu as if he didn’t exist. He didn’t think a college student would understand, much less solve, any of this.

“I looked it up and I think it’s due to a Table Lock problem.”

“Didn’t you hear me?” Just go and do the monitoring.”

SungGyu left without even speaking to the end.

## Chapter 9: Course Registration Chaos (4)

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After lunch, a middle aged man came in to the student support office.

“Oh? Professor.”

“Yes, SungGyu.”

“Why are you here sir? Even though it’s holiday.....”

“I came to look at how the work went, but it seems like I chose the wrong time to do so.”

Professor Jeon HyunShik came looking for the course registration task force team in the student support office. It was the person who was the professor in charge for the SUC and also the person who introduced this job to them.

“N...No, sir.”

“I heard there was a problem with the course registration system?”

“Yes.”

“Ok, so did you find the reason?”

After taking a look at assistant manager Kim with the corner of his eyes, he started telling everything to the professor, looking resolved. They had lost trust in assistant manager Kim who didn't even listen to their opinions and just kept re-activating the system.

“This...I think it is a Table Lock problem.”

“Table Lock?”

The professor Jeon's eyes lit up at SungGyu's words, interested. SungGyu told him exactly the stuff he was told by YongHo. After listening, the professor spoke.

“That is reasonable..., What do you think, assistant manager Kim?”

“Th...That...”

“Isn't it worth it to try it out?”

At the professor's words, assistant manager Kim opened some internet windows hurriedly. Assistant manager Kim didn't understand all of it properly.

“Assistant manager Kim.”

“Y...Yes?”

Professor Jeon understood right away what assistant manager Kim was doing. He didn't understand anything about the bug

“The students aren't applying for their courses right now, and you are looking at the internet?”

“P...Professor!”

“Please call the manager in charge here right away.”

“P...Professor... that is....”

“Quickly!”

Seon Min university's course management system was composed of one permanent employee and one temporary employee from outside. Instead they payed less to the temporary employee.

In the end, it was solved when the manager from the outsourcing company came.

“You are right. The SELECT FOR UPDATE statement was the one causing errors.”

“So there's no problem with the students trying to apply for courses?”

“Yes. Some people didn’t manage to apply for their classes so it would be better to extend the date of the registration by one day.”

“Let’s do it as you say.”

“Is this him? The one who found the problem?”

At the manager’s words, the professor introduced Kang SungGyu.

“Introduce yourself, SungGyu. This is manager An(surname) ByungHoon(first name) from Mirae IT”

“Good day to you, sir. My name is Kang SungGyu. And this time it wasn’t me who found the problem.”

“Sorry?”

“YongHo here is the one who told me.”

“Hyung...”

YongHo who was at the back stuttered in panic. Every gaze in the room were pointing towards YongHo.

“You are how old right now...?”

“4th year, professor.”

“There was a reason why SungGyu recommended you, I see.”

“N...No sir.”

SuMin and HyeJin also looked surprised at the situation that was happening in the conference room.

“Assistant manager Kim. How can you not know something that even an undergraduate knows?”

“M...Manager...”

“Go study some more.”

After scolding assistant manager Kim, Manager An offered a handshake to YongHo.

“Manager An ByungHoon from Mirae IT.”

“G...Good day to you sir. My name is Lee YongHo.”

“Student Lee, have you worked at a company before? This isn’t something you would know just by studying.”

“I did a part time job a few times with SungGyu-hyung.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“Anyway, you’re great for knowing all this stuff even though you’re in college.”

YongHo didn’t know what to say at manager An’s words.

“N...No sir, it was nothing.”

“This is my business card. Let’s meet up sometime. I’ll treat you to a meal.”

Unlike assistant manager Kim who was picky, manager An was an amiable man. With horn-rimmed glasses and thick waists, he gave off a virtuous aura.

“Yes. Thank you sir.”

The short greeting ended there and Manager An returned. Seeing YongHo standing awkwardly, professor Jeon spoke to him.

“Are you graduating this year?”

“Yes, professor.”

“If you are a 4th year, then you would need to prepare for employment.”

“I’m preparing little by little.”

That was the reason he did all those part time jobs. Anyhow, he wasn’t a match for his peers in his grades. The only way he could stand above others was to have more experience.

“I understand. SungGyu, did you tell YongHo about that?”

“Not yet, sir.”

“Then this is a good opportunity, I’ll speak to him.”

Everyone except SungGyu was confused at the professor’s words. After posing himself, the professor continued speaking.

“Hey, do you have any thoughts on becoming an intern? Not a normal intern, but an intern with 90% certainty of employment.”

“An intern, sir?”

YongHo’s pitch of voice went up. Being an intern was a good opportunity. Moreover, it was an intern with a 90% employment



rate. It wasn't something easy to find.

YongHo carefully asked back.

“May I know the name of the company?”

It was a good opportunity for sure but the name of the company was also important. At least, he wanted a company that his parents had heard of.

“It is a place you know very well.”

YongHo thought of a few major companies. If it was a company that a professor would introduce, he thought that anybody would know about it.

“Somewhere I know... Is it Heaven?”

‘Heavensoft’ was one of the best major companies in the Republic of South Korea.

“No.”

“Then.....”

“Why search so far? Isn't Mirae IT right here?”

“.....”

Mirae IT.

It was a company that broke off from Mirae Corp. which had 30 affiliate companies under its name, after its bankruptcy. Although not a major company, it was considered a middle-sized company in the IT, no the SI(System Integration: Provides IT related general service at other companies' or organizations' request) industry.

“Is that true?”

“Yes, it really is. Apparently, it's YongHo-sunbae who solved the course registration chaos.”

“OMG, unbelievable! Was that sunbae THAT good at studying?”

“That's true... I didn't think he did THAT well.”

“Anyway, he's amazing. I heard professor Jeon even personally introduced a position for an intern.”

“Professor Jeon did?”

“Yes. THAT professor Jeon did.”

A mixture of truth and exaggeration plus nonsense was spreading

through the department.

“Apparently, he was especially looked after by professor Jeon?”

“I heard they were distant relatives.”

“Really? According to what I heard.....”

A long shadow fell upon the students in the classroom.

“Apparently, professor Jeon and YongHo are dating?”

“Really?”

SungGyu spoke as he put his hand on the two students who were talking.

“What ‘Really?’ Don’t speak nonsense. Go study, you guys.”

“S...Sunbae.”

“Code one more line if you have time to spread strange rumors.”

At SungGyu’s words the two students hurriedly left. SungGyu asked YongHo who was behind him.

“Anyway, what are you going to do?”

“Mirae IT didn’t seem like a bad place.....”

“I also think it’s good for you to do the internship.”

“See?”

“Yes. Think about it carefully. I am saying this now, but actually, the course registration part time job this time was done on the premise of internship.”

“What?”

It was the first time YongHo had heard of this. A part time job had a strong nature for electing interns like it was the same for interviews. YongHo had left a deep impression during that.

“The professor called me first. SuMin and HyeJin had good grades, and you had good ability.”

“Oh... So you’re going too?”

“Yes. I’ve decided to go too.”

“Hyung.”

“It’s not because I want to go with you. It’s just that I thought it wouldn’t be bad to find employment through this rather than preparing for employment after graduation. It’s not a small company either.”

“Please take care of me from now.”

“No, it should be me who’s saying that.”

# Chapter 10: To Meet Again Like This (1)

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Dinner table.

YongHo's father wasn't home yet. Eating with just his mother, YongHo carefully brought up the topic.

"Mom, I'm working starting tomorrow."

"Work? How about college?"

"I got employed thanks to the professor's recommendation."

"Professor's recommendation? Where?"

"Mirae IT."

"Mirae? Isn't that a big company?"

According to YongHo's mother's knowledge, Mirae company was a big company. It was no wonder she was so surprised.

"Not as big as it was in the past."

YongHo's mother wrapped her two hands on YongHo's cheeks with a happy face.

“Good for you! Good... Now you just have to get married after working hard.”

“Y...Yeah.”

At her happy face, YongHo couldn't possibly say that he became an intern.

Anyway, it was pretty much guaranteed that he would become a permanent employee, so he didn't find it necessary to tell her about it.

“If they tell you to do anything, just say ‘Yes, sir/ma’am!’ and do it, okay?”

“I understand.”

“To think that my son got employed in a big company. Mother has no regrets now.”

“Mom.”

“My son. Eat quickly and go to sleep early. You'll be tired if you have to commute early.”

That night, he told his father, who came in drunk as always, the news of his employment. And for that night, he could sleep comfortably.

\*\*\*

After passing the interview, he came to the company main building for the employment contract.

“Oh, Hyung, you’re here?”

“Yeah, it’s been a while.”

SungGyu came in to the conference room in which YongHo was waiting. SuMin and HyeJin came in soon after.

“Hello, sunbae.”

SuMin was as cold as always, and HyeJin greeted with a bright smile on her face.

“Oh yes.”

“It seems like we are working together?”

“Maybe we will, maybe we will separate. We don’t know for sure.”

As soon as SungGyu finished speaking, an employee came in to the conference room.



“Good morning, everyone. We have met in the interview, haven’t we?”

“Yes we have. Good morning.”

“Then we will write the employment contract one by one. First, Mr. Kang SungGyu.”

One by one, they went to a place far away to write the employment contract and came back. YongHo’s turn was last.

“This part here is your annual salary, and below that is the duration of the contract. The duration is from the 1st of September to 1st of March next year. If there is no problem during your intern period, you will become a permanent employee.”

He looked at the contract as he listened to employee from the HR dept(Human Resources department).

1,000,000KRW( $\approx$ 870USD) per month.

After removing tax, the true amount was around 880,000KRW( $\approx$ 770USD).

‘I’ll probably earn more from part time jobs than this.’

But he only muttered in his heart.

“Should I sign here?”

“Yes.”

Employment contract, A.K.A. Slave contract.

YongHo’s name was clearly written on it.

\*\*\*

SungGyu and HyeJin were assigned to Delivery Team 1, and SuMin and YongHo were assigned to Delivery Team 2. And they were put into work right away without prior education.

“What the heck. They are putting us to work right away.”

In the subway heading towards Yeoksam station.

SuMin’s complaints were endless.

“Moreover.....”

Pausing, SuMin glanced at YongHo for a moment.

“Ahh, I am so annoyed.”

“.....”

“Why the hell is this laptop so heavy.?”

YongHo muttered next to her, clearly unable to hold it any longer.

“Then quit.”

“What?”

“Oh, we’re here.”

They arrived at Yeoksam station.

5 or 6 people were sitting in front of desks that were close together. Every single one of them had fatigue written all over their faces. It was unbelievable to think that these were the appearances of programmers.

“We had to stay up all last night because there was a problem. Due to that, as you can see, everyone is... Well, please take a seat here.”

One glance and they could tell that the desk was used for many years, and the chairs were stained all over it.

“Here’s a wet wipe, clean it roughly and you can put your laptop on it first.”

YongHo cleaned the desk with the wet wipe he was handed and set up his laptop. And he sat there with a blank look on his face. He didn’t have a card-key for entering and exiting the office so he couldn’t carelessly go out.

After lunch, the assistant manager in charge called YongHo and SuMin for a cup of coffee. It seemed he managed to make some time.

“Nice to work with you. I am assistant manager Seo(surname) JaeSeok(first name) and I’ll be in charge of both of you.”

After greeting, assistant manager Seo continued speaking.

“As you see, the situation here is not good right now. So I may not be able to look after you two for a while.”

“What happened?”

“A problem occurred in a system we opened a while ago. Let’s get into the details later... Any other questions?”

SuMin and YongHo didn’t even know what they didn’t know yet.

“Then let’s get back.”

Assistant manager Seo set the computer first. JDK(Java Development Kit: The basic environment for program developing using the Java language) for developing, Eclipse, Sql Developer which was a DB access tool and many other free development tools needed to be downloaded.

‘There’s more to download than I thought.’

YongHo downloaded the things on the list given by Assistant manager Seo, one by one. There were a few programs that he saw for the first time, but he didn’t find any difficulties. If the download didn’t work properly, solutions could be found on the internet for most of them. He could finish downloading all the things on the list after about 1 hour.

‘Phew... That’s downloading finished.’

Glancing at SuMin while stretching, she was biting her nails.

‘She’s pretty, alright.’

With thin and thick eyebrows and resilient skin, sharp nose and big eyes, anyone would say she was pretty.

‘Looks like something’s not working.’

Looking at her frowning while biting her nails, it seemed like something wasn't going well. YongHo, having already finished downloading, leaned his head back a little more and looked at SuMin's laptop.

'sh\*t, why does it keep getting errors?'

SuMin couldn't understand. She, for certain, followed the instructions to download the Sql Developer. However, it erred when she ran it.

Unable to create an instance of the Java Virtual Machine...

SuMin considered asking assistant manager Seo. However, she was afraid that her impression would lean towards being stupid.

'This is killing me.'

Biting her nails didn't let her find the solution. She followed a few solutions, to the letter, that could be found on the internet, but the error didn't disappear.

-Change to AddVMOption-Xmx256M

This was the solution on the internet. But she couldn't find the AddVMOption on the file she opened to change. She searched with ctrl+f but nothing was found.

## Chapter 11: To Meet Again Like This (2)

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‘So she’s lost without being able to ask.’

YongHo clearly understood what kind of situation SuMin was in. Her pride didn’t permit her to ask YongHo. But then, if she asked her seniors, she was afraid that she would be thought as stupid or be scolded with ‘you don’t even know this?’ kind of line.

‘She’s a junior after all, so I should tell her. Well, it’s not anything difficult.’

YongHo, who was watching from the side knew why the Sql Developer wasn’t running and how to fix the problem.

“Oh! So, I have to add this AddVMOption-Xmx256M thing.”

It was a small voice. But to SuMin, who was next to him, it was clear.

“I wondered why it didn’t work. So the AddVMOption didn’t have to be in the file. If they wanted to explain, at least explain clearly....”

YongHo murmured again. At first, SuMin only thought it was annoying to hear YongHo murmuring. However, after listening, it seemed like it was the same problem she was experiencing.

‘Don’t tell me...’

SuMin added AddVMOption-Xmx256M on the last line of Sql Developer with a ‘Don’t tell me...’ kind of feeling.

Loading....

Sql Developer Start!

The problem she was stuck on for ages was solved smoothly. The program ran normally.

YongHo’s IT world.

In his second year of college, He made this blog from SungGyu’s advice. After returning to school from military service, he frequently organized its contents. The posts until now amounted to over 300. A new post was added today.

-How to solve errors during downloading Sql Developer.

YongHo organized his blog after having finished setting the development environment, as ordered by assistant manager Seo. According to SungGyu, It would become a big asset if he organized his studies whenever something came up. While organizing blogs, he would look up various related contents and that also would become his knowledge.



‘I think this would do.’

An organized blog would help his studies, but it would also help him learn to organize posts. It was a helpful activity in various ways.

\*\*\*

After organizing his blog, he accessed the SVN(Source version management tool) and downloaded the current project and the related source codes. A red cross(x) was marked on the sources that were downloaded locally..

‘Hmm.’

Project Name: salesMng.

This was the project name he downloaded from SVN. There was a small cross(X) on the bottom right of the project name.

“You even downloaded the sources?”

Assistant manager Seo spoke to YongHo who was engrossed in his laptop monitor.

“Oh, assistant manager.”

“Aren’t you trying to hard?”

“Haha... It’s nothing.”

“How far did you get?”

“I have downloaded all the programs you told me, I just finished downloading the sources and I was about to access the testbed server and the DB server.”

“You got quite far. It’s only the first day, so don’t overdo it, and get off work.”

Looking at the clock, it was already over 6 o’clock. It was a 9 start 6 leave schedule. But at assistant manager Seo’s words of leaving, YongHo looked around to see that no one was leaving work.

“The others.....”

“You will do overtime work in the future so go home early for today.”

“Even so, let’s.....”

At YongHo’s words, SuMin frowned, SuMin already got up and was packing her stuff.

There were 2 interns.

One was packing and one said he would stay behind. To whom the better evaluation would go was obvious. YongHo's actions felt like kiss-ass in SuMin's view.

“Even if you stay behind, there isn't anything you can help with, Mr. YongHo. So pack up already.”

YongHo could only pack up his belongings when assistant manager Seo repeated his words. The first day of intern ended like that.

\*\*\*

The place that YongHo was sent to was a place that did the maintenance of a fashion company's sales management system. Currently, they were at a stage where they just finished configuring the next-generation system and they were now on the stabilizing stage.

“That is all. Any questions?”

YongHo and SuMin were seated in a conference room. In front of them, assistant manager Seo put the PPT on, and, currently, he just finished explaining the system in which YongHo and SuMin was in. The contents were similar to when they heard Seon Min University's course management system.

“.....”

Both SuMin and YongHo sat there silently. Silence flowed in the conference room.

“If you don’t have any questions, then I will tell you the things that have to be done today.”

There was only one thing to do. They finished downloading the tools for developing programs so they needed to change the settings into the environment where they could develop programs.

“You have to finish changing the settings within today.”

Setting the development environment.

Normally they would first install the software, and right away, adjust the DB settings info and the settings to run the compiled sources downloaded from the SVN to run locally on the relevant software. However, considering YongHo and SuMin’s status as interns, he divided it into steps. (The software here refers to the development environment, or basically, coding software)

“You have to make the downloaded sources able to run in local environment, and using the information on the DB I gave you, you have to make each test DBs accessible, do you understand?”

“...Yes.”

“The work here is currently too busy, so even if you have anything to ask, try to use the internet, and if it still doesn’t work, then you can ask.”

“I understand.”

“Trying to look something up by yourself actually lasts longer in your memory. You won’t easily forget the knowledge you got from trial and error.”

At that moment, YongHo and SuMin were thinking similar things. That life here won’t be easy in the future. YongHo had the ability to fix bugs, but lacked experience. SuMin had good grades but was weak in practice.

“And to add one more thing, from today on, if you don’t complete the work I give you, you will work overtime.”

Overtime work.

YongHo had clearly seen it in the past few days. Even when he left work at 8 or even 9, no one in the office stood up from work. At that moment, YongHo was curious about overtime pay.

“If you work overtime, what do you do with meals or... transport?”

YongHo asked in a roundabout way.

“Meals will be given from the company and if you leave after 11 o’clock, then you can just claim it from the company after taking the taxi. As for overtime pay... you can think there is none.”

YongHo couldn’t say anything after hearing that there was no overtime pay from assistant manager Seo. It was the same for SuMin.

“.....”

clap

Probably trying to refresh the mood, assistant manager Seo spoke as he clapped.

“Well then, let’s get to work.”

## Chapter 12: To Meet Again Like This (3)

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YongHo was working in one fell swoop. He solved the crosses(X's) on salesMng project one by one using the bug window. To YongHo, who worked part-time with SungGyu, and met with various programs needed for developing, it was nothing difficult.

‘It’s done!’

`https://localhost:8080/salesMng.`

YongHo typed the address in the internet browser and a web screen floated up. On the ID he put root and on the password, 1234, and he logged in.

‘It’s about done, I guess.’

3 p.m.

It was the time when YongHo finished his task given by assistant manager Seo in the morning conference. He was met with countless errors on the way, but he solved them without difficulty using the bug window and the internet.

‘How’s she doing?’

He looked towards SuMin. Maybe because she’s next to him, he couldn’t take his mind off her.

‘Hmm.....’

SuMin was running and terminating the tomcat (A type of open-source web server made by Apache). In the error caused when the salesMng that was imported to tomcat ran, the salesMng didn't even run properly.

‘What's this? She just had high grades?’

Just because your grades were high didn't mean you were good in practice.

The thing you learn in school are the basics needed for developing programs.

Of course, you need the basics to apply it to various things, but the skills required in practice was different.

‘It would take all day at that speed.’

YongHo stopped paying attention and had a look at the system layout diagram and the sources downloaded from the SVN. One more thing learnt meant less chance of getting fired.

At 5:30, assistant manager Seo came to YongHo.

“How's it? Going well?”



“Yes, sir. I was looking at the sources.”

“Oh? Really? May I have a look?”

He was considerably surprised.

At assistant manager Seo’s words, YongHo ran the tomcat on Eclipse. And the logs came up one by one on the console tab.

INFO: Server startup in 8982 ms

The tomcat ran without any errors, and YongHo opened up an internet browser and went to the Sales Management Homepage.

“You’ve done well. How about you, miss SuMin?”

“Th...That, sir.....”

“I’ve told you clearly. You have to finish it before going home.”

“.....”

“You can ask, or you can do it by yourself. That doesn’t matter. Just show me the logged in screen on the Sales Management Homepage before leaving work. It seems like I will do overtime work anyway.....”

SuMin bit her nails even harder at those words. It didn't seem like her thumbnail would last.

If YongHo left work alone, it was obvious what the others would think.

‘She still doesn't ask to the bitter end.’

She could have asked YongHo by now but SuMin didn't ask him to the bitter end. YongHo thought that he would have to spend the night at the office at this rate so he spoke first.

“I don't think the problem would be solved just by re-activating the tomcat over and over.”

“.....”

But SuMin didn't even pretend to listen. He didn't know why SuMin was so hostile to him, but he was her sunbae in the end.

“Did you have a look at the DB setting?”

“.....”

“The errors when you run tomcat is probably from there. The sources uploaded in SVN is standardized to common sources so the setting are for common source too. You have to change the setting

if you want to test it on local.”

“.....”

YongHo who was annoyed at SuMin’s narrow-mindedness, asked her, who still pursed her lips.

“Are you listening to me?”

“That, uh... the DB settings thing... How do I do that.....”

YongHo first thought he heard wrong. but he didn’t hear wrong. SuMin’s grades were high only in Seon Min university. Here in Mirae IT, she was the same as a blank paper.

‘You don’t even know this?’

This sentence echoed in his mind. You had to tell her everything from 1 to 10. She couldn’t eat if you didn’t hand the spoon to her. It was a miracle that she even installed the programs. That was why she didn’t dare ask her seniors.

“You... have done java programming before right?”

“...Yeah.”

However, even the installed version of JDK was different. On the

list given by assistant manager Seo said to install version 1.6.0. But SuMin installed 1.7.2 Even is the version is different, the program will still run. However, due to the possibility of bugs occurring, usually the principle is for all programmers to download the same version.

“But why did you download the wrong version of JDK?”

“.....”

“Do you even know how to access the DB?”

“.....”

SuMin couldn't answer a single question that YongHo asked.

“What are you planning to do in the future?”

“I...I thought they would first e...educate me or something. I thought it would work out if I studied as the work went on.....”

“There are not many places that educate you before putting you into work, I think?”

Like YongHo's words, there were only a handful of companies that educates its new recruits before putting them into work. Mirae IT wasn't one of them. The fact that there's a senior to look over them was already being nice to them.

“.....”

“Well, anyway, well done.”

It was 10 in the night when YongHo finished helping SuMin.

A dark night. YongHo, who left work, pointed at the subway station. It wasn't 11 yet so he couldn't take the taxi home.

“I go this way, how about you?”

honk! honk! (car horn sound)

Behind SuMin and YongHo, a car was sounding its horn while it was also flashing the headlights. Annoyed at the loud sound, YongHo turned around first. Benz S Class.

It was a car that costs over 100 million won( $\approx 87000$ USD). And it was just standing there.

“SuMin!”

“Oh, mom.”

A vaguely pretty middle-aged woman was poking her head out the window and was calling SuMin.

‘Oh, so she was born with a gold spoon in her mouth.’

He did think that she was well off, but he didn’t dare think that it was to the point that her mother drove a Benz. YongHo took a deep breath and walked towards his home.

\*\*\*(The author doesn’t put this here, but people are getting confused. Basically, nothing happened after that and now it’s the next day)

YongHo’s eyes widened in a circle. It was the same for SuMin.

“Have you seen each other before?”

“Oh...Yes, at college, we met a bit.”

“Well, assistant manager Kim DID work at Seon Min university for a while, so it should be easier for you.”

“Th...That’s true, I guess.”

Assistant manager Kim WonHo was standing behind assistant manager Seo.

“To think you would work at our company as an intern. Let me formally introduce myself, I am assistant manager Kim WonHo.”

“Oh. Good day to you, sir. My name is Lee YongHo.”

“I already know. How could I forget about you? I really have to thank you for the things you’ve done for me.”

A bad omen assailed from his words. Hostility could be felt from the words ‘thank you’ and the ‘how could I forget’.

“Sorry?”

YongHo didn’t talk back and turned his gaze away.

“Miss SuMin was here too, huh?”

“Yes. Good day to you, sir assistant manager.”

Assistant manager Seo spoke after assistant manager Kim introduced himself.

“Due to the circumstances around the project, the senior in charge was changed to assistant manager Kim. If you have any questions in the future, then you can ask assistant manager Kim.”

And Kim WonHo walked forward and spoke to YongHo again.

“Well, then, let’s have some tea?”

Kim WonHo smiled as he said those words. But the smile reeked of fishiness. Assistant manager Seo seemed like he knew the reason, but his lips didn't know how to open.



## Chapter 13: To Meet Again Like This (4)

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1st floor coffee shop.

Assistant manager Kim WonHo was sitting in front of YongHo and SuMin.

“I really have to thank you for the course registration week.”

“Ahaha... Don’t say such things.”

“Thanks to you, I even got fired from the Seon Min university post and I’ve been transferred here.”

At that moment, YongHo thought he heard wrong.

“S...Sorry?”

“You didn’t know? Your professor complained to the company and the person in charge changed.”

“Oh.....”

YongHo didn’t even dream that this would happen. Kim WonHo sipped his drink and continued to speak.

“Thanks to the almighty intern Lee YongHo, I’ve been branded

as a useless guy in the company too.”

“.....”

YongHo quietly listened. On the surface he looked nervous, but inside he was comfortable. This was nothing compared to the sorrow he felt while he was doing various part time jobs.

But SuMin who was next to him seemed uncomfortable as she kept biting her nails.

“I am expecting remarkable things from our capable intern in the future.”

YongHo didn't bother retorting at his sarcastic words.

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Kim WonHo's polite speech from the part time job was gone and he even talked down.

“So you finished setting the development environment?”

“Yes.”

“So you can now start developing.”

“Developing?”

“Yes. You’ve already finished setting. What else do you have to do? It seemed there’s a plan for adding a few functions to the management homepage in this year’s development plan anyway.”

It hadn’t even been one week since he was put here in the project team. Moreover, his status was an intern. He wasn’t at a stage where he could develop programs. SuMin and YongHo had the same thought. SuMin who read the situation, spoke.

“Even so, we are still interns.....”

“Why? There’s Mr. YongHo for the job.”

“.....”

“You know of WBS (Work Breakdown structure) Excel, right? Let’s make the screens on there one by one.”

“Assistant manager.”

“Yes?”

“For me to develop programs, I.....”

His skills did increase from the part time jobs, but most of them

he worked with SungGyu. He could implement simple CRUD (Create, Read, Update, Delete) but he didn't make any programs that required complex logic.

“Oh, and Mr. YongHo doesn't need internet because you're so capable right?”

“Th...That.....”

Kim WonHo didn't allow YongHo to finish speaking.

“I'll tell them to cut the internet, so don't worry and just do it. You're an intern now so you need to improve your ability.”

Internet was compulsory. Most ordinary programmers reference the internet while developing. YongHo was no different. He referenced the sources on the internet and changed it according to the situation.

“I need the internet.”

He definitely needed the internet so he spoke. But Kim WonHo didn't even try to listen.

“Will your ability improve if you keep referencing the internet? You don't even need the internet anyway, don't you?”

“.....”

“I’ll give you the details on a memo later, so keep looking at the sources for now.”

Kim WonHo went back to his seat. SuMin couldn’t keep her surprise. YongHo stroked his face with his hands downwards. But he still couldn’t get rid of the ominous feeling.

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It could have been worse. YongHo’s part was the basic noticeboard. But, it needed to be able to be cross-browsed.

‘Ah... I’ve been strongly marked.’

YongHo’s worries were about one thing.

Evaluation score.

From the tone of Kim WonHo’s words, he was definitely marked. That would lead to a low evaluation score. Due to the characteristic of the hierarchical company structure, the evaluation score would be different according to the people who have seen his work up close. The higher-ups would evaluate according to Kim WonHo’s words.

Kim WonHo was hostile to YongHo like that. They said most would probably become permanent employees, but now he had the

chance to fail.

‘For now, let’s do what he ordered me to do.’

YongHo created a new JSP (Java Server Page: You can insert a java code within HTML) , and coded while referencing the other files. The card-key needed one week to arrive, but it didn’t even take 1 hour to cut the internet.

‘I think this is about done.....’

On the internet window, there was a noticeboard made by YongHo. He tested the viewing, deleting, creating, editing one by one.

‘I really need to treat SungGyu-Hyung to a meal sometime.’

The part time jobs with SungGyu was a big help. Most of the part time jobs were app and web making. The experiences he had from then was showing its might. But due to not being able to use the internet, the time he took was several times more than the past.

‘It seems I’ll be able to finish this by the end of work hours.’

The current YongHo’s skills could be said to equal people with 1 or 2 years of experience. And there was also the bug window which was his greatest ally.

‘Anyway, isn’t he too hard on me?’

It was not only SuMin who sat next to YongHo. Kim WonHo was right next to SuMin.

“So, you have to get the resources needed by accessing the database from the DAO object.

“O...Oh.”

“Now, then. What do you think you have to do next?”

“We now have the data so.....”

SuMin spoke vaguely and in the end couldn’t answer. But there was no scolding nor there was any neglect.

“Now we have the data so we should put it on the screen, right?”

“Yes.”

“That’s why you put it in the request object and return it to the browser.”

Unlike how he spoke to YongHo, Kim WonHo’s words even sounded kind. He taught her everything from A to Z.

“Oh.....”

“Now we have to handle the data we got on to the screen right?”

SuMin only needed to watch how Kim WonHo did. A screen was made, just like that.

“Here, it’s done, right?”

“Th...Thank you.”

“The appreciation should be done over a drink.”

“Oh, yes.”

Without even asking YongHo, the two left their seats and went outside. YongHo just silently tested the screen he made.

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“Done?”

At the end of work hours, Kim WonHo asked from behind YongHo.

“I think It’s about done.”



“You ‘think’ it’s ‘about’ done? Programs only have value when they are made perfectly. One bug is the same as not developing. Do you understand?”

YongHo only thought of that as WonHo’s attempt to pick on him. So he didn’t talk back.

“.....”

“You are not even talking back now, huh?”

“No, sir.”

“Try running it.”

YongHo activated the program at Kim WonHo’s words. Maybe due to curiosity, SuMin peeked at YongHo’s laptop monitor.

## Chapter 14: To Meet Again Like This (5)

---

Kim WonHo couldn't hide his surprise while looking at the noticeboard made by YongHo.

‘You are only an intern and you can make noticeboards without internet?’

When Kim WonHo first came to the company, he was more or less the same as SuMin.

A perfect blank.

Now, he could make a noticeboard like this easily, but at that time, he didn't even know how to start. Moreover, he even cut off YongHo's internet connection.

“Kuu... Hmm.”

“Is there any problem?”

“Run it on another browser.”

Cross browsing.

The function to work on different browsers without a difference. Like Kim WonHo had said, he put up a new Grome window made by Koogle.

“Looking at the sources in SVN, they were coded using the html5 standard. So I coded using the same standard so there wasn’t a big problem.”

Like YongHo’s words, the noticeboard was running smoothly without a problem in Grome. But Kim WonHo’s test didn’t end there.

“What account have you used to log in right now?”

“Sorry?”

“I said what account have you used to log in the Sales Management Homepage?”

Due to the sudden question Yong Ho stuttered.

“I...I think it was root.....”

“So you have tested only using the root account?”

“Yes.”

Kim WonHo logged out from the homepage and logged in with a user account, and then he went to the page made by YongHo.

“Huh? The edit, delete, and create function all works.”

“.....”

“Don’t you know that you cannot give the non-root accounts any other functions than view?”

‘How would I know something like that?’ was stuck in his throat. But he knew he couldn’t say that.

“There was no such content on the WBS, though.”

“Did you read from start to finish? Shall we check if there really isn’t?”

Clearly, there was no such line in the excel when he looked at it. He had a bad premonition but YongHo who had the hope of leaving work opened the Excel file which had the WBS in it.

“Is it really not there?”

Reading it again, there was still no such line that Kim WonHo talked about.

“There is none.”

“Look here.”

Kim WonHo placed the cursor and clicked the ‘unhide’ button. And a few rows popped up.

Fundamentally, other than the administrator, no other account can create, edit and delete posts in all pages of the Sales Management Homepage. If the permissions are needed, it can be specifically given to a specific user.

YongHo’s irises trembled. Kim WonHo asked Yong Ho again.

“Is it there or not?”

“There is.....”

“DO THIS PROPERLY!”

If he ate these foul words because he wasn’t capable, then he wouldn’t be frustrated. His body tensed because of all the anger. Not minding YongHo at all, Kim Won Ho spoke.

“You don’t have the basics when developing. You have to read the specifications slowly and carefully. Don’t you? I’ll train you from the very beginning starting tomorrow.”

YongHo couldn’t find the relation between not having the basics and the current situation. He only thought that he was being bullied.

Tap Tap

Kim WonHo spoke as he tapped YongHo's shoulder.

“And edit the stuff you developed today. I'll check tomorrow. Got it?”

“Yes.....”

“Miss SuMin can leave work now.”

“Oh, okay.....”

Even with all the anger he was feeling, he couldn't do anything.

YongHo was an intern.

An intern that no one minded if he disappeared or not.

Everyone had left work.

YongHo was alone in the office.

“It's a good thing that I have a phone.”

If YongHo didn't understand something, he used his phone to search and finished the program instead of using the laptop which had the internet cut off.

2 a.m.

It was the time after he did the account rights test.

“Ah, it looks like the future is bleak.”

YongHo muttered as he held his head.

Internet prohibited



Eclipse prohibited

And ctrl+C, V prohibited

This was Kim WonHo's so-called Prohibited 3 education. In the name of education, he took away YongHo's hands and feet. Internet was a source of information when he didn't understand something. Eclipse was a general tool for developing programs. If there was no Eclipse, the user would have to do everything from compiling to building. To compare, it was like a situation where you have a washing machine, but were told to wash them with your hands. And to go as far as prohibiting ctrl+C, V. YongHo had to type the repeated lines by hand.

Overtime work became the norm, and fatigue became his friend.

'Oh, f\*ck.'

YongHo had a nosebleed. He blocked it with a tissue and hurriedly headed towards the toilet.

'Should I really continue working here?'

His normal leaving time became 2 a.m. And also, he came to work on weekends, half voluntarily, and half against his will. Even on weekends, it was difficult to leave before 6 in the evening. Kim WonHo gave him impossible tasks, probably determined to make him leave.

‘Phew.’

On a sunny weekend, YongHo alone was in the office trying to finish the task given by Kim WonHo.

‘But it is a relief.’

There was one relief. His ability was clearly improving. Not using ctrl+C, V became his habit and he naturally learned various APIs. And his coding speed quickened.

In addition, by not using Eclipse, he got to know how to use ANT (Apache Ant Java Project Build Tool) while researching how to compile and build. Also he was now able to run the SVN on the CMD (command: basically a monotone screen where user types in the commands and run various things).

The methods for developing programs were very similar in general. If you knew a few principles, then you would learn others very easily.

The office, weekend..

A person opened the door and entered the office where nothing could be heard apart from typing.

“Oh, assistant manager Park, Good day to you, sir.”

“Oh, yes.”

Assistant manager Park CheolWoong.

From what he heard, it seemed he came into the company at the same time as Kim WonHo. Assistant manager Park who lightly greeted YongHo went to his seat and sat down.

‘I feel like I’ve turned transparent.’

The people in the office didn’t have any interest in any of the workers in the office usually. Everybody was busy with their own work. It was the first time assistant manager Park had come to the office on the weekend.

‘Is there something?’

Assistant manager Park who came into the office picked up his telephone.

“Yes, manager. Yes, Yes, I understand.”

Tick (putting down the receiver)

“F\*ck, why is this happening on the weekend?”

Assistant manager Park spoke foul language as he put the

telephone receiver down. He was clearly annoyed probably because he got called on a sunny weekend like this.

“Why the hell is this not working suddenly?”

The program he was in charge of seemed to have errors occurring.

Ring Ring

The telephone in the office started ringing.

“Yes. I am currently on it.”

“No, it would be fixed in a short while.”

“Yes. I will solve it within today.”

Assistant manager Park who was answering the call answered the call while looking down. It seemed like the client company's person in charge had called.

(\*Note: the word for 'client' here is 갑(Gab) which can also imply being superior. In Korea acting 'Gab' means acting bossy. And it applies here too. Gab is in a superior position, and 을(Eul) is in the inferior position. 병(Byung) and 정(Jung) will appear later on in the story, and they are even more inferior than Eul. And the four words are a part of a 10-character series with implied hierarchy

between them.)

“Sigh.....”

Assistant manager Park who heaved a long sigh looked at the monitor. YongHo also turned his head to his laptop screen to finish the task given by Kim WonHo.

# Chapter 15: Permission Error (1)

---

“Hey, assistant manager Park! You still haven’t solved it?”

Manager Choi yelled as he entered the office.

“Manager.”

“The manager is calling me and it’s all a mess! The board executives need to see this on Monday. What are you going to do about it, huh?”

Mirae IT’s business model was the SI (System Integration: client company requests contractor companies to build a system and pay them). The one who called assistant manager Choi was the contractor company’s person in charge of the system.

(\*Note: remember Gab and Eul? Gab = client , Eul = contractor)

As the less superior person, assistant manager Choi had to ingratiate with him. If not, there was the possibility that the renewal of the contract will not happen. And if it doesn’t happen, his position in the company would be lowered.

Manager Choi asked assistant manager Park who was hesitating to answer.

“So did you figure out what the reason is?”

“That...Not yet.....”

“Sigh, What’s the error content?”

“That.....”

“’THAT’, ‘THAT’, ‘THAT’ WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN BY ‘THAT’?”

“The ETL just dies.”

ETL was the acronym of extraction, transformation and loading. It was a program that extracts and transform data from a remote data storage and load it to the needed place.

“What? Just dies?”

“Yes.....”

Manager Choi spoke as if he didn’t believe what assistant manager Park was saying.

“Try running it.”

At manager Choi’s words, assistant manager Park ran the putty program and put the command to run the ETL program.

./miraeETL.sh



And enter

Both manager Choi and assistant manager Park didn't want to believe it, but it was a failure. A few minutes later, the program died just like that.

“Sigh, What the heck is the problem?”

Manager Choi sighed first after confirming the results with his own eyes. Assistant manager Park was dazed while thinking where he should start. There was no error log in the log window either.

“What do we do, manager?”

“What do you mean, what do we do, we have to fix this bug.”

“There's no error log.....”

“I don't know either. Let's think about it.”

Manager Choi went to his seat and turned his laptop's power on. Silence flowed in the office.

After about 1 hour, Manager Choi called YongHo.

“Hey, Mr. YongHo.”

“Yes, sir.”

“What are you doing right now?”

“I am currently doing the task given to me by assistant manager Kim.”

“Is it urgent?”

“P...Probably not.”

“Then why don’t you help us out here?”

Today was a Sunday. They needed to return the program normal for the board executives to see the current state of the sales tomorrow. If the ETL program didn’t work, the sales data could not be brought up.

That meant that the board executives wouldn’t be able to confirm the current state of the sales. If the problem wasn’t solved in time, the superior company would not stop being annoying about it. Probably because manager Choi was under pressure, he even asked YongHo, who was an intern, for help.

“Y...Yes sir.”

YongHo went to assistant manager Park and asked.

“Assistant manager, what shall I help you with?”

At his question, assistant manager Park asked manager Choi.

“Manager, he’s only an intern, what does he know.....”

“Didn’t you hear? He’s the one who solved Seon Min University’s course registration.”

“Oh, really?”

Assistant manager Park asked YongHo.

“Did you really solve the problem?”

His face was filled with disbelief. On one side, he had a small expectation.

“I was merely lucky. It could be found on stack overfly.”

stack overfly was the world’s biggest program related forum. Countless programmers referenced the site.

“Really? So you solved that... Bring a chair here. The problem here is.....”

He briefly told YongHo about the ETL program and the current

situation. YongHo who finished listening spoke to assistant manager Park.

“Can we run the program once?”

“It’s going to die anyway so what do you want to do by seeing.”

“I just want to see it with my own eyes.....”

He only could confirm with the bug window after the program ran in front of his eyes. If there is a bug, then it would appear in the bug window.

“Okay.”

Maybe because he had heard that YongHo had fixed the course registration system, assistant manager Park complied with his words. And the program ran once again.

“Ah, Oh.....”

YongHo exclaimed in a small voice as he looked at the bugs in the bug window. Maybe assistant manager Park had heard him, but he asked YongHo about it.

“Why, do you know something?”

“.....”

“Why, what is it? Speak.”

There was no error log, but YongHo knew what the principle was and what the solution was. But there was no error log. If he analyzed the problem and say the solution in one go, they wouldn't believe him. After hesitating, YongHo replied to assistant manager Park.

“By any chance, would it be a try-catch statement with the error log forgotten?”

“Ah!”

Exclamation could be heard from both assistant manager Park and manager Choi. A try-catch statement was an error processing statement in Java code. If an error occurred where this happened, a process of handling errors was needed. If the catch statement forgot to print the error, no logs would remain.”

“That's true. It's certainly possible.”

“That's probably why there was no error log, but the program died.....”

Manager Choi shouted after listening to YongHo's words.

20 minutes later, YongHo was reading the atmosphere.

‘It should be alright if I speak at this point right.’

He already had the solution. YongHo was looking for the timing to say it. A cornered stone would meet the mason’s chisel. (Korean way of saying ‘The tallest tree would catch the most wind’). YongHo wanted to be seen as someone within human capabilities. His position as an intern and his experience from military service was limiting his ability (Korean males have mandatory military service).

“Assistant manager. I think I found the problem.”

“Really? Where?”

“On the 302nd line of FileTransfer class.”

“Come here and talk.”

Assistant manager Park called YongHo who was working at his seat. After moving next to assistant manager Park, he continued explaining.

“On the 302nd line, the try-catch statement is trying to call a file but the file is not found.”

“Really? Let’s have a look.”

Following YongHo's words, assistant manager Park confirmed the source and put in the error log print statement in the catch statement. And ran the program. The program died, but the log remained

.

```
java.io.FileNotFoundException: homessalesdata(No such file or
directory)
```

```
at java.io.FileInputStream.open(Native Method)
```

```
at java.io.FileInputStream.<init>(FileInputStream.java:106)
```

```
com.mirae.FileTransfer(FileTransfer.java:302)
```

The error log matched exactly with YongHo's words. But this didn't mean the problem was solved. Now they simply got to know the reason.

## Chapter 16: Permission Error (2)

---

Manager Choi who came next to him from who-knows-when, spoke.

“This is the error that occurs when the file doesn’t exist.”

“Oh, Manager.”

“Assistant manager Park, did you check the file name?”

“I am checking right now.”

“It’s not like the rules for creating file names wouldn’t change so suddenly.....”

Manager Choi tilted his head as if he didn’t understand. They were getting closer to the solution. There was one reason why YongHo did this step by step.

‘Won’t I get marked if I step up?’

To look at it differently, the reason why YongHo was marked by Kim WonHo was because he stepped up during the course registration problem when he didn’t necessarily have to. If he didn’t, he wouldn’t have to suffer all this bullying.

‘If even assistant manager Park marks me, then I would have no



choice.'If he stepped up while manager Choi was here, assistant manager Park would hear an earful from manager Choi. After that, assistant manager Park would probably become hostile. YongHo was worried about that.

‘Hmm... This...I can’t even speak even though I know this.’

While Yong Ho was contemplating, assistant manager Park checked the rules for creating file names.

“Manager, there’s nothing wrong with the code.”

“Ah, then what the heck is the problem?”

Manager Choi held his head, clearly frustrated. There was nothing wrong with the rule for creating file names. This meant that the file created from the program and the file in the remote data storage was the same.

“Manager, I have a question.....”

YongHo carefully spoke.

“What is it?”

“I got a SVN account but I don’t have the permission.”

“What? I’m about too busy here because of the error but you ask things like that!”

“Uh, that, I need permission to upload the sources I fixed. Assistant manager Kim asked me to do this within the weekend.....”

“I’ll look into it after this gets fixed.”

Assistant manager Park replied with a clear hint of being annoyed. And he murmured as he focused on the monitor.

“Permission... Oh! Permission!”

Assistant manager Park stood up suddenly as if he realized something.

“Manager, isn’t it due to file permissions?”

“Permission?”

“Yes. If there’s no problem with the name, then it could only be permission problems.”

At assistant manager Park’s words, manager Choi spoke as if it wasn’t possible.

“Hey, why does a problem occur from permission so suddenly?”

“Didn’t the IDC say they were going to do something today?”

IDC was an acronym of Internet Data Center. It was a place where various servers were placed. The server where ETL was actually installed was also in IDC.

“Was that so.....”

“First, I’ll check.”

Assistant manager Park accessed the server and checked the file permission.

-r-r---

The permission was set correctly. ‘r’ meant permission to read. The first r meant that the file creator could read and the second r meant that the group the creator is in could read.

“What the heck? The permission IS there.”

“So that means.....”

Assistant manager Park’s voice was filled with joy. They finally found the solution.

“What, what is it?”

“Our account was excluded from the root group.”

“Who the hell changed it?”

The angry manager Choi yelled. Assistant manager Park murmured to himself as if he had some suspicions.

“It seems like it WAS the IDC.”

Manager Choi picked up the telephone and called the IDC server manager right away.

“Was there a server maintenance today?”

-Yes. We have notified you through e-mail.

“We have a problem with our account here!”

-A problem?

“The account we are using is excluded from the root group so the program died.”

-If you read the mail, you would know, but due to security reasons, the root group is currently unable to be used. So we sent you the mail requesting you to edit it.

The server manager said confidently as if he had nothing to lose. Or rather, the voice of manager Choi who proudly called him was lowered.

“W...When did you send the e-mail?”

**-3 days ago**

“Oh, ok, I understand.”

Manager Choi looked at assistant manager Park after he ended the call and spoke.

“Hey, check the e-mail. Check if they have sent any e-mail about maintenance.”

Manager Choi also went back to his seat and checked the mail. Assistant manager Choi had a browser window up and was checking through the mails one by one as well.

“Huh? Assistant manager Park!”

“Yes, sir.”

“Sh\*t, it’s here. It is. Looking at the Excel, looks like our account is a target too.

“Why weren’t we able to check this?”

“It’s too late anyway. First, request a root account and give the file permission and make another group and put the account that runs the ETL program and the FTP account in there.”

“Right away.”

After that, the work progressed in one fell swoop. YongHo didn’t even have the time to butt in. After solving the problem, it was nearing 7 in the evening.

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“Well done.”

“No, sir.”

“If it wasn’t for Mr. YongHo, we would have had to stay up all night.”

“No, I didn’t do anything.”

After work was finished, manager Choi patted YongHo's back saying 'well done'. Assistant manager Park who was next to them also laughed and spoke.

“Yeah. If it wasn't for Mr. YongHo today, we would have taken a long time.”

“No, assistant manager.”

“Manager. Shouldn't we have a little get-together today? We worked this hard even though it's the weekend.”

“Shall we? Are you free right now, Mr. YongHo?”

“I am fine.”

He didn't have a girlfriend anyway. But the problem was, as these kind of get-togethers increased, he was getting further and further away from girls.

Nearby BBQ restaurant.

After a few rounds of drinking soju (=shouchuu in JP), the swearing at the company started. It was manager Choi who started.

“You're in 4th year Uni?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Then how did you come to a company like ours?”

“Sorry, sir?”

“I am wondering why a guy with skill like you came here.”

It was the first get-together after being assigned to work. Moreover, this was a conversation between the manager. To say ‘why did you come to this company?’ as the first question... It was a bit of a shock for YongHo.

“Well, an opportunity came and.....”

“Well, this company can be considered a mid-scale one.”

“It was big in the past though.”

“Well, it’s not like in the past.”

Assistant manager Park, who was grilling the pork belly, butted into the conversation.

“What are you saying to the newbie, manager?”

“Is that so?”



“It’s like telling him to leave right after entering.”

“Well, he’s still an intern, so he should think over it well while he’s an intern. If he steps in, then it’s not easy to pull it back out.”

“Oh, manager... Anyway, how’s work, Mr YongHo? Is it doable?”

“I’m trying my best.”

He heard a similar question during military service.

“Private Lee YongHo. Is the work doable?”

“Yes, sir! It’s doable, sir!”

“Really? You seem relaxed. Okay, I’ll tell them to give you more work.”

The best answer was to tell him that he was doing his best. Assistant manager Park asked YongHo as he looked at YongHo’s face.

“It seemed like that Kim WonHo marked you.”

“.....”

There was no one in the office who didn't know of this. They just ignored it.

“Even if it makes you feel frustrated, bear with it. That Kim WonHo has some backing.”

“Backing?”

“He's the director's son.”

“Oh.....”

“That's why we pretend to not know about it.”

YongHo didn't know about this. He thought it was normal that the office's atmosphere was so desolate. He thought society as where bullying was occurring in the office and nobody was interfering was the norm. But that was not all. After listening manager Choi raised his glass and spoke.

“Well then, let's stop the depressing talk here!”

clang(sound of glass hitting each other with  
cheers(EN)=Geonbae(KR)=Kanpai(JP))

The soju in the glass jiggled in the glass. Manager Choi's swollen belly, and assistant manager Park's swelling belly were also jiggling. At that moment, YongHo had a weird thought.

‘Oh! They work while sitting all day, and they eat alcohol and meat all night so they get fat!’

I won’t become like that. Or so he pledged.

# Chapter 17: Regular Monitoring (1)

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Monday morning.

Kim WonHo looked for YongHo without fail.

“Did you do everything I told you to?” “I’ve done everything.”

“Let me have a look.”

YongHo opened the browser window and showed him on the screen what he developed over the weekend.

“Hmm.....”

After testing for a while and finding no bugs, Kim WonHo couldn’t think of anything to say. He looked indifferently at YongHo and the screen in turns.

“Is there any problem?”

YongHo asked but Kim WonHo just kept clicking buttons without replying.

“No, You’ve done well. It’s perfect.”

“.....”

YongHo knew that Kim WonHo was being sarcastic, so he didn't bother replying.

“Then I'll give you this week's task. Miss SuMin, come to the conference room too.”

Kim Won Ho called YongHo and SuMin to the conference room to give them this week's task. And Manager Choi stopped Kim WonHo who was about to go in.

“Assistant manager Kim, talk to me for a sec.”

“I am sorry but I have something to do right now.”

“I called you precisely for that.”

Nobody liked Kim WonHo because of this attitude. That's why he was sent to Seon Min university where he could work alone and ultimately ended up here.

“What is it?”

“The tasks you give to the interns. Don't you think you should go for a field study to the IDC?”

“The IDC?”

“Yes. Incidentally, we have go to the IDC for monitoring. I thought we could send them there at this opportunity.”

“Oh, then can we apply some of the minor bugs to the Sales Management Homepage?”

“Bugs?”

“Yes. The twisted button shape and the problem with the printing order of the posts.”

“Ok. that’s fine.”

There was nothing major to do during the monitoring, and you could leave work directly from there. It was a consideration from manager Choi to YongHo.

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SuMin, YongHo and Kim WonHo were together in the conference room.

“You two both heard that, right? Tomorrow we’re going on a field-study to the IDC. Incidentally there’s regular monitoring so we are tagging along.”

“Yes.”

YongHo and SuMin replied while nodding.

“Speaking of that, Mr. YongHo, you have the stuff you worked on, right?”

“The stuff I worked on?”

“Yeah, the file with the various bugs you fixed.”

Until now, in accordance with Kim WonHo’s orders, YongHo fixed various small bugs that occurred in the Sales Management Homepage. The bugs appeared in various places from JavaScript to HTML to the servlets, and all these contributed to raising YongHo’s skills.

“Oh, yes. I do have it.”

“Let’s upload it at this opportunity.”

“Upload it?”

“Yes, I’m saying let’s upload it on the commercial server.”

“Oh.....”

“I’ll look over it. So, send me all the files.”

“I understand.”

“SuMin, send me the ones you modified too.”

“Yes.”

“Send it to me on the messenger as soon as you go back to your seat.”

YongHo and SuMin went back to their seats and sent the files they modified to Kim WonHo via messenger. That day, Kim WonHo didn't give YongHo any special tasks so he could leave early. Or rather, It was Kim WonHo stayed behind after YongHo and SuMin had left.

\*\*\*

There was a schedule for regular monitoring so assistant manager Park also gathered in the Mirae IT IDC in Gasan Digital Complex.

“Here, write your name.”

Following assistant manager Park's guide, YongHo and SuMin wrote their contact information on the registry..

“Is it your first time here?”



IDC was located within a building in Gasan Digital Complex. With 3 floors altogether, a server room, a central control room, and the other floor was where the office was located.

“Yes, it is my first time.”

They sat with assistant manager Park on the leftmost side, then Kim WonHo, then SuMin, then YongHo on the rightmost side.

YongHo who was on the rightmost side, could only pick up a few things that Kim WonHo was talking about. Kim WonHo used the excuse of ‘being inconvenient to others’ while sitting next to SuMin to explain things in a small voice.

“You access the server in the server room you see there from the computer here. You will get used to it with time so just listen to it for now.”

“Yes, assistant manager.”

“Here, you can access each of the DB, web and the application servers. How many servers did I say that we were running?”

At Kim WonHo’s question, SuMin spoke vaguely and asked YongHo.

“How many were there?”

“2 DBs, 2 application servers, and 2 web servers. So 6 altogether, sir.”

“Then let’s access each server.”

For some reason, Kim WonHo was kindly explaining to YongHo. Then, they each started accessing each server from their own computers. SuMin was right next to him, so she could see, but from YongHo’s seat, he didn’t have a way of knowing what Kim WonHo did. Looking at that scene, assistant manager Park spoke.

“I’ll go out for a smoke, so YongHo, come and look from here.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Yes come and sit here.”

At assistant manager Park’s words of permission, YongHo who was trying to read Kim WonHo’s mood, directly went to the next seat and sat down. He had the ability to solve bugs, but that was all he had. Now, he had to learn everything he could. It wasn’t a time he should bring up his puny pride.

‘Kim WonHo, I’ll deal with you later.’

From the start, Kim WonHo could let both the interns sit next to him, but he purposely sat down next to assistant manager Park.

And then he made SuMin sit next to him. He pushed YongHo far away.

After assistant manager Park went out to smoke and YongHo sat down, Kim WonHo accessed the server.

“From now, I’ll upload the files you sent me yesterday to a real server so have a careful look.”

Kim WonHo went to the Sales Management Homepage and opened a folder named temp. The modified files for the Sales Management Homepage that YongHo and SuMin sent were in there.

“Usually, we would verify it first with the QA team and then we would upload it using a configuration program, but for simple things like this you can sometimes directly upload it like this. Understand?”

“Yes.”

The two could only nod. They couldn’t even judge if what Kim WonHo did was in accordance with the rules.

“Have a look at it carefully. First you switch the web server using the L4 switch.”

After speaking, Kim WonHo went to the network management page and switched the web server.

“For the switchover you can just do it on the settings on the web page like I did. Understand?”

YongHo and SuMin were feeling puzzled whenever he said ‘understand?’. It was the first time they heard of something like L4 after being born. The word ‘switchover’ was new to them too.

Whether YongHo understood or not, Kim WonHo didn’t mind and the explanation continued.

Like that, it was about 20 minutes before every process was finished.

(Note: For those people who don’t get what’s happening, basically, the L4 switch switches over between the commercial server and the private test server. From Coyo)

## Chapter 18: Regular Monitoring (2)

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After the regular monitoring ended, there was 1 hour till the end of work. Kim WonHo said he had some business to attend to and left early; and assistant manager Park took SuMin and YongHo to the nearby coffee shop.

“How was today?”

“To be honest, I didn’t understand anything.”

It was an unfamiliar environment and a string of new words. For YongHo and SuMin who didn’t even learn shell commands, the server room was an unknown realm.

“And you, miss SuMin?”

“Same.....”

“Well, everybody’s like that at first. To be honest, for newbies who haven’t even learnt java properly, it is difficult for them to freely use shell commands.”

“Do we have to learn that shell?”

“Of course, shell is mandatory if you want to work with servers like Linux or Unix.”

“It really is one difficulty after the other, isn’t it?”

“But still, if you get used to even just one programming language, then you can learn the rest pretty fast, so it’s better to master just one.”

“I understand.”

“Don’t run too fast and overwork yourself; and don’t run too slow and get left behind either.”

“.....”

“Come on, it’s an early leave in a while, so let’s go.”

Those words were SuMin and YongHo’s greatest pleasure.

\*\*\*

YongHo who came back home saw his father lying down.

“I’m home.”

“Yes.”

Perhaps he had a daytime shift but YongHo’s father was lying down at home. However, he looked pale as if he was very ill.

“Are you ill anywhere?”

The response came from somewhere else.

“He can’t sleep at all nowadays.”

“Well, does he receive stress? It seems like initial symptoms of insomnia. How about going to the hospital?”

“What hospital... It will probably get better if I stay like this.”

YongHo’s father asked YongHo as if he had more worry for his son than his own body.

“So, how’s work?”

“I’m doing my best.”

“Always greet your superiors well.”

“I understand.”

“Always say ‘yes, yes’ when they give you work.”

“Yes.”

“Ok. I believe in you, son.”

The word ‘believe’ made YongHo’s shoulders feel much heavier.

\*\*\*

The work Kim WonHo gave him was endless. When he thought it would end, he was back at the beginning, like a Möbius strip. Today, YongHo was checking the corrections again while looking at the Sales Management Homepage on the commercial server.

But a bug he didn’t see yesterday on the bug window popped up.

‘What the heck? There was no such error until yesterday.’

There were clearly no bugs until yesterday on the Sales Management Homepage but there was a bug alarm. At that moment the telephone in the office rang.

Ring

And assistant manager Park who received the call had his face turn ugly.

“Sorry? WHAT?”



-Currently the web server you're in charge of had over 90% of its hardware limit used. I think you must quickly come in here and check it.

“No, no, no. Why would over 90% of the hardware limit be used?”

-We don't know the exact reason either. Please come here quickly and fix it or delete or do something to take care of it.

“I understand.”

Manager Choi asked assistant manager Park who just ended the call.

“What's wrong?”

“So... You know the server that has the management page?”

“What about it?”

“Apparently the over 90% of the hardware limit is used”

“What? Why so suddenly?”

“That's what I want to know. Dammit”

“Check it quickly.”

At manager Choi’s words, assistant manager Park hurriedly requested permission to enter the server room.

After assistant manager Park went to the server room hurriedly, manager Choi called Kim WonHo, YongHo and SuMin.

“Did you touch anything in the server room yesterday?”

“.....”

YongHo and SuMin didn’t have anything to say so they quietly stood there. The only thing they touched in the server room yesterday was the pen on the name log. They didn’t even touch a keyboard and just kept watching the monitor until they left work.

“Assistant manager Kim?”

Manager Choi asked Kim WonHo.

“Didn’t you say you were fixing some bugs?”

“I applied things... that weren’t within the range of the maintenance contract.”

“Isn’t the problem from there?”

“There was no problem during the test I did with the interns.....”

“Assistant manager Park is confirming the problem so Assistant manager Kim, you too, check the source you uploaded yesterday.”

“I understand.”

“YongHo and miss SuMin too, look at your respective codes and look for any problems. Now!”

Returning to his seat, YongHo put the management page on the screen.

‘This is from the file we uploaded yesterday.’

YongHo looked at the bug window. The details were on there.

Title: A throw new Exception error has occurred.

Details: A throw new Exception is occurring on line 735 of SalesAvgControl.class. The origin of the error is due to the programmer purposely making an error so the mentioned line must be commented.

Solution: Commenting of line 735

YongHo opened the file mentioned on the bug window and looked at line 735.

“What the heck? There’s nothing. To say it’s a programmer defined error.....’

YongHo who opened the file he made from local, couldn’t find anything.

‘F\*ck, bugs occur on the bug window too?’

YongHo suddenly thought that it was possible for the bug window have an error occur. It pinpointed errors with 100% accuracy until now but it was possible. He didn’t find any error in his file after looking at it many times.

‘There is nothing on Line 735 is empty for sure.....’

Moreover, the line was empty. However, even when he ran it again, the result was the same.

‘What the heck is the problem? Even if this is an error, why is over 90% of the hardware limit used?’

It was littered with things that weren’t understandable to YongHo; why this kind of error suddenly occurred and why the over 90% of the hardware limit was being used.

\*\*\*

A call from assistant manager Park, who went to the server room, arrived. The problem was the log file. The size of the log file of the web server was abnormally increased.

“Hey, why did the size of the log file increase so much?”

-We do not know. We have deleted the log file but the size is increasing rapidly as soon as it was deleted.

“F\*ck, this is killing me.”

-For now, I will delete the log files while on stand-by until all the employees from the contractor (Gab) company leave work, so it would be best if your side quickly find out the reason.

“The log would have printed where the error occurred, no?”

-Oh, so, I haven’t told you about it. This is similar to the error we had last weekend. This doesn’t have anything printed on it, whether there is no log printing from the try-catch statement, or where the problem is occurring. The log file is full of blanks.

“...Whoever it is, I want to kill him.”

-Kill someone later, this comes first.

“Ok. Assistant manager Kim said he fixed the source yesterday so we’ll probably find it there. So hang in there for a bit longer.”

-Yes, manager.

Manager Choi called Kim WonHo after he finished calling.

“Assistant manager Kim, did you find anything?”

“None as of yet.”

“Assistant manager Park just contacted me. Apparently the log files are piling up and eating away the hardware limit.”

“What did he say the content of the error was?”

“Apparently, there is no content. The files are blank.”

“Hmm.....”

Kim WonHo stroked his chin as if he didn’t understand well.

“Who edited the code?”

“Miss SuMin and Mr. YongHo did it.”

“Find any blanks in the throw new error statements in the sources sent by the two.”

A line that was on the bug window flashed in YongHo’s head, who was listening to the conversation between manager Choi and Kim WonHo.

```
throw new Exception(“ “);
```

‘That means the bug window was correct, isn’t it?’

If the log file was full of blanks, then the error was from throw new Exception statement like the bug window said. The blanks in between the double quotation marks were piling up in the log file.

‘So, the throw new Exception means that the programmer makes the error on purpose... so that means that line was added to the source.’

YongHo checked the source he committed to the SVN. YongHo uploaded the source on the SVN before sending it to Kim WonHo. He learned to commit the sources onto the SVN before applying it to the commercial server from assistant manager Seo.

‘I can’t find it no matter how many times I look at it.....’

But a line like throw new Exception was nowhere to be found.

# Chapter 19: Regular Monitoring (3)

---

When the client(Gab) company employees all left work.

The contractor(Eul) company's employees were not able to leave work. Meanwhile, From a corner of the office a voice of hope was heard. It was Kim WonHo.

“Manager, I have found the problem.”

“Really? What IS the problem?”

“In the modified source this time, there was a throw new Exception.”

“What?”

“This is probably the file I got from Mr. YongHo.....”

Kim WonHo slurred as he looked at YongHo.

“What is it? Send it to me.”

After manager Choi looked at the file sent by Kim WonHo, he called YongHo.

“Why did you code like this?”



YongHo replied confidently to manager Choi who was angry.

“It was not me who did it.”

“What?”

“The code that errors, it’s not me who did it.”

“Then who did it?”

“How would I know?”

This time, YongHo glanced at Kim WonHo. He spoke ‘You did it right?’ in his mind. The moment Kim WonHo said he found the problem, his suspicion turned into assurance.

“Assistant manager Kim, what happened here? Mr. YongHo is saying he didn’t do it?”

At manager Choi’s words, Kim WonHo stared at YongHo with his two eyes.

“Mr. YongHo. This is a serious problem here. Anyone can make a mistake. You just need to be honest here.”

“That is not the file edited by me.”

“Then who, are you saying, did it?”

Kim WonHo pushed YongHo as the perpetrator until the end. But YongHo didn't flinch.

“How would I know that?”

“What don't you know! Stop playing innocent!”

As his voice was getting louder, manager Choi stepped up to mediate.

“There, there! We need to fix the bugs first. So let's first fix the bugs.”

“I have the original file, so we can just use that. I committed the file to the SVN after sending it to assistant manager Kim.Won.Ho when he said it was going to be uploaded to the commercial server.

SVN was a commonly used source storage. The principle was that only the sources related to the program running in the server could be saved on it. To have committed the source meant that he uploaded the source.

“Oh, really?”

“Yes.”

“Okay. I will check. First go back to your seats.”

YongHo and Kim WonHo went back to their seats and manager Choi sat down on his seat and downloaded the source through the SVN.

‘Hmm. Mr. YongHo’s words are true.’

Nowhere in the source downloaded from the SVN could a throw new Exception be found. Also, looking at the time the source was committed, it was after the file was sent to Kim WonHo.

‘There’s a proper condition for the while loop too.’

The reason why over 90% of the hardware limit was used was because the error was occurring from the while loop. A while loop was a statement that executed the statements within the while statement according to the conditions of the loop. They hardcoded the condition so it would become true, and therefore result in an infinite loop of errors.

Normally, errors that were found would be printed in the log along with where it occurred, but a throw new Exception was a programmer defined error. The programmer left the error content blank so no logs would be left.

‘Sigh, really, has this Kim WonHo bastard really gone crazy this time?’

Manager Choi also thought the perpetrator was Kim WonHo. The sources modified by YongHo had comments (little explanations about the source) everywhere. He wrote comments on when and why he changed it. However, only the throw statement didn't have any comments. Therefore, the perpetrator could only be Kim WonHo.

There was no reason for an intern to put a throw statement randomly, even after it was committed to the SVN, then send it to Kim WonHo. However, the probability of Kim WonHo modifying the source before uploading it on the commercial server was extremely high. Manager Choi felt it was no wonder why that Kim WonHo chose to work overtime. He probably modified the source then.

After confirming, manager Choi called assistant manager Park.

“I will send you the file, so overwrite it and activate it again.”

-I understand. Please send it to me quickly

“Okay.”

Now the program error was fixed. But the error from the relationship remained.

\*\*\*

After the error was fixed, manager Choi called YongHo over in pretext of ‘finding out the truth’.

“It seems like you’ve been solidly marked by Kim WonHo.”

“It really wasn’t me who did it, sir.”

“I know. I can tell from a glance. Your source had loads of comments in it, but that line didn’t.”

It was a habit he got from working together with SungGyu. When a situation where many people worked on one source occurred, the fastest way to see what the source does was to look at the comments.

“I did it habitually.....”

“It’s a good habit. You have good basics.”

“It was thanks to SungGyu-hyung, who also entered this company together with me.”

“SungGyu?”

“Yes. He’s called Kang SungGyu and he entered the company as an intern at the same time as me.”

“Really? Where is he now?”

“I heard he was in Delivery Team 1; I think.....”

“If it’s team 1, then that’s where manager An is in. Wait a sec.”

Manager Choi stopped speaking and went outside the coffee shop to call someone.

“By chance, do you have something like a reason to stay here?”

“Sorry, sir?”

“I mean; I’m wondering if you have a reason to stay in this project.”

“No, not really... Why do you ask?”

“I’ve looked into it, but a total of 4 interns came in this time. If you are alright with it, I want to switch you with Kang SungGyu. The other side also said it was okay.”

“Oh.....”

“It would be bad for you to keep clashing with Kim WonHo. I can’t change assistant manager Kim.....”

Manager Choi carefully continued talking. There was one conclusion, YongHo would be sent where SungGyu is and SungGyu would be brought to YongHo's position.

"It doesn't really matter to me."

"Yes. You are an intern anyway, so it's important for you to acquire experience from various places. And it looks like manager An knows you too."

"I understand."

"The place is in Yangjae. So you can just commute there from next week. Ask the exact position from manager An."

"Thank you for taking care of me."

"They say 'avoid the storm' so maybe we will work together later when there's an opportunity."

"Yes."

"I didn't know that assistant manager Kim would bully you without regard. If I knew, I would have taken measures."

Manager Choi consoled YongHo while trying to hide his shame. YongHo also thought it was fortunate.

“No, sir.”

“Yes. If you act like you do here while you’re there, you would be acknowledged in no time.”

“Thank you, sir.”

The bullied transferred schools rather than the bully. YongHo’s current situation was exactly like that.



# Chapter 20: Three Hells Of SI (1)

---

(\*note: Remember they said the company was a SI (system integration) company?, the SI in the title refers to that)

YongHo called SungGyu as it had been a while.

“Hyung, are you doing well?”

-Yeah, well... I heard.

“Yes, I will be transferred there.”

-How's it there? Is it doable?

“You said you were doing the KO Telecom's customer support project right?”

-That's right. The KO Telecom's project really KO's people.

“Whoa.....”

SungGyu took this opportunity to vent.

-You know me; I don't really complain much but... This place is no joke. It's very common for the specification to get changed after everything was developed, moreover, we have to ingratiate

ourselves...I'm an intern but I look at the moon as I leave work and I see the sunrise as I leave for work.

“R...Really?”

SungGyu's words were shocking. It was one thing for the programming to be hard but the bossy actions of the KO Telecom gave a shock, no a pure horror, to YongHo. The bullying by Kim WonHo was nothing.

“.....”

-Especially, beware of that No(surname) JunWoo(first name) guy. That thing is absolutely crazy.

“Hyung, it looks like you really suffered. You sound different.”

-Yeah I did...I changed a lot. You'll see when you come here.

“Y...Yes, Hyung. Let's talk again before the intern period ends.”

-Ok. You stay well too.

“Ok.”

SungGyu on the phone had become different from the past. Foul language was mixed within his words, and his words carried a lot

of urgency. And his complaints to the society and the world had increased.

“Well... Can I do anything other than working hard?”

YongHo decided to prepare for his transfer rather than worrying about a future that had yet to come.

“Let’s study a bit more.”

The lights in YongHo’s room didn’t know how to turn off until late in the night.

\*\*\*

YongHo started packing his belongings about one hour before it was the time to leave work. Kim WonHo started bothering him on the side.

“Mr. YongHo, I heard you were going to participate in the KO Telecom’s project?”

“Thank you for everything until now.”

“You know what KO Telecom is like right? It’s a place where everybody who goes there gets KO’ed.”

“I have heard.”

“Mr. YongHo, who has such high skills, will do well there right?”

“Of course. I can solve the table lock problem unlike a certain someone.”

Kim WonHo’s face, who heard YongHo, instantly turned red like a tomato.

“Wh, what?”

“It’s true when I say thank you. Thanks to your prohibited 3 education, my skills really did increase.”

He couldn’t program without internet when he first came as an intern.

Search the internet.

Find a similar source.

ctrl+C, V then modify.

He developed programs using the process above. But not now. The various functions were engraved in his mind.

“You also said to not use Eclipse, so I got used to various tools.”

Eclipse provided functions that made building and compiling easier. By doing them manually, he could understand more about what was happening inside. YongHo continued speaking without giving Kim WonHo the opportunity to speak.

“My status is an intern, but it seems like I would do better than assistant manager wherever I go.”

“You, you think you can become a permanent employee?”

“If I have the skills, wouldn’t I be able to go anywhere?”

YongHo poured out everything in his mind.

They would work in different places anyway. Also, he was reassured of his skill, the bug window.

“Th... This bastard.”

“Well then, I still have to say goodbyes to other people.”

YongHo stepped past Kim WonHo and said goodbyes to various people. Nobody consoled Kim WonHo. Instead, they were cheering for YongHo who said what they wanted to say, in their minds.

\*\*\*

KO Telecom.

The grave of developers.

One of the 3 hells of SI.

In front of the company which had various descriptions, YongHo was waiting for someone. But someone different from the person he was expecting came out.

“Oh? HyeJin.”

“Sunbae. It’s been a while.”

“You were here too.”

“Yes, I was together with SungGyu-sunbae.”

The freshness of a college student couldn’t be seen from HyeJin’s face, after having been a while. With pair of horn-rimmed glasses which she didn’t wear once in college, and a hooded T-shirt, a dark circle was spread around to her nose region.

“You... changed a lot.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“You’ve really changed.”

She had a tendency to take jokes seriously. But not now. She was definitely a girl but he had the impression of meeting a male friend.

“The things you learn over 4 years in college, you learn in one month here. That compressed time... It would be hard to imagine for you.”

“I...Is that so...”

“Please come in. A lot of people are expecting sunbae.”

The word ‘expecting’ should be heard as a good thing, but it only sounded ominous to YongHo.

As if saying: welcome to hell.....

\*\*\*

Like when he worked in Yeoksam, nobody cared about YongHo. What was different, was the scale of the office. From a glance, you could see tens of people in their seats. Conferences were being held here and there, and everything was hurried.

“The unit tests will start from next week. If you show some skill within this week, then you will change the sources like us, or you will just do simple labor: doing tests.”

“U, unit tests?”

“You don’t know unit tests?”

“I think it’s the first time I heard of it.”

“The unit tests are... well, to say it simply, you can think of it as testing the developed program by the module. The integrated tests will come after the unit tests.”

HyeJin’s words went on without end. She explained using industrial words that YongHo never heard of before. Those actions seemed surprising to YongHo.

“You seem like a pro.”

“You will also become like this, sunbae. Whether you like it or not.....”

While HyeJin was explaining like that, someone butted in. With thinly rimmed glasses and tanned skin, it was a man who was 180cm tall, No JunWoo.

“Looks like you’re the newbie who came here today?”



“Yes, assistant manager.”

“Age?”

“I have turned 27 this year.”

“You are still young. Please call me Hyung in the future comfortably.”

“H, how dare I do so?”

“Today, you can hear the explanations from miss HyeJin, and I will expect things tomorrow.”

“I understand.”

“Then please work hard.”

With a strange combination of polite and non-polite speech, it had a strangely annoying sensation. His smile looked subtle. After No JunWoo left, HyeJin tapped YongHo’s arm.

“I will tell you the specifics outside.”

HyeJin’s suffering-filled words continued for another hour.

## Chapter 21: Three Hells Of SI (2)

---

‘Phew... It isn’t easy here either.’

Manager Choi switched YongHo with SungGyu out of consideration. However, this place, the KO Telecom’s project, described by HyeJin could be summed up in one word.

Hell.

-Sunbae, this place is hell! Hell! The gates of hell have opened.

Firstly, there was no reason for the client company employees to see YongHo directly. YongHo only had to see Kim WonHo. The work too, was minor things like fixing button shapes.

But not here.

There wasn’t enough manpower so each person had to do their job properly, and if there was a hole, then getting abused by superiors was the norm.

And No JunWoo.

As the representative of the client company, he was bossy to no end. HyeJin warned YongHo again and again to be careful around him. There were a lot of stories but she just said that he would know of it when it happens.

-You worked on webs while you were there so you would probably do webs here too. I'll first show you how it's done.

The work was not as simple as he thought.

First, the downloaded source is run, and the test progresses according to the test scenario. If an error occurs, that scenario ID and the error content is reported on the test result report. Then, the source is modified so that the error doesn't happen, and when it is confirmed, it is committed to the SVN. After committing, edit the test result report so that the said error is changed to fixed.

The words were simple, but from the source editing to the document work, it wasn't easy to match the alignment. However, to YongHo, bugs were a way to develop himself. Moreover, fixing bugs were his specialty.

‘What kind of errors are waiting for me, I wonder.’

KO Telecom's project, A.K.A Hell, YongHo was instead filled with expectations.

\*\*\*

The alarm of the bug window popped up as soon as the program was run. On the top right of the bug window, tens of bugs started popping up.

‘Damn... That’s a huge lot.’

YongHo looked at the number on the side of the bug window. A total of 473 errors. That was the current number of bugs on his bug window.

‘There’s too many!’

The bug window didn’t only pick out real errors, but it also picked out anything that could cause a problem. Logic errors, efficiency errors included. For instance, the answer was supposed to be 11 but the calculations went wrong and the answer was changed to 7.

There was no error log for that so the programmers would have to confirm with their eyes. Such bugs were pointed out in the bug window.

‘If I fix all of them, they would probably call me crazy. Let’s see how HyeJin does and match her speed.’

After skimming over the error content, YongHo asked HyeJin, who was next to him, after organizing his thoughts.

“HyeJin, how many bugs are we supposed to fix each day?”

“Due to the schedule, we have to do about 3 per day. But well... It depends on the difficulty but the assistant managers do about 5 a day? if they do a lot.”

“Then how about you?”

“Me?”

“Yeah. How many do you do each day?”

HyeJin spoke with a slight conceit. 2 or 3 for an intern was great. There were countless newbies who couldn't even fix one.

“I do about 2 or 3?”

“Hmm... Really?”

“Don't feel too much pressure. First, it is sufficient to know how the current system is running.”

“Didn't you say the unit tests were starting from next week? You said the source had to be finished.”

“I did say that but... We are still interns so there would probably nobody who expect things from you.”

At YongHo's question, HyeJin answered with a don't-worry tone.

“Oh, I see.”

“It will probably do if you just help with the simple tests next week.”

“Okay. I will do my best and fix anything I can.”

“One warning; don’t rashly commit after fixing something.”

“I know.”

HyeJin turned her face to the screen after talking. Perhaps her skills were recognized, but she was using dual monitors despite being an intern. YongHo was the only one who was using a laptop within the office.

The next day, after fixing some bugs, Yong Ho, who was reading the documents related to the project, was called by manager An Byung Hoon. (This is the guy from course registration)

“I was too busy to greet you. Good to have you here.”

“Good day to you, manager.”

“You left a deep impression that day, but... Looking at the test result report, I called you because I saw your name from time to time.”

“Is there any problem?”

YongHo became nervous while thinking whether what he did was wrong.

“Mr. YongHo fixed some things according to the test result report.....”

“I am fixing some simple bugs that are within my knowledge.”

“Really? Hmm.....”

This problem occurred because it was the first time YongHo worked in the SI industry. There was no programmer who fixed bugs on his/her first day. They first learn about the system for about a week, then look at the source for a while. However, YongHo had the ability to see bugs. Even without all this process, he could fix the bugs. That was why he fixed bugs on his first day.

Thinking that everyone else did the same.

“.....”

“No. I will confirm and speak to you again. Go back to your seat.”

“I understand.”

Returning to his seat, HyeJin asked what was up.

“Why did the PL call you?”

PL was the acronym of project leader, and it was the person who lead the project technically. Programmers usually spoke to the PL rather than the PM(project manager?).

“Oh, I fixed some stuff so I wrote it on the report, and he called me for that.”

“WHAAAAAT?”

HyeJin’s voice’s pitch became high due to surprise. Perhaps she noticed her loud voice, she covered her mouth with one hand.

“Sunbae, you came here yesterday though?”

“Y, yeah.”

“Then you fixed bugs after just coming here yesterday?”

“Uh, Yeah, is it no good?”

“It’s not about being good or bad, but... it’s too early. Even if you played around at college..... Sunbae, didn’t you fix wrong? This project is not some part time work you know?”

“I know very well that it isn’t some part time work.”



“The total cost for this project is nearing 2billion! ( $\approx 1.736$ million USD), but fixing things on the first day.....”

“Uh, I fixed some simple stuff.”

“No matter how simple it is... how can you start within a day... Did you compile the source properly then upload it?”

“Yeah, in built normally. I did the tests and there was no problem so I uploaded it.”

Even after that, HyeJin kept asking as if she didn't believe it. YongHo's reaction to hers was a there's-no-problem attitude. But there was one problem.

Now it was No JunWoo, who called YongHo. According to the subcontract contract law, it was illegal for the person in charge from the client company to be placed in the same working place. Moreover, the person in charge from the client company must tell the specifications to the programmers through the PL or PM, not directly.

But No JunWoo and YongHo were currently closer to each other the subcontract law was.

“Mr. YongHo. Speak to me for a sec?”

“Me, sir?”

“Yes, you.”

YongHo moved towards where No JunWoo was sitting.

“Sit here.”

In an office with desks placed right next to each other, there was a single person who had 2 desks to himself.

No JunWoo.

The sole person with 2 desks to himself. YongHo was sat next to him.

“I saw your name on the test result report.”

“I did fix a few things.”

Manager An then No JunWoo. YongHo wanted to know what was going on.

“Really? Are you sure?”

“What do you mean by that.....?”

“How much time has passed since you came here?”

“Today is the second day, sir.”

“And you fixed some bugs?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Go back to your seat, and call manager An here.”

“Why manager An.....”

“Manager An?”

No JunWoo called manager An without listening to YongHo any further. YongHo went back to his seat and manager An took his place.

## Chapter 22: Three Hells Of SI (3)

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Due to the small size of the office, manager An and No JunWoo's conversation could be heard, even if one didn't want to hear it.

“Manager An.”

“Yes, assistant manager.”

“This is wrong, isn't it?”

“.....”

“He's been here for one day and he starts editing source? If a problem arises, are you going to take responsibility?”

“.....”

“I have managed a few projects until now, and there hasn't been an occasion where a first day newbie edits sources.”

“.....”

“Don't do it if you aren't going to take responsibility.”

“.....”

“This project isn’t some kids’ play. So please take care of it, yeah?”

“I understand.”

It was a short conversation but it was enough to know who’s the superior one in the office.

\*\*\*

YongHo secretly called HyeJin outside. He asked HyeJin as soon as they were outside.

“Was it wrong for me to edit?”

“It wasn’t wrong, but... you were a bit early, sunbae. This is the first time it happened.....”

“First? Is it wrong to edit sources on the first day?”

“I don’t really know.”

HyeJin was also an intern. She lacked and understanding and experience of the industry.

“It looks like I’ve committed a big mistake, though.....”

HyeJin just blamed No Jun Woo. She tried to tidy up the situation by saying that No JunWoo was a retard from the beginning.

“No JunWoo is originally like that. He really shows us what being bossy is that appears on the news.”

“It’s strange that manager An called me before I was called by No JunWoo.”

“Don’t worry too much. If there is nothing wrong with the edit, would there be any damage?”

“Yeah, but, I’m thinking I’ve damaged the manager’s reputation because of me.”

YongHo’s words were filled with worry. He thought he gave damage by showing off in vain. Kim WonHo’s grudge left him with a trauma.

“But No JunWoo does keep minimum etiquette towards manager An.”

“...That now was keeping etiquette?”

“That is being a gentleman, sunbae.”

HyeJin waved her hand while saying ‘what are you talking

about’.

“This really is no joke.....”

While they were conversing on the bench, YongHo’s phone started ringing. The caller was manager An.

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It was already the second cup of coffee. The first cup was with HyeJin and the second was with An ByungHoon.

Yongho thoughts went off topic and thought ‘I’ve slept all the sleep tonight at this rate’ while sitting down.

“Sorry, sir. Because of me.....”

“It’s alright. This is nothing.”

“Even so.....”

“Anyway, was it really you who edited it?”

Manager An couldn’t believe it.

“I just knew a few of them so... I fixed them while referencing the internet.”

“Really? Your skills are great for an intern.”

“Thank you, sir”

“No, it’s me who want to thank you. You are showing your skills when we don’t have much manpower here. I’ve looked at your edits; there were some bits that I was unsatisfied with but there was no problem.”

“Ahaha.”

At manager An’s praise, YongHo scratched the back of his head and laughed awkwardly. YongHo’s edits were just copy and paste from the bug window. Maybe a day when he didn’t need the bug window will come, but it wasn’t now.

“Looks like you study a lot?”

“I am studying using the internet and books.”

“Yes, do your best. Don’t mind about No JunWoo.”

“I understand. Then you’re saying I’m allowed to edit the source?”

“Of course. Please take care of me from now on.”



“No, it should be me saying that. Please take care of me.”

An ByungHoon’s encouragement healed YongHo’s trauma a bit.

\*\*\*

After conversing with manager An, YongHo calmed down and focused on fixing bugs. The solutions were already there on the bug window. Fixing one bug didn’t even take 10 minutes. Rather than fixing bugs, the testing to see if it really works took much more time.

Looking before leaping was one of the virtues of program developers.

‘The bug window sure saves time.’

No JunWoo called YongHo who was fixing the bugs one by one.

“Mr. YongHo, what are you doing?”

“I am working, sir.”

“Are you busy?”

“Well, yes, a bit.”

“Could you come here for a minute?”

He wondered why he called him again. However, he was the person in charge from the client company, so he couldn't not listen. He was afraid of the repercussions it would bring to the people around him and the company.

“Look at this. Do you know this game?”

“Sorry?”

What No JunWoo showed him was a game. YongHo was speechless for a moment due to it being absurd.

Street Fighting.

A game anyone from the arcade generation would know.

“Install this game. A friend of mine who goes to a game company sent me some free coupons. Have a bout with me.”

“This game?”

“Why? You busy?”

“It's not that.”

“What does an intern have to be busy with? Oh, you have to get permission from your superiors. Wait a sec.”

No JunWoo who was speaking, shouted towards manager An.

“This friend can rest for a bit, is that alright?”

That was enough. And so the game began.

“What school did you go to?”

“Seon Min university, sir.”

“Seon Min?”

No JunWoo’s reaction was normal. Not many people knew of Seon Min university. It was located within Seoul but knowledge of it was the same as some nameless university in countrysides.

“It is located in JungTong.”

“Mirae IT is not bad... You’ve done well.”

“Yes.....”

K.O!

YongHo's character KO'ed No JunWoo's character in the game.

“You do well in games?”

“I liked games more than studying.”

“Is that so, that's why.”

“.....”

“It's nothing. Shall we stop? I've got work too.”

“Oh, then please.”

\*\*\*

No JunWoo frequently called for YongHo. At times, he ordered YongHo to do some of his private matters even though he belonged to Mirae IT.

“Can you have a look at this?”

“What is this?”

“This is the test scenario that opens this time. If you have a look, it would be a great help for you Mr. YongHo.”

“What do you mean by have a look.....”

“Just skim over a bit and check the things where it looks strange to you or if it logically doesn’t make sense.”

YongHo endured his urge to swear. And he barely made a bitter smile while replying in a voice that became one tone lower.

“But this doesn’t look like our company’s work?”

“Are you nitpicking?”

“It’s not that.”

“Didn’t you say you were an intern? If you are an intern, you need to do various things. Are you sure you will be a permanent employee at this rate?”

At that moment, YongHo felt a taut string snapping in his head. And someone grabbed YongHo’s shoulders from behind.

It was manager An.

“Assistant manager, I’m sorry but we are opening soon too, so we

are very busy. I'm very sorry. If the opening ends, then we will help."

"Oh, man. Are you THAT busy?"

"I'm sorry, assistant manager."

An ByungHoon held his head down towards No JunWoo while saying sorry. No JunWoo couldn't say any more after seeing that. An ByungHoon said towards No JunWoo.

"And this friend here WILL become a permanent employee. It was the precondition for his internship."

At An ByungHoon's words, the office became quiet. Nobody said anything including No JunWoo and YongHo.

## Chapter 23: Unit Tests (1)

---

After the unit tests begun, the first thing to do was to find accommodation. The low ranking employees reserved motel rooms or micro unit apartments, general manager level staff and above reserved studios. YongHo as an intern, stayed with manager An in a motel near Yangjae where the project was held.

“Did you unpack all your belongings?”

“It’s almost done, sir.”

“This is a first for you, right?”

YongHo nodded at those words. He felt like doing physical labor after finishing his compulsory military service.

“I feel like I’m doing physical labor rather than being a programmer.”

“Hahaha! That’s right, you’re correct! I also think that sometimes.”

“You too, sir?”

“Why not me? Unpacking your belongings in a motel like this and doing the same tests and editing similar programs every single day, I sometimes wonder if being a programmer is really suited to

me.”

“I also think like that nowadays.”

Every day was a repetition of the same work.

At first, he thought that when he entered an IT company, he thought the employees would review other employee’s codes, comment on it and even learn new skills and apply them.

But it wasn’t. The thing YongHo did the most after entering Mirae IT was simple bug fixing.

“Well, I fell into a habitual routine, but you’re young, so you may think that. I also did that when I was a newbie to society.”

“But you have the skill, don’t you? You even work as an open source contributor.”

The reason why An ByungHoon was recognized in the company was due to his skill. There was the fact that he handled his work tidily but he uploads the sources he wrote onto a world open source sharing website called gethub. And he was participating in an open source project run by prominent programmers around the world as a contributor.

There weren’t many open source contributors in Korea.



“Where did you hear that?”

“You can hear it from all over the office.”

“Haha, I see you have some bug fixing skills. Why don’t you try working at stack overfly?”

YongHo’s skills weren’t great to the point of developing programs usable by the public from 1 to 10. He can work as an assistant, but it wasn’t to the point of developing newly introduced ideas or specifications. That was why he always worked with SungGyu when he did a part time job.

“Is there anything good by being active there?”

“It’s the most well-known website for programmers. Difficult questions and various bugs are posted frequently too. There is something called reputation score like there is points in Eaver KnowledgE. If you have a lot of those, some foreign companies will offer you a position for a project. It also helps when you want to enter a domestic company since the trend is to see activity history from websites like stack overfly and gethub.

“Oh.....”

YongHo also sometimes used his beginner-level English skills to barely translate and read them. However, he didn’t know it was that famous.

“The last time I saw, there was no Koreans in the top 100. It would be meaningful for you to enter the top 100 as the first Korean. If you do, then I assure you, many companies will offer you a position in their company.”

“There is not a single Korean.”

“Isn’t that why it’s an opportunity for you? Of course, it doesn’t take one day for your reputation to go up, but if you set an aim and work on it steadily, then won’t you be there before you know it?”

YongHo could only nod at those words. There was nothing wrong with it.

“Thank you for the good words. I should check it out right away.”

“You should, it will become busier starting next week.”

YongHo wanted say ‘it doesn’t need to get any busier, I think’ but he didn’t say it out loud.

\*\*\*

“Well this... I only looked at the answers, I never looked at how the website worked.”

He surfed the website and he found that there were more

functions than he thought. When he looked at the User Reputation League, he found his name on the very last line.

lovec@eaver.com

He was using the same ID as the blog.

“This isn’t as simple as I thought.”

At first only the ask & answer worked. However, as your reputation increased, you could recommend answers and receive various badges. And the most important thing by earning points using ask & answer, there would be an extra line in your résumé on stack overfly activity. If you had the intention to get employed by foreign companies, then it was one of the best work experience.

“Let’s first answer some questions first.”

YongHo looked for questions that he might be able to answer. However, a big problem existed.

English.

And the bug window.

If he didn’t run the program, then he wasn’t able to see any bugs on the bug window, and therefore he couldn’t find out the solution.

After searching for a while, YongHo found one question that he was able to answer. A person even uploaded the source for people to run it.

I answer your question.

After putting a grammatically incorrect sentence, YongHo just pasted the source. Programmers spoke with sources anyway.

...But that was all self-justification.

YongHo didn't have the ability to explain.

"F\*ck, English is compulsory. Might it have been better if my English skills increased after getting struck by lightning?"

After YongHo posted the answer while complaining, he opened his English grammar textbook for the first time in a while.

\*\*\*

The office was noisy and chaotic as if everyone had measles.

"Hey, who edited this?"

"Build it quickly!"

“Who the f\*ck changed the data?”

Amidst all that, YongHo and HyeJin were trying their best to do their worth. Time and manpower was lacking and work was overflowing, so no one looked after YongHo and HyeJin.

‘Whoa! Is this something a human can do.....’

The repetition of testing and editing everyday made YongHo, who had confidence in his stamina, feel tired.

‘Even I’m like this, so other people must be dying.’

Now they were programming using sheer will power. Their minds were all hazy from not sleeping but their hands were moving according to their body’s memory.

‘Ah... I think I fixed too much.’

As he was focused, he fixed too many errors. Some errors, he even edited it to its original condition.

‘This...well... Even if I have the ability, I can’t use it to its fullest.’

YongHo, who fixed more bugs than he was given, looked around. Red eyes, disheveled hair, and the sour smell from not fully dried

clothes were covering the room.

‘This is like seeing a herd of zombies.’

Commuting time was 9.a.m. But leaving time didn’t exist. Maybe due to feeling their limits, some people were laying their heads down on their desks even though it was work time.

‘I can barely endure because of my young age, but... sigh’

From YongHo’s also thought the schedule was near impossible. The manager-level staff who were in their 40’s looked pitiful. The greasy hair and the bushy beard made him think of beggars. In the first place, YongHo didn’t understand why the schedule was set like this.

‘If they tell me to do it, I can only do it. Is there any other way?’

YongHo put down his stifled thoughts and focused on fixing bugs

## Chapter 24: Unit Tests (2)

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Weekly PL conference.

The PLs of Mirae IT were in a meeting. The PM in the middle of the room spoke. “Please report each of your progress.”

“Marketing team has currently solved 51 errors out of 124.”

“Product team has currently fixed 62 errors out of 140.”

Manager An was also seated there. When it became his turn, he opened his mouth to speak.

“Customer team has currently fixed 120 errors out of 152.”

“Huh?”

The PM asked manager An again.

“How many did you say you fixed?”

“120 out of 152. Progress rate is around 80%.”

The PM sat up from the back of his seat and turned his head towards manager An.

“Why is it so high? Did you perhaps calculate wrong?”

“No, sir.”

“Then how did it happen?”

“There’s a new intern called Lee YongHo, and he’s a real piece of work.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes, out of the 120 fixed problems, about half was done by him alone.”

“...That’s nonsense, did the testing go properly?”

“I’ve checked it twice, but the source was organized neatly and there was absolutely no problem with the program either.”

“Sigh... Well, he’s better than most managers.”

At the PM’s words, many managers looked away. Not minding them, the PM continued speaking.

“When was the time you socialized with the interns?”

“It didn’t happen yet, sir.”



“So we didn’t even look after them because we were so busy. After the unit tests are finished, let’s have a get-together.”

YongHo, who wasn’t even a permanent employee, had his name engraved in the PM’s mind.

SI businesses worked with units of projects. It was the PM who organized the teams to do the project. If the PM wanted someone, the company would rarely reject that person.

Moreover, if many PMs wanted one person, then his/her worth would naturally go up.

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“Sunbae, sunbae.”

“Uh, yeah?”

“Why are you working so hard? You’ve yet to eat lunch.”

“It’s lunchtime already?”

“Whoa.....”

“Time sure flies.”

“But sunbae, you don’t look at websites like stack overfly?”

“Stack overfly?”

“You don’t know stack overfly? It’s the most visited website by programmers.”

“I do know.”

He listened to manager An’s words and even answered a question. He was so busy that he couldn’t even check whether his answer was voted up.

“How can you fix those bugs without even looking at those websites?”

HyeJin asked because she didn’t understand.

Normal programmers’ process of fixing errors after developing a program went as follows:

# **1. Search the internet**

2. Find a similar source, then copy & paste.

### 3. Run the program and fix any problems

YongHo didn't go through 1&2.

“Did I do that?”

“I watched you from behind because I wondered when you were going to eat lunch, but I didn't even see you open an internet browser.”

The bug window was a big help. And Kim WonHo's bullying also helped.

“Let's get lunch. We will have to line up if we go late.”

YongHo who had no excuse, changed the topic. And HyeJin lead the way to the cafeteria.

\*\*\*

After eating, he had a look at stack overflow.

‘Let's have a look.’

Half of his feelings were doubt. Using English that didn't make sense, he only uploaded a source for the answer. He had a mixture

of anticipation and uneasiness thinking about whether his answer was voted up or not.

‘Huh?’

After he went to stack overflow, there was an alarm. Even though it was a small thing, YongHo felt his heart beating. On the top right, he touched the alarm window.

Answer is selected +15

‘Phew... I did get voted up. To think some foreign programmers upvoted me, it feels kinda strange.’

He had a feeling of being acknowledged. Moreover, being acknowledged by a foreign programmer, it made YongHo slightly excited.

But there were 2 alarms.

Answer was recommended +10

YongHo’s answer was not only upvoted, but other programmers even recommended the answer.

A total score of 25.

It was the score for his first answer.

No JunWoo called the PLs in the office to one place. The PMs and PLs of each part of Mirae IT got together in one place again. Their stiff faces conveyed the seriousness of the situation.

“Assistant manager, the schedule is for it to be opened next month.”

“That’s why I’m saying this now.”

“If the point management system is changed now, then everything will go haywire.”

“That’s not true, it’s an exaggeration to say everything will go haywire. Then would you report to me how the source would be changed and what specific part?”

At No JunWoo’s words, the PMs and the PLs lost their words. There was not much time left but the specification kept changing. It was unsure whether the opening would go successfully even if they pour all their efforts into the unit tests. They didn’t even want to think about the time they would take to make a report on what No JunWoo said.

A PM who couldn’t hold it, finally spoke out.

“The schedule kept getting delayed because the specifications kept changing, but you want to change the point management

system while we are at this stage? Customer's point are referenced by most of the system but, if that gets changed, then we won't be able to guarantee that the system will open in time."

"That's why, report to me about what and where should be changed. I can decide then."

"Assistant manager knows very well how much time it takes to write one document, don't you?"

"Do you think I wanted to do this? It's an order from above. This is really the last time."

"How many last times are you going to have!"

The PM took out the document he brought. In the document were all the edits that happened so far. No JunWoo's lips turned in to a fishy smile after checking the document brought out by the PM.

"You have time to create documents like these, but don't have the time to investigate what should be changed to implement it?"

At those words, the PM instinctively knew that he had to take a step back. No JunWoo was going to accomplish this by getting hold of weaknesses by any means.

"Sigh... Then please give us an extension."

“Our side can give you one more week.”

“Then our pay would naturally be increased right?”

It was obvious. If they have to do more work, the due date would naturally be extended, and they had to be payed more. But No JunWoo spoke nonsense.

“We will be considerate towards Mirae IT in another contract.”

“That’s that and this is this!”

“Are you keep going to be uncooperative?”

“No, it’s not being uncooperative, I.....”

“Call director Kim. Our team leader will speak directly to him.”

“Assistant manager.”

“Why? Isn’t it true? If you keep being uncooperative then what can we do?”

No JunWoo, who locked his fingers and put them the table, crossed his legs and looked at the people in the conference room. There was not a single person who was younger than him in the

room.

“1 hour has already passed. You know of our company’s tradition right? Meetings will last only one hour. Well, then, what are you going to do?”

“We will first tell the director then report to you again.”

“Then speak to him and tell me the answer by the end of today. There’s no time.”

No JunWoo who finished speaking, he left the place first. The PM called somewhere in the quiet conference room. The receiver seemed very upset. The loud voice that could be heard from the phone could be heard by everyone in the room.



## Chapter 25: Unit Tests (3)

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Director Kim ManHo.

Kim WonHo's father and one of Mirae IT's board executives. He appeared in KO Telecom's project. The PM himself stepped up and introduced the project. YongHo stood up hurriedly when he saw everybody standing up.

"These are the interns who entered this time."

"Good day to you, sir. My name is Choi HyeJin."

"Nice to meet you."

"Good day to you, sir. My name is Lee YongHo."

Kim ManHo grabbed YongHo's hand tightly and spoke.

"You're Lee YongHo? I heard a lot about you."

"He does his work really well. A good guy has come in this time."

"Really? If even the PM is saying this, his skill must really be top notch."

"Thank you, sir."

“Yes. Work well in the future.”

“And there is the collaborator from the outsourcing company.”

Client and contractor; and outsourcing and freelancer. (Gab->Eul->Byung->Jung)

There were countless groups under the contractor. Mirae IT didn't do its project only by themselves.

There was the outsourcing company under it. Kim ManHo didn't even greet them and looked for No JunWoo.

“Where is assistant manager No?”

“I will show you the way.”

The office which became quiet when Kim ManHo came in, turned in to a warzone again.

\*\*\*

After Kim ManHo, No JunWoo, and the team leader from SDP(Service Delivery Platform) in which No JunWoo was in, had finished their talk, the decision was passed down. As soon as the decision was passed down, complaints erupted.

“Manager! Isn’t this too cruel?”

“They did say they will extend the deadline by 1 week... So, let’s work a little more.”

“They are overdoing it. An extension of a week isn’t anything big either.”

The person who was receiving the complaints was manager An. YongHo, as an intern, kept observing the situation.

“The schedule is so tight that we are reserving motels...”

“I know that.”

“This is too cruel. If the points part is changed... Just look with your own eyes, manager. Their faces look unbelievably tired!”

Manager Yun SooChan, who was manager An’s junior, looked around the place and spoke.

“What can I do? It’s the higher-up’s decision.”

“For god’s sake!”

“Manager Yun.”

While manager Yun was speaking of everyone's behalf, a person raised his hand up.

“Oh, yes, please speak.”

“Then what happens to us with our freelancer contract?”

“The people who want to extend by one week can have theirs done so, of course, there will be additional pay.”

“I understand.”

“Any other questions?”

Nobody else asked anything.

“Then please work hard.”

There were times when a conference began at 11 p.m. If that happened work time was extended to 3 or 4 a.m. They went to their motel rooms and collapsed on their beds. Being late became common.

Whines came from many places.

“Sigh.....”

The continuous forced march.

HyeJin's head, who was looking at the monitor, suddenly dropped down.

Thud

"HyeJin, are you alright?"

HyeJin, who lightly hit her head on the keyboard, replied while blinking.

"Y, yeah."

"Get some rest."

"I still have many things to do by the end of today."

"Sigh....."

"How about sunbae, did you finish yours?"

"No, I have thing left to do too."

"Even so, you're amazing, sunbae."

“Why?”

“You are the top for fixing bugs, aren’t you?”

“Well, that, I just look up a lot of stuff.”

“Even so... You really are amazing.”

YongHo fixed the bugs quickly using the bug window. In the test result report which all the teams in the project shared, YongHo’s name occupied most of it.

“Sunbae, do you know what you’re called recently?”

“A nickname?”

HyeJin smiled as if it was funny just thinking about it.

“People call you cotaku.”

“What? Cotaku?”

“A coding otaku.”

“Whoa. But it’s still better than Bindae(bedbug) Yong.”

Perhaps waking up due to the conversation and the laugh, HyeJin focused on the monitor again.

“Now I seem to wake up a bit.”

“Yes. Let’s do our best.”

The atmosphere of a warzone from when YongHo first came to the office, disappeared, and fatigue pressed heavily upon them.

No JunWoo.

This person from the client company didn’t have any hint of being tired.

His work hour finished at 6.p.m on the dot.

Nobody stopped him from leaving.

“Hey, Mr. YongHo!”

“.....”

“I’ll go back first, so take care!”

“Have a safe trip back home.”

“Don’t stay until too late, and go home quickly!”

“I understand.”

“Manager An, you’re being too cruel on YongHo, he’s still an intern.”

“.....”

Nobody looked at him favorably as he left work while waving his hand.

\*\*\*

9 a.m.

YongHo and HyeJin came into work like zombies. They barely managed to not be late today.

“Huh? I can’t find manager Yun today.”

“You’re right.”

“That’s strange.”



YongHo tilted his head. The only person to be here before them, who were interns, was manager Yun. A while ago, he had his baby child, and he put a family picture on his desk and kissed it all the time. And he was famous in the office for that.

“Shouldn’t the manager be tired too?”

And he was that enthusiastic about work. Maybe due to the weight of his family on his shoulders giving him responsibility, he was the last to leave and first to come in.

“Well, that’s possible.”

Crash

“Huh?”

“Oh, god. What do I do with this...?”

The cleaning lady accidentally broke the frame which had manager Yun’s family in it. The frame, which was made of glass, shattered and was thrown all over the floor. YongHo went up to her and asked.

“Are you alright, ma’am?”

“I am alright but... The frame is broken.’

YongHo had a look but there was nothing wrong with the photo itself. And considering manager Yun's personality, he shouldn't care about it that much.

"That's okay. Well, a frame can be replaced."

"B, but that won't do. If the owner of this frame comes to work, then tell him to call this number. I have to reimburse him."

"Oh, I understand."

YongHo received the contact number maybe due to the fact that the lady was as old as his mother.

"I'm sorry. I'll clean this place up, so keep doing your work."

YongHo sat down after picking up the photo and returning to his seat. HyeJin already had her computer on and was getting ready to start working.

And lunch time arrived.

Manager An looked around the office and spoke.

"Did anyone see manager Yun?"

At his words, an assistant manager who shared room with manager Yun stepped up.

“He was sleeping when I came out.”

“Then you should have come with him, why did you come alone?”

“He looked very tired so I left him to sleep.....”

“Call him quickly.”

The assistant manager spoke with a difficult face after calling multiple times.

“He doesn’t answer.”

“What?”

“I called him about 3 times just now but he doesn’t answer. Shall I go and have a look?”

“No, let’s go together.”

Maybe he had a bad feeling but manager An hurriedly exited the office. Not much time later, an ambulance loudly wailed after coming out from a motel near the office while speeding.

# Chapter 26: Points Management (1)

---

Heart attack.

That was the name of manager Yun's illness. Fortunately, there was no danger to his life, but if it was discovered even a little bit late, then he wouldn't have lived to see the rising sun again.

"So the company decided to send another person in place of manager Yun."

"....." Long shadows were casted over everyone's faces. Even if a new person came, he would take around a week to get used to the things around the office. Every day was crucial. Especially all freelancers looked like they had something to say. One of them finally spoke.

"Who will take over manager Yun's work?"

"I will deal with that. You freelancers can just continue the work you were doing."

"It won't be just one or two."

"I will do them somehow."

Manager Yun was 2 years junior of An ByungHoon. He was one of the few people who An ByungHoon trusted, so he had a lot of

weight on his shoulders.

They were worried that the work will come around to them. Another person spoke up.

“Manager, I have something to say.’

“Yes. Please speak.”

“It isn’t something to be said here... Can I look for you after the meeting?”

“If it isn’t too important, then please tell me now because I have work piled up.”

“I apologize but I want to stop working after this week.”

The situation that had been festering for weeks finally exploded. The freelancers requested the annulment of the contract due to health reasons. An ByungHoon’s expression turned dark.

“Sigh. Even manager Yun isn’t here now, and you.....”

“I know about the situation, but I think that there is a problem with my health. I get rashes and my eyes are stinging. If this keeps going on.....”

He didn't mention it but everybody knew.

Heart attack.

He wanted to say the word which became like a taboo. I am afraid that I might get heart attacks.

“Phew.....”

Manager An ByungHoon deeply sighed.

KO telecom as the client. (Gab)

Mirae IT as the contractor. (Eul)

The outsourcing company. (Byung)

And the freelancers contracted to the outsourcing company were the 'Jung'. The most important to these people were their bodies. Freelancers didn't belong to any company so if they get ill and don't come to work, they wouldn't receive any money unlike how manager Yun would.

They had to keep in check their health first and foremost. Manager An ByungHoon sighed because he knew this point. He couldn't talk back to them.

“Please tell it to the PM. If not, then I will directly... talk to him.”

“I understand. I will speak to him so please wait.”

\*\*\*

The change in personnel in a project was to be reported with utmost priority. An ByungHoon called the PM, and the PM called director Kim ManHo who was in charge of the KO project.

“So the freelancers are saying they want to end the contract and leave”

-How many of them?

“Currently, 4, but it’s expected to increase.”

-Why something like a heart attack at this point.

Kim ManHo’s words didn’t have any worry towards manager Yun. He only seemed to think that the project he was in charge of must be finished without a hitch. Towards that attitude, the PM couldn’t say anything.

“.....”

-Is there anyone to replace him?

“Some of our cooperative companies have told us that they have personnel to replace him.”

-Then meet their demands. But keep the heart attack thing secret and get a written oath from them that they won't speak a word of the project when they finish it.

“I understand.”

-If it's leaked, it would become troublesome.

“Yes, sir.”

-And the profiles of the people who said they would stop working, spread them to all our subsidiaries to stop working with them. Oh, and spread them to the outsourcing companies too. OK?

“I will do so.”

-How can the lowly freelancers dare to stop working mid-way?

“.....”

-If the project doesn't finish properly, whether it's you or me, be given the cold shoulder by the company, so work hard.



Kim ManHo ended the call first after he finished speaking. But the PM couldn't put his phone down. He was busy with carrying out the orders.

\*\*\*

New people occupied the cleaned desks. Some freelancers left and new freelancers took their place.

“YongHo, you explain to them.”

There were not enough manpower in the office to the point that they had to leave the explanation of the system to YongHo, who was only an intern.

“Me, sir?”

“Tell the new people of the system briefly and tell them how to set the development environment. Can you do it?”

It was 4 months since he entered this company and it was 2 months since he came to this project. He was in a position where he had to explain the development environment settings rather than the one receiving it.

While YongHo felt that it was because of the time, he also felt fulfillment of having matured.

“I will do my best.”

The development environment setting was the beginning. As the manpower decreased YongHo's name was the one being called on the most.

“Mr. YongHo, have a look at this bug.”

“Mr. YongHo, did you finish that report?”

“Mr. YongHo...”

The majority of the people in the office started looking for YongHo. He went from the perimeter known and the intern to the center of the workforce.

“Sigh. I think it's about done now.”

Whenever he thought it was over, a new task was given to him. This time was no exception. An ByungHoon called YongHo who was sitting on his seat.

“Mr. YongHo, are you busy with anything at the moment?”

“Other than the bugs, not anything urgent.”

“Then, I want you to take over the part that's supposed to be

done by manager Yun.”

“The part that manager Yun was doing... Do you mean the point management part?”

“I have put the changes to the system. But I didn’t manage to edit some parts.”

An ByungHoon took over all the work after manager Yun collapsed. YongHo had trust in him and he worked as hard as he could to help him.

“I will try.”

“Yes, your skills will increase only if you try various things. If you have any questions, then just ask.”

“I understand.”

“Then I’ll leave it to you.”

An ByungHoon never used a commanding tone while giving orders. That part of him made YongHo to follow him even more.

“Uck... This isn’t as easy as I thought.”

Fixing partial bugs and developing a program were two

completely different things altogether. Even though YongHo's skill increased after fixing so many bugs, it was still impossible for him to develop a program from scratch.

‘Well this, there's nothing on the internet... The bug window isn't a good help either... I can only look at the specifications while developing.’

The part which An ByungHoon asked him to do was the part where the point variable was called to the screen. YongHo was having difficulties after adding a few lines. YongHo, who had no time to waste, looked for An ByungHoon again.

“Manager, this part where I have to get the points, after the FTP(File Transfer Protocol) is accessed, the rest don't work.....”

“Really? What part?”

“I don't know whether the access mode should be active or passive.....”

“Hmm... You did well on fixing bugs but even you have stuff that you have difficulties with.”

“It feels different from fixing bugs.”

YongHo spoke carefully. He didn't want to imply that he didn't want to do it because there was already so much work given to him.

“It may still be impossible for an intern. The situation is busy so I’ll take care of it. Please test the point part that I edited.”

“I understand.”

An ByungHoon spoke to YongHo who was going back to his seat with a new task.

“Also, the best way to develop programs is to try it. So try accessing and copying the programs on gethub. If there’s anything to improve, then edit it too.”

YongHo was only thankful towards An ByungHoon’s advice.

# Chapter 27: Points Management (2)

---

‘Points management huh.’

YongHo put up the test scenario on one of the windows of the dual monitors he received. On the laptop screen, he put the point management program that An ByungHoon made and started testing.

‘Even if it’s manager An developing the programs, there are bugs huh.’

An ByungHoon was YongHo’s role model. He seemed flawless whether it was giving orders or contributing to open source projects. But even his programs had bugs.

‘Hmm.....’

There were 5 bugs on the bug window.

Title: Customer Points Data Exposure error

Content: There is a calculation error from line 3023 to line 3201 of CustomerPointView.class. The error is due to a typographical error that occurs in the calculation logic and a problem that occurs in the dataflow on the Visitor pattern.

Solution: The calculation logic of the customer’s point receiving

rate should be changed as follows.

The bug window had details as to how to edit the source. He just had to edit the source that was in his sight. Of course, the method of editing depended on YongHo's skills.

‘Even the manager makes mistakes.’

YongHo slowly read the source that manager An made while implementing the solution that the bug window gave.

\*\*\*

The last hurdle for the unit tests was No JunWoo. Only after No JunWoo checked the unit tests could be considered finished. No JunWoo checked the basic functions of the program thoroughly. No JunWoo who was testing the units, swore.

“F\*ck, who the hell edited this?”

“Which part are you talking about, sir?”

This happened all the time. If he found anything strange, he set the atmosphere by swearing, and called the developer to reprimand him.

-Will you keep doing it like this?

-Please work better.

-Shall I do it instead?

These were No JunWoo's favorite phrases. As an elite from the department of computer engineering of HanKuk University, which is the best university within the country, it's said that he personally did programming in the past. However, currently he was thoroughly on the path to management.

Especially, he showed talent in managing cooperative companies. Due to that, he was allowed to manage a project with tens of people as an assistant manager.

"The changes to the point management, didn't I say to watch out for this?"

"That's why I personally edited the program. Is there any problem?"

"Come and have a look. The points don't match."

No JunWoo put a AS-IS(old system) on the screen and called An ByungHoon. An ByungHoon who sat down next to him checked the screen and murmured to himself as if he didn't understand.

"I definitely implemented it correctly."



“If you implemented it correctly, why is there a 2500 points difference? This is will get a VOC. If a VOC comes in will you take responsibility?”

VOC was an acronym of Voice of Customer, and it referred to the complaints of the customers. All companies cared about VOCs but telecommunication companies were especially sensitive.

“Mr. YongHo, did you change anything?”

An ByungHoon looked for YongHo. He had remembered that he left the testing to YongHo after he implemented it.

“There were a few odd parts so I edited some.”

“But the AS-IS screen doesn’t show the right amount. I think you edited wrong.”

YongHo stood up and looked at No JunWoo’s monitor. Indeed, the customer point was different to what it should be.

The AS-IS screen showed 54500 points.

the screen in which YongHo’s edits were run had 52000 points.

“How the hell did you edit to get a 2500 point difference? That’s why I said in the beginning to not give the work to some intern.”

No JunWoo shouted with a hint of vexation in his voice. But YongHo's faith in the bug window was unshakable. Until now, when he did the tests after editing as the bug window mentioned, there was not a single error.

No, there was an error. But it was due to YongHo's mistake, and not due to the bug window.

"It was indeed me who edited it."

"What?"

"I said it was indeed me who edited it."

At YongHo's words, An ByungHoon, who was next to him, tapped him on the waist, and gave him a hinting glance. However, YongHo didn't step down.

"Do you know what you're saying right now? You're saying your skills are better than manager An's. An intern who hasn't even worked for 1 year is saying he's better than manager An?"

At No JunWoo's words, YongHo's head, which was heating up, cooled down as if he got a cold shower. He had to speak carefully here.

"That's not what I mean. However, I didn't do anything wrong. Why don't we check?"

“What? Check?”

“Call the people business managers in charge of points and check. In my opinion, it’s not manager An who’s wrong but the AS-IS system itself is wrong.”

“What? The AS-IS is wrong? We used this AS-IS until now and it’s wrong?”

“I don’t know about anything else, but I’m confident in the source.”

Watching YongHo, who held his head high, and No JunWoo, the people could only look with expressions filled with worry and encouragement. They were afraid of the fire spreading if they did something.

Normally, the people involved in developing programs are separated into 3 categories. The user who uses the system, the system manager who translates the specifications given from the user into IT language, and the developers who did the implementation.

No JunWoo requested cooperation from the users to check. Users were also known as the business manager. To make No JunWoo request their cooperation, An ByungHoon’s role was big.

“I also think Mr. YongHo’s words are right. I think it is necessary

to check. Wasn't there a meeting scheduled with the business manager anyway?"

He gave weight to YongHo's words. It wasn't an easy decision but YongHo's actions gave An ByungHoon a sense of belief.

"If even you say that, then let's check. However, if it's a problem from your side... I will be expecting things."

"I understand."

YongHo didn't understand what No JunWoo said by 'expecting' things. He just felt thankful that An ByungHoon stood up for him.

"Thank you for believing in me, sir."

"Coders, in the end, speak with sources. I will place my trust in your source this once."

## Chapter 28: Points Management (3)

---

There were about 3 pages of A4 worth of calculation conditions of the customers' points. The conditions needed to be turned into mathematical formulae on the source for it to be run on the computer.

The business manager was doing customer points calculation by hand, and not using the system.

After he finished calculating, the business manager didn't have a good expression. The system manager for the AS-IS system from the KO DS (KO Telecom's subsidiary company); and An ByungHoon and YongHo who were developing the TO-BE (Next-gen system) had nervous expressions.

“Sigh.....”

The business manager sighed after he looked at the calculation result. Perhaps No JunWoo who was next to him was curious but he asked about the result.

“How's the result?”

“This is bad.”

The business manager smiled bitterly and scratched the back of his neck. “What to do with this. Phew.....”

“Why? What’s wrong?”

“The problem indeed is from the old system. The points were calculated wrong until now. The source from Mirae IT is correct.”

At the business manager’s words, YongHo slightly smiled and nodded. An ByungHoon turned his head around and looked at YongHo.

“I think the checking wasn’t done properly because we were too hasty to apply it to the old system. I need to check, but it seems like not all customers over received points, and it occurred to just a few of them.”

At the business manager’s words, the people from KO DS had dark expressions. Perhaps they didn’t believe it but they got the customer’s profiles and did the calculation themselves.

“.....”

After the people from KO DS finished calculating, they sighed heavily without being able to speak. They were dreading as to how to fix the system. The business manager who sighed, spoke up.

“Anyway, it’s a good thing. We did find the problem, although it was late.”

“Thank you for your cooperation.”

“You said the people from Mirae found this?”

“It’s these people here.”

No JunWoo acted extremely commonsensically in front of people from the same company. He didn’t do anything that stood out.

“Thank you. I’m Kwak DongHwan, manager of customer points.”

After greeting everyone, the manager smiled bitterly as he stood up from his seat.

“Then I’ll leave first. A bomb just dropped on me so... It’s overtime work.”

The business manager left the office with loose shoulders. The people from KO DS followed him in a line as if they were criminals.

\*\*\*

“Mr. YongHo, I heard you took care of something big!”

“Anyway, you’re amazing.”

“An intern that’s not like an intern.”

To YongHo, who was entering the office, the people's praises were endless. Perhaps being shy, YongHo could only nod. Amidst of those praises, he could hear something unpleasant.

"He's better than manager An. Shouldn't you give him a manager's salary?"

The cheerful mood instantly calmed down. It could be said that it was an ability of No JunWoo.

"Then have a wonderful Friday night."

As always, No JunWoo left work at 6 p.m. After he left, An ByungHoon spoke up.

"Let us leave early today too. Also, you don't need to come tomorrow. You should stay at home and do the laundry, spend time with your family, and rest, since it's been a while.

"Sunbae."

"Yeah?"

"SungGyu sunbae told me we should meet up sometime. Did you get anything?"

"No, I didn't check my phone yet... Shall I contact him today?"



It's already been many months since they agreed to meet up. At this rate, they wouldn't see each other until the intern period ends.

"I will contact him. Work ends today too."

"Let's do that."

The office in Yeoksam told them that they left work early too since it's Friday. They agreed to meet up in Gangnam and hurried there.

It was the season when sharp winds brushed past them.

"SuMin!"

"SungGyu hyung!"

HyeJin called SuMin, and YongHo called Sunggyu. They haven't seen each other in a while.

"You guys... look like you were in a world of suffering."

It was the common reaction of SungGyu and SuMin. Perhaps due to the two's expressions, the SungGyu and SuMin looked at YongHo and HyeJin with pity.

“Well, We did have a lot to do. How was Yeoksam?”

“Us, well... It was doable?”

They didn't need to put it into words as it was written on their faces. There was no need to talk about which place was worse.

“Did Kim WonHo bully you or anything?”

“Not to me. To SuMin, he was always good to her from the beginning.”

It had been a while since YongHo saw SuMin. Unlike HyeJin, SuMin was still pretty.

HyeJin and SuMin had similar levels of beauty before entering the company. They were both flowers, but different species of flowers.

But it wasn't like that now. SuMin overflowed with vitality while HyeJin wilted. HyeJin spoke enviously as she looked at SuMin.

“You're as pretty as always, SuMin.”

“You're alright too, HyeJin.”

HyeJin spoke while she caressed her own cheeks.

“It’s not alright..... Ugh, don’t even mention it.”

Like HyeJin said, SuMin’s skin glowed with luster while HyeJin’s skin looked weary. YongHo was the same. He looked older by a few years. And so, they finished greeting and asking how they did at work.

SungGyu who was drinking alcohol, started speaking.

“How’s work everyone? Not easy huh?”

“It’s hard.”

“It will only get harder.”

“.....”

“I got everyone to meet up not only because of friendship reasons, but also to exchange information because if everything goes well, we will work in the same industry, moreover, the same company. Especially about the future.”

The drinking instantly turned into a future counselling. Everyone listened to SungGyu’s words.

“Everyone may already know, but..... Different categories exist even though they are collectively known as programmers. Server

programmer, front-end programmer, system engineer, DB developer, etc. There are countless positions.”

“R, really?”

HyeJin looked at SungGyu with wide eyes as if it was the first time she heard of such a thing. YongHo nodded as if he understood a little bit.

“In my opinion, it’s better if you set your aim early.”

Although SungGyu was only 1 year senior, he had a different way of thinking from others. He went a trip around the world using the money he earned from part time jobs. He also gave around 30% of his earnings to the SUC.

“So, think about it carefully, everyone.”

The drinking continued late into the night.

\*\*\*

HyeJin’s house was in Bundang, and SungGyu’s was in Sillim. YongHo, who lived in Gangnam, the same as SuMin, had to take her home. Her swaying told him that he couldn’t let her go alone.

“Where’s your house?”

“There.....”

“Where is ‘there’?”

YongHo had to first find out where she lived. So he sat her down and took out her ID card.

Banpo Xi apartment.

It wasn't that far. He supported SuMin to walk when SuMin had signs of vomiting.

Uuk!

“How much did you drink?”

“I'm not gonna throw up, you know? I'm just playing around, you know?”

He remembered about SuMin's cold shoulder and had the urge to knuckle her on the head.

“Sunbae, you hate me, right?”

“Yeah.”

“I hate you too.”

“Good.”

“Damn you!”

SuMin ran like mad after shaking YongHo’s arm off. What he was relieved about, though, was that she was running towards her house. It wasn’t that far, so it was enough to walk. YongHo only had to look whether she arrived safely from behind.

\*\*\*

Even after he arrived at home, SungGyu’s words didn’t leave his mind.

‘What...What should I choose?’

Until now, he just found fun in programming. And he blindly aimed at becoming the best programmer.

‘I have an ability such as the bug window, so it seems like I won’t starve to death.’

The majority of what YongHo felt was about the bug window. The ability to see bugs that he got after getting struck by lightning. It didn’t only catch errors that were shown, but it also showed logic errors or the program’s efficiency problems.

‘I should ask manager An when I have the time.’

It wasn't something he had to decide now. YongHo decided to ask manager An after the project ended and ended his thought there.

‘Let's go to stack overfly.’

It was a place where YongHo's ability can be infinitely stretched out. Everyday, new and novel questions came up. It could even be considered studying, looking at those questions.

It was a place where YongHo's ability could be infinitely stretched out. Everyday, new and novel questions came up. It could even be considered studying, to look at those questions.

And before he knew it, solving bugs that came up in stack overfly became his hobby. Anyone would have fun with something if they were good at it. He also found it exciting that his ranking was going up. YongHo's ID which was at the bottom, was steadily rising.

‘I can't solve anything without the source.....’

YongHo's ability had a crucial problem. If the program doesn't run in front of him, he cannot find the bugs, much less solve them. He had to have an example source and YongHo had to personally fix the errors while testing them. But only a few of the questions that came up in stack overfly had example sources.

‘Hmm... Shall I write on my profile to put the source?’

YongHo used internet translators and wrote on his profile.

–Please leave your test code. We solve all the bugs..

YongHo slept early to enjoy his rest after fixing a few bugs that came up in stack overflow.



# Chapter 29: Integrated Tests (1)

---

There was a notice when he opened stack overfly the next morning.

‘Huh? Did my answer get selected again?’

He clicked the notice with a little expectation, but it wasn’t that his answer was selected. Someone asked a question specifically to him.

‘It seems like people saw my profile.’

–Please leave your test code We solve all the bugs.

It was written with half-baked English. Perhaps the asker was on his last straw, but he left a question for YongHo who had less than 100 reputations score.

Maybe because YongHo only left a ‘JAVA’ tag on his profile, but the source the asker left with was also in java. YongHo pasted the source onto Eclipse and ran it.

There was an alarm on the bug window.

Error constructing Indroid Custom VIEW.

From the word ‘weekday’ in the middle of the question, it seemed

like s/he had been stuck on it for at least a week.

‘Hmm... It doesn’t look that hard.’

YongHo edited the constructor for the custom VIEW according to the bug window. The bug window always gave the most efficient solution. It was a code that an open source contributor such as An ByungHoon acknowledged so there were no problems.

‘So the resolution of the image have to be changed according to the screen size by getting the screen size from the phone OS.’

YongHo finished editing and sent it via e-mail, but he still sat in front of the computer.

‘Gethub, huh.....’

He showed amazing skills in fixing bugs, but he was still inexperienced with developing a program. YongHo decided to look around gethub to raise his developing skills per An ByungHoon’s advice.

‘There’s a lot of sources related to indroid.’

Looking around the website, he found many sources related to smartphones. Especially pertaining to smartphone screens.

‘Shall I upload one too?’

YongHo thought of creating a view that he thought up while using smartphones.

A view where the screen will show an effect like shattering glass when it was touched.

He thought it would be interesting.

‘Ah... My head hurts.’

However, it definitely wasn't easy. Making a customized view source was difficult for even veterans with 5 years of experience. It meant that his skills would increase just by thinking to challenge making it.

If he didn't know anything, he couldn't start.

‘Let's put the constructor and the necessary methods first.’

YongHo started developing a program by referencing various sources on gethub, not knowing how fast time was going.

People say that the method to program well is similar to the method to write well.

Read a lot. Read a lot of good sources.

Write a lot. Program various things by oneself.

Think a lot. Think a lot about how to make the program better.

YongHo was thorough in doing these 3 things. The tight project schedule made him read various sources. He could tell and compare the good and bad sources by replacing some parts with the most efficient code which were on the bug window. YongHo also didn't just blindly followed the bug window.

He strived to understand why it was like that, and he tried to think up of even better ways.

Those efforts that he put in in his everyday life materialized as confidence to make the customized view.

\*\*\*

The unit tests were over after 2 weeks. The majority of the people who participated in the KO Telecom's project said that they will never work with KO Telecom's project.

YongHo raising his skills was good, but he felt the strains on his bones even though he was only in his 20's. The PM privately called YongHo who was preparing for the integrated tests after the unit tests were over.

“Did you really do all this?”

The PM, who called YongHo, looked at the report and asked YongHo again.

“What do you mean sir?”

“Here, the test results report. I had a look but more than half of the names here are yours.”

“Ah, then it’s probably me.”

After manager Yun collapsed with a heart attack, work found its way over to YongHo. YongHo, following manager An’s words, fixed bugs without holding back. And the results were on the document.

“I called you here because I think it doesn’t make sense. However, manager An also said it was you.”

YongHo spoke when the PM made a gesture that he couldn’t believe him.

“I did my best.”

“No matter how you do your best, this shouldn’t happen according to my experience.”

“.....”

“If you said you did it, then it’s probably true. The integrated tests begins tomorrow. Do your best there too.”

YongHo’s name was now also engraved in the PM’s head.

\*\*\*

Integrated tests.

After the unit tests finish, something known as the integrated tests would start. They were tests that collectively tested the units together.

If the developed programs could be separated into the ‘train’, the ‘rail’, the ‘ticket office’, etc, then the unit tests would be testing each of the train, the rail, the ticket office, etc by itself.

The integrated tests would be testing a customer that would go to the ticket office to buy a ticket and get on the train which was on the rail.

The part that YongHo was in charge of was the same as manager An: the point calculation. If the point usage was received, the algorithm would calculate and show how much points each customer used and how much points each customer had.

“Isn’t the data strange?”

An error occurred as soon as the tests begun. YongHo who was looking at the screen spoke to manager An.

“It’s not right?”

“Yes.”

The people who participated in the KO Telecom’s customer support project were also gathered in one side of the conference room, looking at the data.

Mirae IT was in charge of the customers, the product and the market and other parts were managed by other companies.

Manager An looked at the person who represented another company who was also looking at the integrated tests.

“Manager, the data on our side is slightly strange, I think we need to check.”

“Which part doesn’t match?”

“Customer TB10’s points are printed differently.”

A manager who sat next to An ByungHoon frowned. If a

customer uses points then the first algorithm to be used was the program developed by him.

And YongHo's side would receive the points from him and then calculate the amount of points that customer had.

And finally, that number had to match with the number printed on the screen, but it didn't.

"How the f\*ck did this bastard develop this. Wait a moment please."

The manager who did the integrated tests with them suddenly called someone.

"Hey! Assistant manager Lee! The data doesn't match!"

-It doesn't match? Where?

"The points calculated and printed on our side and the points they calculated are different for customer TB10! Check right now!."

-Hey, there maybe something wrong with theirs. We did ours correctly.

"I will talk to them to redo their tests, so check ours too."



The manager who ended the call said to An ByungHoon.

“I told my side to check, so please check your side too.”

“I understand.”

An ByungHoon said to YongHo who was next to him.

“Check ours too.”

But it didn't even need to be checked. YongHo could see all the bugs on the program. The program YongHo was in charge of was clean. There was not a single bug to be seen.

“There is no problem with ours.”

Not even 5 minutes had passed when YongHo said to An ByungHoon. After he confirmed that there was no problem with the bug window, he had confidence. And there was An ByungHoon's trust to top it off.

There is no bug, so why do is there a need to check one more time?

He already knew which side made an error. YongHo didn't want to waste time fixing THEIR bugs. But those words managed to touch the other side's manager's temper.

“Then are you saying it’s our fault?”

“Probably.....”

Perhaps he was offended at those words, but the manager sighed as he tilted his head and made a call again.

“Hey, how’d it go?”

-I’m still checking.

“This side has just finished checking but they are saying it isn’t their bug.”

-Ok. I will check as fast as I can and call you back.

“He will check and call back, so I will tell you if he calls back.”

However, nothing happened in the morning until lunchtime arrived.

## Chapter 30: Integrated Tests (2)

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YongHo, after eating lunch, asked An ByungHoon because he was unsatisfied with the situation.

“Manager, does it always take this long?”

“It depends on what kind of bug the bug is but... It may be because they’re busy.”

“They’re busy?”

“We are in the middle of the integrated test, so there must be a lot of people looking for them because of bugs.”

“Oh.....”

Manager An sneakily glanced at YongHo and spoke.

“Well, for us, we’re quiet because of you... In truth, I’m still a little worried.”

“About what?”

“Because that kind of appearance is the norm. There should be bugs happening here and there but we are too quiet here.”

“Isn’t that because we were good?”

“If that is the case, then I would really be relieved.”

“We are perfect. You even said it. Programmers should take responsibility for their own codes. I didn’t leave room for even 1% of worry.”

At YongHo’s words, An ByungHoon laughed. Then he tapped YongHo’s shoulder twice and spoke.

“Oh, Mr. Intern here sure is confident!”

“Because I would be a corpse if you take away my confidence.”

After a cup of coffee, they went back to the conference room where the integrated tests were being held. The conference room was noisier than the traditional market.

3 p.m.

There still was no word from the manager next to them. An ByungHoon couldn’t hold back and spoke up.

“Sir, What happened to the bug we spoke about in the morning?”

There was a integrated test scenario that An ByungHoon had to

complete. The related scenarios had to be completed for him to report anything to the PM and get a rest. He couldn't leave it alone forever.

“Oh, I didn't mention it? I was contacted but there was no problem on our side. I think the bug is from your side.”

At the manager's words, YongHo frowned. YongHo was about to stand up to go and speak to him when An ByungHoon stopped him with his hand.

“We checked but there was no problem with our program.”

“How can I believe that? Are you saying we didn't check properly?”

The manager from the other company was sensitive due to all the stress accumulated from overtime and weekend work. Moreover, due to the bug that occurred as soon as the test begun, he was near exploding point. It was hard for him to say anything not polite.

“I understand that you are very tired but this error is clearly due to some bug in the point spending.”

“I know and I checked. It isn't a problem from us.”

“Currently, we've generated points on customer TB10 and when it gets to the calculation part, the value printed on our side and the value printed on your side is different. Doesn't this mean that one

of us is wrong?”

“AND. I AM SAYING : WHY IS THAT A PROBLEM FROM US?”

When his voice got louder, the head PM from KO Telecom who was in charge of the project, stepped up.

“What is it? Is there a problem?”

When even the head PM stepped up, the manager from the other company grew quiet.

“This... Mirae IT keeps saying that the problem is from our side.....”

“When did I keep saying it was a problem from your side?”

“There, there! Calm down and come here. Isn't it fine if we test together?”

Under the head PM there was the PMs from other companies and then there was the PLs who lead the project technically.

Behind the head PM stood Mirae IT's An ByungHoon and Wisdom System's manager. The head PM told the manager from Wisdom System.

“Try generating the points.”

Following the PM's words, customer TB10 payed the telecommunication fees and the points were generated. The points were 5% of the basic expenses: 310 points.

Wisdom System's monitor showed a grand total of 45350 after adding the 310 points.

“Check the points on statistics side.”

45330 points.

There was a difference of 20 points. YongHo who was watching from behind could identify the problem instantly.

“Huh? Isn't this same problem as last time? The stuff that the KO DS fixed.”

People's gazes which were focused on the monitor turned to see YongHo like lightning.

“.....”

At that moment YongHo could only be surprised. He spoke his words without thinking, when he was supposed to only say it in his heart.

Head PM Lee DooHee.

As the team leader from No JunWoo's team, he was also the PM from KO Telecom who was in charge of the KO Telecom customer support project. He completed many big projects successfully and he was acknowledged as a talent in KO Telecom. From his well defined facial features, his stubbornness about his work could be seen.

“What are you?”

An ByungHoon quickly stepped in front of YongHo and spoke.

“He's an employee.”

“Really? But what did you mean by the words you said just now?”

“Oh, there was a similar error on our side...”

The Lee DooHee stopped An ByungHoon in the middle of his speech and asked YongHo.

“Please repeat what you just said.”

“There was a case where the method for calculating points that changed last time wasn't applied to the old system, so we told the KO DS about it. I mean that this error seemed similar to that.”



“I didn’t hear anything about that. What happened here, assistant manager No?”

No JunWoo who was watching from the side quickly stepped up. YongHo thought that Lee DooHee would reprimand No JunWoo because he didn’t report it. But the situation turned out differently from his expectation.

“The DS said they would be able to solve it immediately so I didn’t find the need to report.”

“I’m not asking about that. I’m asking why the same problem is happening.”

“We have to check if the problem that occurred here is the same as the one that happened then. This friend here is still an intern so he doesn’t know much.”

“An intern?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Who allowed him to enter the integrated test room!?”

That single line from Lee DooHee made the entire office quiet. The silence wasn’t long and Lee DooHee spoke again.

“Check quickly.”

No JunWoo politely answered.

“Yes. sir.”

“If it’s the same problem, then tell all the cooperative companies that there should be a report by the end of today.”

There was a saying that went ‘the same vegetables for the same rice’(Korean way of saying ‘like father, like son’). Those words didn’t leave his mind.

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After the storm went past, YongHo complained to An ByungHoon.

“So interns should just stay still without doing anything, huh?”

“Don’t think of it too badly.”

“To be honest, I thought the head PM would reprimand No JunWoo or something.”

An ByungHoon shook his head as if saying ‘that’s impossible’.

“How can that be?”

“Sorry?”

“The head is also from Hankuk university. He’s also from the same department as No JunWoo. They push and pull each other. Isn’t there even a push and pull charge rate?”

(Uhh, so, The pushed one pulls the other up, and in Korea, there’s a push and pull charge rate where you can push the data you didn’t use this month to the next and pull the data from next month if you don’t have enough)

“I really wonder how you met your wife.”

There was something that was directly proportional to time.

Intimacy.

Between YongHo and An ByungHoon, there was enough intimacy to joke around.

“Anyway, are you doing what I told you about last time?”

“Stack overfly, sir?”

“Yeah. Do it well. Prepare yourself in case you have to go overseas.”

“Are you uploading sources onto gethub also to go overseas?”

“Well, I’m already quite old so it’s more for my own good rather than going overseas. But you’re still young, YongHo.”

“A sunbae of mine from school told me this not long ago. There were many different varieties of programmers and which one are you planning to be. By chance, can I ask you what you think the most promising one is?”

“You already asked, why are you putting ‘by chance’...”

“Hehe.....”

“You said you were from Seon Min university?”

“Yes.”

“In truth, I only graduated from high school.”

“.....”

## Chapter 31: Integrated Tests (3)

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It was the first time he heard of it. YongHo couldn't believe that a person who is acknowledged by the company and someone who worked as an open source contributor was only a high school graduate.

“And it wasn't like I developed programs in high school too. After graduating, I went to military service and that was 1999? I think. People said the most promising job was an IT programmer.”

YongHo quietly nodded while listening to An ByungHoon. An ByungHoon was answering his question by telling YongHo his own story. “And so, I decided, just like that. ‘Ah! I should become a programmer’. I searched and I found something like a government supported cram school.”

“Ah, it still exists.”

“Byte Education was famous.”

“I know that place too.”

“Really? Anyway, I graduated from that place and do you know what I heard when I first went to work?”

YongHo couldn't even imagine. He didn't even graduate university. He wouldn't understand jargons that are used in the IT world. An ByungHoon continued speaking.

“Gov-zom.”

“Gov-zom?”

“Government-supported-zombie. It was a word that belittled the programmers who passed through the government supported programme.”

“Oh.....”

“And 2, 3 years passed like that? When I got used to work and my ability for developing increased, they didn’t call me gov-zom anymore.”

“Well, you, manager, have really high ability.”

“What would a 2 or 3 year programmer know? I just copied what others were doing.”

“Yeah right. I heard from others but You were awesome in the past too.”

“Really? Anyway when I got rid of the gov-zom tag, a new tag was put on me. Do you know what it is?”

“.....”

“Coder bastard.”

“Doesn’t coder and programmer mean the same thing?”

Developer, programmer, coder, software engineer. They were all words with similar meanings. But An ByungHoon was saying that coder had a different meaning.

“I got called coder bastard since I can only do coding.”

“There was someone who called YOU that?”

“There were many. Originally, I didn’t really set an aim or a direction I would go. I just set on this path because people told me it was promising. And I got greedy after a while. I did my best to not get disdained so here I am now.”

“.....”

“It’s good to have an aim like DB developer, server developer or client developer early on but I think it isn’t bad to experience various things. After doing that for a while, you will naturally find something you find interest in and wouldn’t it be fine if you start digging deep then?”

After posing himself for a little bit, An ByungHoon spoke.

“Running and arriving at the goal isn’t everything.”

“I get what you mean.”

“You understand? As expected of YongHo. To understand the near 40 years of my life just by listening. Aren’t you amazing?”

“No I didn’t mean that.....”

“Well! Let’s get to work!”

Perhaps An ByungHoon was embarrassed but he stood up first.

“Wait for me!”

YongHo followed.

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The excruciating integrated tests looked like it was finally going to end. From the unit tests to the integrated test, about one month had been spent. On people’s faces, a little hope that it will end could be seen. YongHo also thought that the integrated tests were the end.

“Is this the end?”



“You can say we have crossed over the first stop.”

“That means.....”

“Yes. It isn’t over yet.”

The unit tests and the integrated test were tests that were held within the developer company, so they needed to be checked by the QA team, an outsider.

“The QA team is in Seolleung so we usually have to go there, but because the project is quite big this time, they will probably come here.”

“I think the tests are more difficult compared to developing programs.”

“It is, it is difficult. There are engineers who specialize in doing tests.”

“Speak of the devil, but they sure don’t look like gentlemen.”

“Shh.”

A total of around 7 people were coming. There was a variety of people. Very fat, thin as an anchovy, and normal sized.

YongHo was now doing a whole person's worth of work. No, he was doing more than that. The proof was that he was facing a person in charge from the QA team.

“This doesn't make sense.’

“Which part are you saying doesn't make sense.....”

“It's strange that there is not a single error. There wasn't a case where there weren't any bugs at all.”

They finished testing all the test cases. The person in charge of YongHo from the QA team tilted his head.

“Let's have a drink outside.”

On other teams, instead of the person from the QA team, the developers were the ones tilting their heads and murmuring.

“Why is this suddenly not working?”

YongHo asked the person in charge of testing, who looked similar to him in age, while handing him a drink.

“If you are from the QA team, are you from KO Telecom?”

“Oh, we are also an outsourcing company.”

“.....”

“If an error occurs after the test, we have to take responsibility. So everyone is trying really hard on the tests.”

“How’s work?”

“Well, I just do it. I think there’s less overtime compared to others though.”

“Is the pay good?”

“They pay is well... I’ll have to get a license related to testing and enter a famous company.”

“To say there’s no overtime work... I’m so envious of that. We have overtime work every single day.”

“But then, don’t you get payed a lot?”

“I don’t know. I never received any pay for overtime work or any other extra work.”

“Nothing’s easy, huh?”

10 minutes passed by quickly as they were talking. YongHo and

the person from QA team hurried inside.

A flood of bugs.

Even after unit tests and integrated tests, after the QA team had a look, there were bugs that could fill many pages of A4 paper. YongHo was getting tired too. Since he finished his, he was looking at other people's sources.

Perhaps YongHo was rumored to be really good but work kept finding its way over to him. However, his income was still 880000won as always.

“Who the hell made bugs like this?”

YongHo, who had the bug window, couldn't understand at all. How does a person make a program that even after one month of testing has passed, there's still errors.

Bugs that flooded out like mad. And the overtime work and the weekend work because of that. Moreover, after all that happened, what was increasing was not his salary but his fatigue. YongHo became sensitive.

“Sunbae.”

“Why.”

“Be quiet a bit.”

“What.”

HyeJin looked around and gave him a hinting glance. YongHo who understood the signal pretended to massage his shoulders and neck while looking around.

A few people were staring at YongHo. They seemed to be saying ‘are you that good?’. He forgot why Kim WonHo was hostile to him while he lived with An ByungHoon.

# Chapter 32: End Of Internship (1)

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“Manager Jo, did you send all the files?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Manager Lee?”

“Our side has sent all of them too.”

“Then let’s proceed to burn it on the configuration management.”

It was now the final hurdle. The file had to be uploaded to the commercial server,

Configuration management server.

It was a place where all the programs and related files had to go through in order to be uploaded into the commercial server. The configuration management server managed what files were on the commercial server. All the files not recorded on it will be treated as illegal. To burn something on the commercial management server meant that they will upload the source they developed until now.

“Proceeding to upload on the configuration management server”

An ByungHoon put together the files sent by the others and

uploaded on the configuration management server. Now they only had to go to the server room and download the file on the commercial server and activate it.

After they uploaded the file onto the configuration management server, they moved from Yangjae to Seolleung. In Seolleung was one of the IDCs that KO Telecom had.

“Is this your first time in the server room?”

“No, I visited the company’s own server room.”

“There’s no real difference between here and there.”

“Anyway, I hope it ends without any problems.”

“That won’t be easy.”

An ByungHoon said as he smacked his lips.

“Now that the file has been uploaded on the configuration management, isn’t it over when it’s downloaded and run?”

“Didn’t you feel it in the tests? We checked from 1 to 10 but there were still bugs, weren’t there?”

Experience couldn’t be ignored. The situation went exactly as

manager An described.

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In the server room, only the noise from the computers could be heard. The machine noises made the atmosphere even heavier. The lack of talking signified the seriousness of the situation. A person said quietly.

“Hey, isn’t the version different? Which one got uploaded?”

“F\*ck... really.”

The man swore while holding the phone. An ByungHoon’s eyes didn’t miss that. Manager An was the one commanding the source porting (uploading the source onto the server) in the server room.

“Manager Jo, what is it, is there a problem?”

“Sigh... A few files are incorrect.”

At his words, An ByungHoon pursed his lips. He didn’t expect that it would go smoothly but when it really happened, he couldn’t accept it happily.

“What do we do? Re-burn it on the configuration management?”



A hint of annoyance could be heard from An ByungHoon's words. To re-burn it, they needed to have permission from No JunWoo. And that wouldn't go smoothly for sure.

“For situations like this, we made back door(illegal server access program) to upload the files, shall we use it?”

“First let's proceed normally. A problem may arise if we do that.”

An ByungHoon, after he received the files which had to be uploaded again, called No JunWoo. After he ended his call, he took out a cigar and went outside and came back in again. It could be imagined what kind of conversation happened between them.

“Manager, are you alright?”

“If it isn't anything big, can we talk later?”

An ByungHoon replied with a colder tone than usual.

“O, of course.”

“Mr. YongHo and miss HyeJin, after uploading the file on the commercial server, please proceed with the testing.”

“Then what do we do if we find a bug during the test?”

“Organize it and tell me right away.”

“I understand.”

Not everything was over after installing the program. The QA team also had to check. There was also the self test before the QA team’s test. An ByungHoon left the self test to YongHo and HyeJin.

‘Sigh’

YongHo, doing the test, heaved a sigh.

‘How’s this possible.’

Of course, he didn’t say it out loud and only spoke in his heart. He stared at the monitor to the point he would see through it with his chin resting on his hand.

Bugs.

Bugs.

Bugs.

Bugs kept appearing from the sources in which YongHo didn’t take part in.

‘How do I edit this.’

There was no tool like Eclipse too. He couldn’t compile or build.

‘By chance.....’

YongHo started typed in the file search on the linux with little expectation.

‘There it is.’

Ant, which could build a program, was installed. He searched because there was tomcat and he had a little expectation. There was also JDK(java development kit) installed so everything used for editing a program was there. The source was there from the beginning.

But he first reported to An ByungHoon. He still remembered that he should report to him any bugs. After looking for him, manager Lee was getting an earful from An ByungHoon.

“That’s why I told you to check again and again.”

“.....”

“This is already the second time I called No JunWoo to get permission to edit and reupload onto the configuration management. If it happens again, No JunWoo says to reset.

RESET, I say.”

The voice was small but it head strength put into it. It was an unimaginable image of An ByungHoon who normally had a soft image.

“You know what will happen if it’s reset. If the opening is delayed by one week, you know better than me how big the losses will be.”

At An ByungHoon’s words manager Lee couldn’t say anything. Perhaps An ByungHoon was frustrated at manager Lee, he sighed as he combed his own head with his hand. As he was doing that, he looked around only to see YongHo.

“Huh? Mr. YongHo, what’s up?”

“I did a test and... I found a few bugs.”

“Sigh... Where?”

“A few where the screen breaks when the personal info is printed, and a few from the payment history inquiry.”

At YongHo’s words An ByungHoon’s face turned red in anger. Maybe due to his blood pressure he shook his head multiple times and blinked. And he heaved a big breath and spoke.

“...Let’s stop it here for today.”

From An ByungHoon’s face, which turned stiff, pain could be felt. YongHo couldn’t imagine how much of a loss they had to take. But he could feel the stress that An ByungHoon was feeling. YongHo stepped up to speak.

“If it’s bugs, then I can solve it.”

## Chapter 33: End Of Internship (2)

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“You can? How?”

“The source is there anyway. I’ve looked around and it seemed like ant was installed too. I can edit if there is those two things.”

YongHo said confidently but An ByungHoon, and also the manager from the another company, didn’t seem to believe it.

The source folder and the build destination folder had to be designated and libraries that were referenced had to be constantly without fail. The related content had to be included in the Ant build script.

Not everyone could compile and build a program even if there was a source and ant. It was difficult even for An ByungHoon.

However YongHo was different. Due to the 3-prohibited education from Kim WonHo, he got used to using ant and he got a habit of manually compiling and building programs. That’s why tried building each of the programs without using Eclipse when he first entered the KO project. “You can’t do it with ‘probably’. It has to work. Mr. YongHo, This is not school. If you fail here, a loss of hundreds of millions of won can occur.”

“Then I should rephrase it. I can’t ‘probably’ fix it but I will make the program work properly.”

YongHo had his base for confidence.

The bug window.

He already knew of its usefulness from the time when he was ‘educated’ by Kim WonHo. When he missed a library or he got a file path wrong, the bug window would tell him.

This is the answer.

Do it this way.

YongHo did exactly as the bug window directed and there wasn’t a single time it went wrong.

“Are you really confident?”

An ByungHoon asked again. The project this time was that important and he was a bit uneasy leaving it to an intern.

“3 hours. I will make it run properly in 3 hours.”

“Okay. Try.”

The manager next to him shouted.

“Manager An!”

“Do you have a better way, manager Lee?”

“I think it can be solved by using the already installed backdoor to upload the file and edit it. So why are you leaving this to an intern?”

“You do it your way. YongHo will do it his way.”

“What happens if the sources get mixed up?”

“Just don’t touch the source that YongHo is editing and do the rest.”

An ByungHoon perfectly controlled the traffic. He showed his trust in YongHo. Now was the time for YongHo to show his ability.

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He didn’t know how the 3 hours passed. Even though he wasn’t good with his studies since he was young, his focus in doing something he liked was better than anyone else. YongHo forgot about the time while focusing on fixing bugs.

“Sunbae, there’s no problem.”

It didn’t seem good to have an assistant manager or a manager test the source that YongHo had edited and report back. Moreover,



YongHo was not fine with it either. So they put HyeJin to work.

YongHo would edit the program and HyeJin would check. HyeJin just finished checking the bug that YongHo fixed last.

“Phew... It’s over.”

YongHo stretched his neck backwards and stretched his arms. HyeJin looked at that YongHo like she was looking at a madman.

“.....”

“Why?”

“Sunbae, are you human?”

“What does that mean?”

“Aren’t you some god of coding?”

“What nonsense are you talking about. I will go report to manager An so have a rest here.”

YongHo looked at the program again and confirmed that nothing came up on the bug window. And he walked towards An ByungHoon with light steps.

However before even talking with An ByungHoon the server room was in chaos. The security guards had barged into the room.

“Everyone get out. From now the server room will be closed. Everyone except KO Telecom’s employees must leave the server room.”

“What, we are uploading the program, what do you mean by get out?”

“I repeat. Everyone stop what they’re doing and leave the server room.”

The security guards who suddenly barged into the room started throwing everyone out of the server room. An ByungHoon stepped up to ask but nobody answered.

“Don’t you have to at least tell us what the matter is?”

However the security guards were silent and kept throwing everybody out. Eventually, even YongHo and manager An were ruthlessly thrown out. An ByungHoon hurriedly called the PM after he was out.

“Project manager! We were thrown out while during the porting.”

-I know. Come back to Yangjae, it’s a chaos here.

“What do you mean?”

-The KO Telecom homepage was hacked and around 10 million customer's information were leaked. Look at the news. It's a chaos here because they said they were doing security checks here.

KO Telecom customer information leak incident.

A big number of over 10 million customer information was leaked. It had no direct relation with Mirae IT but the managers who came with An ByungHoon had worry written all over their faces thinking about what damage they would received as collateral.

The scene YongHo saw when he arrived at Yangjae was the desolate office.

“What in the world.....”

A4 papers were strewn everywhere and pens were scattered all over the desks. The strange thing was that not a single computer could be seen. Even though they fixed them in place with a laptop lock but it was cut off with a lock cutter.

“Project manager, what is this?”

“First off, everyone come to the conference room. I will explain

there.”

After everyone heard the PM’s explanation, everyone’s faces were dark.”

Private information was hacked. KO Telecom’s action was clear.

Shifting the blame.

KO Telecom’s were trying to shift the blame onto the cooperative companies.

And so, that’s why the confiscation of every outsourcers’ laptops were carried out. Not only that, they received a notice that they would carry out severe punishment if they found anything that violated the rules.

The situation was more serious than it seemed.

“So stay quiet. System opening is also indefinitely postponed.”

“I understand.”

“You didn’t violate any security rules right?”

The PM looked at the people in the office and asked. The conference room full of people suddenly became quiet.

“If there is, there is none, if there isn’t, there is none, you understand? If a problem arises the culprit will take responsibility. The company has nothing to do with this.”

At those words, everyone scattered.

Having his work disappear so suddenly, YongHo and HyeJin came outside a bit.

“Sunbae, hasn’t this become really big?”

“Yeah, you’re right. What the heck happened so suddenly...”

HyeJin asked in a worried tone.

“It won’t affect us interns right?”

“Wouldn’t it be so? But then.....”

“But then?”

“The words that the managers said keeps lingering in my head.”

At YongHo’s words, HyeJin asked curiously.

“Why? What did they say?”

“I think they said they will upload the files through a back door. Using a backdoor means that they did it secretly right?”

YongHo showed exceptional ability in regards to bugs but he still lacked IT knowledge.

“You’re correct. But it shouldn’t be... that should it?”

“That would be the best.”

YongHo sipped the coffee in front of him. A bitter taste of americano lingered in his mouth.

## Chapter 34: End Of Internship (3)

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All the developers that filled the conference room went out and only An ByungHoon and the PM was left. The PM who was talking with An ByungHoon called someone.

It was director Kim ManHo.

-Don't tell ByungHoon.

“Yes, director. I understand.”

-Let's do this well and you have to slowly start working in the main company too.

“Thank you, sir.”

-Yes. Work hard

The PM who ended the call looked at An ByungHo and said resolutely

“Did you hear that? If something happens, then you don't have anything to do with it.”

“Project manager, but how.”

Unlike An ByungHoon's frowning face, the PM's face was composed.

"Then you want to take the blame? Why did you even make something like a back door in the first place?"

"It was inevitable..."

"Then what are you saying you're going to do, are you saying you're going to take the blame?"

"Project manager....."

The PM made a stiff face and said with a more solid tone.

"Hey, you'll be 40 in a while. If you get fired now? Are you going to go to a venture enterprise? Ok, let's say you go to a venture enterprise because of your good ability. How many venture enterprises in Korea give you a decent salary? Go overseas? Can you even have a conversation in English?"

The PM kept cornering An ByungHoon who was hesitating. An ByungHoon could only just sit there and listen with his head lowered.

"Do as the director says. If the back door gets discovered then we don't know each other, okay?"



“.....”

“Okay or not okay? You bastard! Answer me!”

From the mouth of the polite-looking PM came rough language. The private information leak incident was that serious and if a fault was found then the aftermath was no joke either.

“He’s young anyway so he will have lots of places to go. So you don’t have to worry about him. The director said he will take care of it.”

“.....”

“So, if you get found out... You know already, right?”

In the office with just two of them, a secretive talk was happening. The thundercloud that covered KO Telecom was also starting to cover Mirae IT.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile the team leader in which No JunWoo was in, team leader Lee DooHee was reporting to the higher-ups. On the nameplate, ‘Senior Managing Director Jeon JaeHong’ was written on it. The man had folded hands with his chin resting on them and he was listening to Lee DooHee’s report.

“You talked with director Kim?”

“Yes. Mirae IT has said that they will share a bit of the burden.”

“Then let’s make it so that Mirae IT and a few outsourcing companies had done them.”

“However Mirae IT wants the contracts in the future to be raised to 5 billion won.....”

“For now, say we will.”

“Then I will make a scenario in the direction you said.”

“Reduce the fault on our side as much as possible. Well. you probably know this already.”

“Yes, sir.”

After ending the case there. senior managing director Jeon asked Lee DooHee as if he was curious.

“But what really is the reason? Is it not found yet?”

“The security team said they were currently looking for it but... They said they didn’t find anything yet.”

“We’d have to do some replacement, eh. Okay, you can leave.”

Having finished his report Lee DooHee left the room. Senior managing director Jeon’s room became quiet once more.

\*\*\*

The KO Telecom’s security team came again to the office in which YongHo worked. On one hand was the laptop that was confiscated.

“Is this the place where Mirae IT’s employee’s work?”

The PM who was seated in the deepest part of the office stood up and went forward.

“What is the matter?”

The man dressed casually smiled like a good man and said.

“Oh, we’re here to give the confiscated laptops back.”

“Wasn’t there any problem?”

“Yes. There was nothing wrong within the laptop.”

“As expected, right?”

The PM replied to the security guards as if he knew the answer already. Perhaps he was relieved but his dark face brightened a bit.

“But.”

The man continued speaking after he posed himself.

“A file upload program was installed in the commercial server?”

“.....”

A few had expressions of being prickled while others had a totally confused expressions. The PM and An ByungHoon looked like they despaired, perhaps because they knew what would come had come.

“What do you mean.....”

The PM tilted his head and asked the man. However the man made a stiff face and said resolutely.

“Someone installed a file upload program onto the commercial server. I think an internal investigation of who did it and what did s/he do it for is needed to be carried out.”

Even until then, YongHo was sitting at the back and quietly listened. A thought that a situation where he needed to step up would occur didn't even cross his mind.

\*\*\*

The important thing was not why a problem like this occurred. A person to take responsibility was needed.

A wrong focus directed the incident in the wrong direction.

The people who barged into the office made a base for themselves within the conference room and made each person come into the room one by one. Before that the PM secretly called YongHo.

“Mr. YongHo.”

“Yes, sir.”

“I really thank you for all the work you’ve done until now.”

“Sorry? What do you mean by that...”

At the PM’s words YongHo was shaking his right leg with a nervous expression. A bad omen was assaulting him.

“This incident, I want you to say that you did it because of your eagerness.”

“.....”

“You won’t receive any any demerits. The company will protect you.”

“Project manager.”

“If this goes well your internship changing to permanent... will happen.”

YongHo licked his lips because his lips were dry.

“I heard the majority of the interns will become permanent anyway.”

“...The majority isn’t everyone.”

He didn’t expect in the least that he would meet this type of situation. A shackle known as ‘student loan’ was tying him down in university but now when he was about to step into society, another shackle was trying to tie him down.

“I didn’t do it.”

“We need a person to take responsibility. Wouldn’t it seem good to say an intern did it because of his eagerness?”

“And so I was selected?”

YongHo wanted to ask ‘why me?’ even though there was HyeJin. He swallowed down his words forcefully which was on his throat.

“Mr. YongHo has the ability, so a handicap such as this will be nothing.”

“If I say no?”

YongHo couldn’t accept it. He worked so hard. Manager Yun collapsed due to a heart attack so his work increased but he didn’t complain and did his best.

He was angry at the fact that he solved all those bugs according to the bug window to get treated like this.

“I wasn’t going to say this but... But the story’s over. I told you. The important thing right now is that we need a person to take responsibility.”

It was an incomprehensible adults’ world. He only wanted to earn money for his parents to live happily while having fun in programming. Was it that hard...

To accept it.

Or to not accept it.

If he said he didn't hesitate then it would be a lie. But he finally decided.

"It wasn't me who did it."

"....."

"I will say that."

"No matter how good an actor is, if there is no director to call him then he would be nameless all his life."

"If I am that great actor, then... I will look for a director myself. Nowadays, isn't there something called the internet?"

"....."

The PM gripped his fists while frowning at the fact that the matter didn't go his way. At those words YongHo said once again.

"I clearly told you. It wasn't me who did it."

YongHo on one hand had confidence. He had a plan B that he can work anywhere even if it's not Mirae IT because he had the bug window. So he could say that with more confidence.



## Chapter 35: End Of Internship (4)

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When YongHo came back, his expression was serious. At that figure, HyeJin who was next to him became curious.

“Sunbae. Did anything happen?”

“.....”

HyeJin never looked at YongHo with that kind of expression before. Even when countless bugs occurred, he didn't look this serious.

“S, Sunbae?”

However, HyeJin's voice didn't reach YongHo's ears. No, No one's voice reached his ears. Until HyeJin tapped YongHo's back saying it was his turn.

In the conference room sat 4 men. Their neatly placed hands and clean shirts seem to tell what kind of life they led.

“Mr. YongHo?”

“Yes.”

“According to our investigation, a different file to the one uploaded on the commercial server could be found on the

configuration management server... What do you think about this?”

“The file upload program wasn’t installed by me. If there is anything different to the file on the configuration management server, that’s probably because I directly edited the source on the commercial server and built it.”

“So you are saying you violated the security rules.”

“Sorry?”

“If a program was uploaded onto the server then there must be no further edits. The program must be the same one that was checked by the QA team.’

YongHo didn’t know about this. He felt like someone slapped him on the back of his head.

“.....”

“Also, a few testimonies mentioned that Mr. YongHo made file upload program and uploaded it onto the server.”

Bang

YongHo slapped both of his hands onto the table as he stood up.

“Who said it? That I did it.”

“This isn’t a problem that will get solved by being angry. Sit down.”

Unlike the angry YongHo, the investigators were calm and composed.

“Is there anything else that you have violated?”

It seemed that they already made the conclusion that it was YongHo’s doing. His head, which was burning up, instantly cooled down.

“Nothing sir.”

“Then you may leave.”

At the investigator’s words, YongHo stood up powerlessly. As he stepped out of the door, the company employees were waiting for their turns while sitting. Amidst them, project manager Jung JunWoo could be seen. Their eyes met but they said nothing.

At that moment, an announcement could be heard from the speaker.

-The cooperating outsourcers, the PM, PL level managers and above, please gather in the main hall immediately.

-I repeat. The cooperating outsourcers, the PM, PL level managers and above, please gather in the main hall immediately.

\*\*\*

The main hall which could hold hundreds of people were full with people. On the screen at the front, a PPT slide could be seen.

-Discussing how to solve the problem with new phone activation.

One thing could be learned even with just the title.

A problem has occurred. And they gathered to talk about the solution to the problem. After everyone came in the presenter picked up the mic.

“Nice to meet you, everyone. I’m vice president Go JinSung of KO Telecom.”

At the presenter’s words the noisy hall quieted down. It was a place where the KO Telecom’s vice president showed up himself. Everyone was afraid that he would find fault in them and became quiet.

“Currently, I imagine that everyone should be aware of what kind of problem has occurred. However, a problem that the mass media doesn’t know about has occurred. As seen from the title,

there's an error with the new phones' activation. We suspect that the hacker group has left this malignant code behind in order to avoid tracing.

The vice president continued presenting for around 20 minutes. The hacker group that leaked customers' private information left behind a malignant code.

And that code kept interfering with the activation of the phone. He called everyone here in order to find the solution.

There was an even more important piece of information.

Reward of 100 million won ( $\approx 85,000$ USD).

The person who can fix the problem would be rewarded with 100 million won.

“Not only 100 million won, the company affiliated to the person who can fix this will also receive advantages in contracts in the future. So if anyone think they can fix it, then please e-mail the address that's written on the PPT.”

The vice president finished explaining and the hall once again became noisy with people's talking. Amidst them, An ByungHoon and project manager Jung JunWoo were also sitting down.

“General manager, what do we do? Shall we send a mail too?”

“Just stay still. Don’t lose face by stepping up here.”

“But I think it’s worth a try.”

“Can you do it? Do you know how many megabytes the source for activating phones is? And you want to find it now and edit? What will you do when the situation becomes even bigger?”

“I think we can do it with YongHo around.”

“What does an intern know? And YongHo will leave the company soon.”

“What? What do you mean by that?”

An ByungHoon said in surprise as he widened his eyes.

“Didn’t I mention it last time? It’s like that. He will take responsibility for the problem this time and leave the company.”

“How? Didn’t you just say ‘what does an intern know?’ How can he take responsibility?”

Seeming irritated at An ByungHoon’s furious words, General manager Jung also spoke in a louder voice.

“The director told me to. Don’t blame me.”

“Even so.....”

“Or you can tell the director yourself. That you were the one who did it. You can take responsibility and take off your clothes.” (Give up your position)

Not wanting to speak anymore, project manager Jung left the hall after that. An ByungHoon took out his phone after seeming distracted for a while.

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“Manager, isn’t this too ridiculous?”

YongHo said in a repressed tone, trying to vent all his frustration. An ByungHoon couldn’t say anything after he saw YongHo acting like that.

“You know very well how much I contributed to this project.”

“I do. I know very well.”

“And now, they say as if all the responsibility lies within me.....”

YongHo tightened his fists in rage. His eyes turned red due to

being falsely accused. The current situation was too much for a 27 year-old undergraduate to bear.

“Did you know?”

“...No.”

An ByungHoon didn't bother explaining the truth. A guilty conscience stabbed his heart.

“Say something to the higher-ups. That I didn't do it.”

“.....”

An ByungHoon silently tapped YongHo's shoulders. YongHo, who held his head down, abruptly stood up.

“Now's not the time to do this. I will appeal to the PM once more.”

“Sit.”

“I need to tell him that I didn't do it.”

“.....”

A few passersby glanced at the two who were conversing on the



bench. The frustration in YongHo's voice seemed to be felt by everyone.

Ring Ring

Not considering YongHo's mood, An ByungHoon's phone started ringing. An ByungHoon hesitated whether to pick it up or not.

"You have to answer. It's not even your fault... You don't have to be so sorry."

At YongHo's words, An ByungHoon answered the call but didn't talk for too long. He just said 'Yes' a few times but it didn't seem that there was much content.

An ByungHoon stood up after ending the call.

"We need to go, Come with me."

"You know very well that this is not that kind of situation."

"That's why I'm saying we need to go."

"Where?"

"Seolleung."

“Seolleung?”

“Yes. The server room in Seolleung.”

An ByungHoon pulled YongHo’s arm up to make him stand. YongHo, who didn’t understand anything, could only follow, dragged by An ByungHoon’s hands.

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The atmosphere in the Seolleung server room seemed serious even from the entrance. Men in black suits searched each of the person one by one. An ByungHoon, who walked towards the entrance, took out his ID card and revealed his name.

“An ByungHoon.”

The man guided An ByungHoon to the server room after confirming the ID card. Entering the server room, the man who did the presentation was occupying a seat.

It was KO Telecom’s vice president Go JinSung.

“Nice to meet you. Vice president Go JinSung.”

“An ByungHoon from Mirae IT.”

“An anonymous person told me of your skills via e-mail. And I looked up and it seems like you are quite skilled so I contacted you. I heard you were an open source contributor.....”

“You flatter me.”

Go JinSung turned his head to look at YongHo, who felt like he shouldn't be here.

“But who is.....”

“Lee YongHo, who will solve the program with me this time. YongHo, greet him. He's the vice president of KO Telecom.”

Vice president.

It wasn't some general manager and it was the vice president. It was the person with the highest authority YongHo met in his life. His hands involuntarily shivered due to nervousness.

“Nice to meet you.”

“Good day to you sir. My name is Lee YongHo.”

His voice involuntarily tensed. The frustrated tone from until a moment ago disappeared altogether.

“This is really urgent so I will leave it to you.”

Even now, various chain stores were querying about the phone activation. It was no wonder the reward was 100 million won.

“I understand.”

In a corner of the server room, YongHo sat in front of a computer while looking at An ByungHoon curiously.

“I will say it shortly. Currently, the KO Telecom’s phones aren’t activating due to an error. We need to fix that, and the reward is 100 million. You can do it, right?”

“.....”

“Can you do it or not.”

“What’s in it for me?”

“If you manage to get the reward, of course the responsibilities you have to take may be nullified.”

“Really?”

“Yes. The vice president from just now offered a reward of 100 million won.”

“I really won’t have to take responsibility?”

“That.....”

At An ByungHoon’s reaction, YongHo stopped to think. However, he eventually decided. He didn’t have a reason to stay in this company as soon as the PM shifted the blame to him.

Reward of 100 million.

That was enough of a reason to do this.

“I understand. I will do it.”

“You’ve decided well.”

YongHo and An ByungHoon paid attention to the man who managed the phone activation related programs. On one hand, YongHo kept looking out for the bug window. The bug was as good as fixed as soon as it pops up in the bug window.

## Chapter 36: End Of Internship (5)

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The phone activation process was a program that was run on the background. It was similar to a program that automatically starts running after finish loading the desktop.

A programmer next to YongHo re-activated the phone activation program and explained the basic structure of the program while inputting a few commands. ‘Hmm.’

Looking at the bug window, it was clear that there was indeed a problem. The process on line 1045 of the program running in the background was a malignant code. That process kept swapping one of the files related to phone activation.

He already knew how to fix it. The thing YongHo was worried about was something else.

Can these people be trusted?

‘Yes. I think I’ll do it this way.’

After sorting out his thoughts, YongHo called out to An ByungHoon, who was looking at the monitor.

“Manager.”

“Yes, Mr. YongHo.”

“I can fix it.”

“Really? I knew you can do it. Yes, how do I do it?”

“However, I can’t tell you right now.”

“What?”

“Tell the KO Telecom’s vice president to write up a contract.”

YongHo’s military registration number was 2141, it represented that he was from the logistics department. If he learned anything from working with the logistics officer during his service, it would be the documentation of everything.

He wondered why all the small details were all included in the document but it turned out that it was there to determine accountability. The thing needed right now was exactly documentation.

“.....”

“Only after he writes a contract will I fix it.”

Between the two who were conversing a long shadow casted over. YongHo looked behind only to find out vice president Go JinSung was listening with his hands held behind his back.

“I told them to bring the contract paper right away.”

“.....”

“Well then, please fix it.”

“I will start as soon as the contract is written.”

After he finished speaking, YongHo’s eyes looked at the bug window. The solution was simple. It would end if he killed the process that the hacker group put in and deleted the related files.

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The contract was done in less than 30 minutes. Looking at that, YongHo remembered when he first came here, to the KO Telecom’s customer support project.

‘And it took one week to get the key card.’

The contract, which was more important than the key card, was done in less than 30 minutes. YongHo bitterly licked his lips and looked over the contract. He found a sentence that caught his eye.

-Provide with an after service whenever a problem arises later.



Even from YongHo's undergraduate eyes he could tell that it was disadvantageous.

‘Sigh... I-am-your-slave-even-after-I-complete-my-shit service, huh.’

YongHo, who was reading the contract, looked at the vice president. When he felt the fury in his heart, the nervousness and uncertainty disappeared.

“Vice president, I think you need to change this sentence. And also, I want it written more simply. ‘100 million won will be given if the problem is fixed’ is all it needs.”

The contract offered by KO Telecom was over 3 pages long. YongHo didn't have time to look over each of those lines, much less the time and knowledge to judge them.

“This young friend is quite daring. Ok, we will do it your way.”

The contract was written again and a lawyer authenticated it.

Seeming urgent, the vice president urged YongHo as soon as the contract was finished. There were thousands of chain stores around the country. The phone activation requests from each of those stores were currently unable to be processed. The amount of money lost in one hour was well over 100 million won.

“Then please hurry and fix it.”

“I understand.”

YongHo killed the process and deleted all the running files according to the bug window. And spoke to the programmer in charge of phone activation.

“Reset the source and run again.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the man ran the script which was already written. Not even 10 seconds passed when logs came up on the computer screen.

**k10297 4g open transaction success!!**

**k11291 4g open transaction success!!**

**k25293 4g open transaction success!!**

The first string was the virtual code given to each of the chain stores.

transaction success.

It was a log that showed that the activation was successful.

\*\*\*

The vice president's house was wider than YongHo's. 'President's desk and chair' that could be seen only in dramas could be seen. The chairs for guests were also made of leather which had the air of being high quality. YongHo and An ByungHoon were sitting there.

“What is your name again?”

“Lee YongHo, sir.”

“Thank you. The work finished well thanks to you. You're from Mirae IT?”

“Yes. I'm currently an intern.”

“Is that so. You worked hard.”

“No, sir.”

The vice president looked at An ByungHoon after he was done speaking with YongHo.

“You must be reassured with an employee like him around.”

“Oh, yes. It sure is reassuring.”

“The current project you’re working on.....”

“We are implementing the customer support system.”

“Oh, the one senior managing director Jeon is in charge of?”

“That’s the one.”

“I must tell him to go easy.”

An ByungHoon was tense. His tense hands which were placed on top of his knees showed how nervous he was.

“Thank you sir.”

“Well, Do you need anything or are you uncomfortable with anything?”

YongHo felt like he was in the military again. Whenever he had an interview with the battalion commander, he was always asked this.

-Tell anything that you have difficulties with in the military.

Then a weird thought passed by his head.

“I think the card key is issued a little too late. Even when I was put into this project, the card key took 1 week to be issued so I experienced some inconveniences. I think this can be improved.”

“Hahaha! Is that so? I will talk to them about it.”

He didn't know whether it will be improved or not but he wished that the programmers who were put into this project after this would have less inconveniences due to the late issuing of the card key.

“Anything else?”

YongHo looked at An ByungHoon. At the same time, An ByungHoon looked at YongHo. The two's gazes met and they smiled awkwardly. Vice president Go also looked at the two with a smile.

“So, there isn't. Then let's get up. You must be busy working.”

\*\*\*

100 million won.

It was no less than 100 million won.

While going to the office, YongHo's smile didn't go away.

‘But shouldn’t I give some of it to the manager?’

If he thought about it, it was the manager who made him able to receive that 100 million won. Also, they found the bug together. Purely looking at the result, it could be said that YongHo was the one who fixed it but An ByungHoon’s contribution couldn’t be ignored either.

‘Yeah. I should give him even if it’s a little bit.’

After calculating, YongHo called An ByungHoon.

“Manager An.”

“Oh, yes.”

“What’s your bank account number?”

“Why?”

“I wanted to give you some of the... reward money.”

An ByungHoon waved his hand.

“Why are you giving it to me? It was you who did it.”

“But it was you who introduced me to this work and we found the bug together too. I think it’s right and proper to give you a share.”

“It’s alright.”

“No, I won’t be able to rest easy like this.”

At YongHo’s urging, An Byung Hoon had eventually conceded. The two stepped into the office while conversing.

\*\*\*

Clap clap clap

In the office in which everyone was sitting, one person was standing up and was clapping.

No JunWoo.

The person in charge of the project.

“Wow, Mr. YongHo, I look at you in a new light. You’re amazing.”

“Th, thank you, sir.”

“To think I missed a talent like this. Did you say you were an intern? Shouldn’t you be promoted to general manager right away?”

No JunWoo’s exaggerated tone made every Mirae IT’s employee’s faces turn dark.

“What are you doing? Our hero is here, you should at least congratulate him. Hey, isn’t Mirae IT a bit too lacking in compassion?”

No JunWoo’s annoyance made the employees stand up one by one and they congratulated YongHo.

“Mr. YongHo. I see you in a new light.”

“Amazing.”

“You’ve worked hard.”

YongHo sat down, exhausted, after answering each and every one of those people, who praised him while patting his shoulders.

“Sunbae, was it really you who did it?”

“Of course it’s me, who else can it be?”



“Sunbae, really.....”

After the office became quiet, the PM stood up and spoke.

“Well then. We have something to celebrate today so let’s have a get together. Everyone here doesn’t have anything right? Even if you do, it would be better if you cancelled it.”

YongHo looked away from the PM who was speaking. There was indeed something to celebrate but he didn’t want to see the PM’s face. There was a knot which wasn’t undone yet.

# Chapter 37: Name Getting Known (1)

---

Long straight hair that sparkled in the light.

A perfect S-line rear figure.

The white fingers were typing the fingers as if they were seducing men.

<http://www.stackoverfly.com> (\*This thing won't de-link... It won't lead you anywhere)

Looking at the internet window, it was the website which YongHo visited a lot.

“Huh?”

The woman stopped still while having bit into a peach. The sweetness of the peach could be felt from the pink lips.

“There's a Korean person.”

An absolute majority of the open source projects were held in English-speaking countries. Stack overfly, too, was an activity that that answered people's questions without any sort of reward.

A Korean was rare in a place like that.

lovec@eaver.com

The thing the woman was looking at was YongHo's ID. Perhaps due to being active for a long time, his ranking, which was near the end, had risen to the middle of the rankings.

Some of YongHo's answers were even in the top 100.

Of course, YongHo, who had fear towards English, he was satisfied with just answering. He didn't know that his answers ranked in the top 100 nor did he know that his ranking was now in the middle of the rankings.

The woman who confirmed the ID seemed to have decided that she will look further into this as she started looking at the posts made by YongHo.

Her eyes behind her horn-rimmed glasses seemed to glow in interest.

"He has some skill."

A face that was white to the point of being pale showed that she was not an outdoor person. Perhaps due to her excitement due to her curiosity, a slight blush took place in her pale face.

\*\*\*

YongHo never expected that the knot would get untied so easily.

“I called you because I didn’t get a notification of turning into a permanent employee.”

-Oh... You didn’t get contacted. Unfortunately, there was a limit to the employment capacity this time.

The person from the human resources team awkwardly stuttered his words. It was one week since YongHo left the motel because the project had finished. SuMin, HyeJin and SungGyu were all contacted to come to the company main building to renew their contract to be a permanent employee.

But YongHo wasn’t.

“May I inquire about the reason? I think I showed plenty of my ability.”

When he got the fail notification he instead got more confident. All the uncertainty before the decision was made had disappeared. He felt that something was lifted from his heart.

-I repeat but, Mr. YongHo’s talent and capability is top notch but there is a limit to how many people we can employ this time.

Just because something was lifted from his heart, didn’t mean

that he didn't get angry.

“Why is it me?”

An angry tone was mixed in with the frustrated voice. Such change of emotion could be felt by the human resources team employee.

-I will end the call here if there isn't anything else.

“.....”

And he ended the call there without even listening to YongHo's words.

Even after the call ended, YongHo stared at his phone in a daze.

Kketalk(parody of kakaotalk's notification sound katalak)

-You've been invited to a group talk.

When he confirmed, HyeJin made a group talk, inviting SungGyu, SuMin and himself.

HyeJin: Sunbae, why are you so late? Are you going to be late on the first day?

HyeJin: I guess that takes a load off our minds about employment.

SungGyu-Hyung: What are you doing? Come quickly, it's boring here.

Ji SuMin: Tardiness is not good.

They were looking for YongHo. His eyes blurred while looking at the chat. A teardrop fell on to the phone screen. YongHo stayed with his head held down for a long while.

\*\*\*

Dinner time.

He wanted to tell his parents of only good news. He wanted to tell them about turning into a permanent employee while giving them the money he received due to his own ability. However, life didn't go as he willed. He brought his parents to the living room and he took out an envelope.

“What's this?”

“It's my salary until now. Use this to put out the urgent fire with this first.”

YongHo's parents' faces were full of shock after they opened the

envelope. A 10 million won cheque was in the envelope. He gave An ByungHoon 20 million won and the rest was in YongHo's bank account.

“Wh, where did you get a big sum like this?”

His parents had difficult lives all their life. It was a matter of fact that they would be shocked to receive a money like 10 million won. At their shocked figures, YongHo had difficulties telling them everything so he just told them vaguely.

“I earned it when I did some part time work while working. And.....”

“And what?”

“I think Mirae IT is not suitable for me.”

“What?”

His parents raised their voices in surprise.

“I think I can get employed by a bigger company.”

“Of course, being employed by a big company is good but... Isn't Mirae IT a good company too?”

“There is a sunbae from my school who got into Osung, and he said that a person with my capabilities could do in his company so he said he would look into it. Isn’t IT needed everywhere nowadays?”

There indeed was a person who got into Osung company. The trap was that there was only 1 in the last 5 years.

“Well, I did hear that nothing works without computers nowadays.”

At those words, YongHo smiled with all his might and said.

“Yes, so I’m trying to go to a better place.”

Perhaps due to the cheque he gave them, the talk ended well. YongHo’s parents seemed to be more interested in the envelope rather than what YongHo was saying.

\*\*\*

He didn’t go to the graduation ceremony.

He also didn’t answer people’s calls.

But he also didn’t drown himself in alcohol.



He didn't even ask 'why me?' while feeling despair of being thrown away by society.

And none of his job application papers passed.

Fail.

Fail.

Fail.

Big companies demanded a good educational background, TOEIC(Test of English for International Communication, very important in Korea when looking for a job), and high credits; and middle sized enterprises and small businesses preferred experienced people who can get to work right away.

YongHo's work experience only composed of his 6 months in Mirae IT.

'F\*ck, even the papers don't pass.'

Even passing the papers was not easy.

Once, he went to an enterprise that contacted him after seeing his résumé on SaramOut.

One was multiple marketing business.

The second was an employee from an estate agent project.

It wasn't a place he could do normal work.

Meanwhile, one place contacted him. When he searched the internet, he found it was an IT company. They said to come for an interview since his papers passed.

It took two months for his papers to pass.

The fact that he may become jobless for life at this rate made YongHo sensitive.

Youth unemployment rate of 410,000.

It was a continuous stream of anxious days when he thought about the fact that he could contribute to that number.

He knew better than anyone else that newbies don't get employed easily. It was important to get experience.

However, even an opportunity to get experience was rare.

It was an opportunity he got with difficulty.

The location of the company was Gasan Digital Complex.

‘Gasan? That’s the same place I almost got scammed.’

On the subway, he thought of the past. The experience he got with SungGyu when he went there to receive the money from the part time job passed through his head like a kaleidoscope.

As soon as he entered the small 15 pyung( $\approx 50\text{m}^2$ ), YongHo had to listen to an absurd talk.

“Sorry?”

The female employee said bluntly.

“The president said that they don’t need to hire anyone and I forgot to contact you about it.”

“I came here to have an interview but what do you mean by that?”

“You can just return.”

The female employee who was sitting at the entrance didn’t even give YongHo a glance. She sat there while looking at the computer screen and retorted.

“Excuse me.”

“I said return. I don’t know why, but the president said that he won’t have an interview after he looked at your résumé.

The female employee didn’t even tell him the reason and just repeated that he should return.

“Didn’t you call me AFTER looking at my résumé?”

“I don’t know.”

“Excuse me.”

“If you are like this, then I will call security.”

He had to turn back without even having an interview.

Bang

He vented his frustration on the innocent wall but all he got was the pain of having hit a solid and impenetrable wall.

\*\*\*

The continuous fails made YongHo more obsessed with stack overflow.

The only place where his ability can be acknowledged.

His English was insufficient but he could understand simple words.

great.

awesome.

I like your code.

I love it. (I doubt people will actually say this though)

Checking the simple replies and the private messages about appreciation for his help was his only consolation in life.

Although reality was sh\*t, here on stack overfly he wasn't envious of anyone else.

'There are a lot of messages today too.'

YongHo answered other people's posts but he also replied to the people who asked questions through messages.

Although he couldn't explain in detail, he commented on the source a lot with his insufficient English and he organized the

source neatly when he replied.

‘Hmm.....’

When he ran the source he got from a message, the result was indeed different to the expected value, as the asker explained.

‘Dijkstra’s algorithm, huh.’

When he first came into contact with dijkstra’s algorithm, he even considered dropping the course since it was too difficult.

It was then that SungGyu helped. He advised that he should learn the algorithm by heart if it was too difficult and YongHo really did learn the source word by word while programming.

Fortunately, learning it by heart did have an effect in studying and when he learnt it, he started understanding the theory behind it.

He didn’t even need the bug window.

He found the bug as soon as he looked at the code.

‘He forgot to renew new the weight on each vertices.’

Dijkstra’s algorithm.

As an algorithm that is used to find the shortest path, it is used a lot in GPS navigators and maps to find the shortest path between two places. (Author says that but they usually aren't)

With a weight on each point, the algorithm progressed as it moved one step when it found the smallest weight for a vertex. The weight had to be renewed when the the algorithm progressed to a new vertex.

‘I screwed up a lot too.’

YongHo seemed to have thought of the past as he smiled slightly. He had something to smile at amidst the tough life he had.

‘It should work if the weight is renewed in line 121.’

It was the part that YongHo had difficulties with in the past. After going through every single vertex, if a total weight that is lower than the previous value was found then a renewal of the total weight in the array which stored the previous values.

‘Let’s make an updateSearchResult method too.’

YongHo made a method in the middle of the source and inserted the statement to call that method in line 121.

When he ran the program, the result was as it should be.

YongHo, after he checked the result, pasted the code onto the message and added a new line.

He wished that the receiver could smile after solving the problem, as he added the new line.

I laughed and thought, thanks to old\*

-I laughed while thinking about the past, thanks to you.

It was the English he got from koogel translate.



## Chapter 38: Name Getting Known (2)

---

If anyone saw her smiling right now then s/he couldn't help but falling in love.

“What? You laughed while thinking of the old times?” (wow, I'm surprised she understood that... I sure couldn't)

The woman was reading YongHo's message while laughing. She was using a place that was 15 pyung( $\approx 50\text{m}^2$ ) alone. The neat interior gave a good impression.

“He probably used koogle translate.”

The woman knew that YongHo's English message at a glance. Perhaps she felt sincerity from the clumsy writing, a smile never left her lips while she was checking the code.

“I think his basics are good. Hmm.....”

After scrolling the mouse to the bottom of the page, the woman typed fast on the keyboard.

“Let's see if he can solve this.”

The woman seemed to have fun as she never left her seat for hours.

\*\*\*

One place finally contacted him. When he looked it up on the internet, it was an IT company. After tens of times of failing at the résumé stage and getting the door slammed in front of his face, he could finally step into the interview stage.

“Hmm... Lee YongHo, Lee YongHo, huh?..... I think I heard it somewhere.”

The president who did the interview kept murmuring YongHo’s name. Then he stared at the laptop on his desk. YongHo who didn’t know anything, could only stay sitting, silent.

“Ah! Lee YongHo!”

YongHo answered loudly as he thought the president was calling him.

“Yes, sir.”

“You said you were in Mirae IT, right?”

“That’s correct.”

“Things have turned ugly this time.”

“Sorry?”

The president stopped interviewing and went deep in thought. He spoke after a few minutes has passed.

“I will speak directly. Is 20 fine with you?”

“.....”

YongHo knew instantly what 20 meant.

20million won( $\approx$ 17,000 USD) salary per year.

If it was 20 million the actual pay is around 1.5million per month( $\approx$ 1250 USD). YongHo’s face turned stiff. (about 8 USD/hour)

“We are taking a big risk by hiring you. You, I heard you made a big mistake in Mirae IT.....”

YongHo could only be dumbfounded at the president’s words. He made a big contribution, not a big mistake.

“I never made a mistake in Mirae IT though?”

“It’s not a bad thing to make a mistake while working... Anyway, how about it? If you are fine with 20 million then contact me. We are hiring you since we happen to have just the right job for you.

Other people won't even accept you for an interview, you know?"

From the president's implicit words, YongHo instinctively knew that something was wrong with his personal history. Even just now, he felt that his name was not called but thought up from the president's memory.

"May I perhaps inquire about that 'mistake'?"

"Why are you asking me? Ask Mirae."

"....."

"You may not be able to work in this field if not for us."

Yongho calmly looked at the president's eyes. He had little experience with people, but it didn't seem like the president was lying.

"Then... Can I contact you after considering it a bit?"

"We have a schedule too so contact us within 2 days."

YongHo first said ok and he stood up. It was a difficult opportunity. The fact that his salary was only 20 million bothered him a bit but he couldn't let this opportunity go.

And he had to check one thing.

After the interview YongHo made a call.

An ByungHoon.

If it was him, YongHo thought that he would be able to tell him about the ‘mistake’ that the president mentioned.

The two met up in a barbeque restaurant near Yangjae station.

“Manager.”

“...Yeah, it’s been a while.”

“Have you been well?”

From An ByungHoon’s face, uneasiness together with delight to see him could be seen. It was due to the responsibility that YongHo didn’t change into a permanent employee. Anyhow, YongHo was a person who was once under him.

“If I knew beforehand.....”

“It’s the decision of higher ups... What can a mere manager do about it?”

“I’m sorry.”

YongHo, who didn’t want the atmosphere to turn gloomy, said in a bright tone.

“You don’t have to be like that. I forgot all about it.”

Seemingly having understood YongHo’s intentions, An ByungHoon loosened his stiff face.

“Yeah, here, have a glass.”

They emptied two bottles while giving and receiving glasses. Both YongHo and An ByungHoon became slightly drunk. (An average adult male can drink one bottle of soju without getting drunk)

YongHo who thought that they drank enough alcohol to talk so he started talking.

“Manager... Did I make a mistake while I was in Mirae?”

“A mistake? You were known for being great at work, what mistake?”

“But you know... When I had an interview while looking for a job. I heard these kind of lines, that I made a mistake in Mirae.”

An ByungHoon stopped his hand for a moment. And he emptied the alcohol into his mouth. He frowned perhaps because the alcohol was bitter. The word ‘mistake’ made him realize what kind of situation YongHo was in.

“A mistake huh... There is no reason for your name to be in the black...list.....”

Blacklist.

It was a kind of a wanted poster that businesses shared.

A person who was recorded in the blacklist had a hard time find a footing in the SI industry. This was because most companies would exclude him/her while hiring their employees.

YongHo’s name was recorded in there.

“Blacklist?”

“It’s a kind of a wanted poster that businesses share... They made it to exclude any person from finding a job that was in it.”

“Why is my name in there.....”

“I don’t know the exact details.....”

It was like a bolt from blue. He never imagined that the results for his hard work was for his name to be recorded in the blacklist.

“.....”

“YongHo.....”

An ByungHoon made a sorry expression as if he was the one to have done it. At that figure, YongHo said as if it was okay.

“I don’t have anything against you. You did enough for me.”

“.....”

“Anyway, who would have recorded my name in there?”

An ByungHoon hesitated. His eyes were trembling. He seemed to hesitate whether or not he should speak about this.

“Only a PM level person or above can tamper the information on the blacklist. I can only tell you until this point.”

An ByungHoon who finished speaking, stiffened his face and didn’t speak again.

YongHo didn’t speak anymore about the blacklist or the company. Only, the speed at which YongHo drank alcohol, became



faster.

\*\*\*

When he came back home, the lights were out. Because the TV was usually always on at this time, YongHo found it strange.

“Mom.”

There was no response.

“Mom. What are you doing?”

When he opened the door to the main bedroom, his mother was sitting there on top of some newspaper. A pair of scissors were held in one hand and strands of white colored hair could be seen here and there on the grey newspaper.

“Huh, Mom, what are you doing?”

“Can’t you see? I’m cutting my hair.”

His mother instead replied in a calm manner. That figure made YongHo more angry. From the way she was doing it, it wasn’t the first or second time she did this.

“Why are you cutting your hair at home?”

“Even if I go to a barber shop, it’s expensive and they have poor skills too.”

“.....”

“You must be tired, go to sleep.”

“I will give you the money so go to the barber’s.”

YongHo hurriedly took out his wallet from his back pocket.

20000 won.

It was all the money he had in his wallet. YongHo’s cheeks started twitching.

“You don’t even have a job, where would you get money... Go sleep.”

“.....”

YongHo couldn’t say anything.

Nothing.

He only resolved, and resolved again.

\*\*\*

Going to stack overfly became an important part of his life. The once a week to once in three days became many hours per day now.

“My rank has risen quite a lot.”

Looking at his profile, his worries seem to have lifted a bit.

5671. (It hasn't been half a year and ... wow.. is that 30+/day?)

It was the number of replies YongHo made.

No.21313

It was YongHo's rank. His bottom ranking had grown a lot. He consoled himself with the fact that the time spent was not wasted.

Looking around, YongHo checked his messages inbox.

“Huh? I think this person also messaged me a few days ago.”

A familiar nickname came within his sight.

danbi.jeong

Perhaps this person liked YongHo's answer, this person also sent a friend request.

“Koreans should help each other out.”

Nationality could be seen even without being friends. YongHo clicked the 'accept request' button. He could look at the details now that they were friends.

And he went into the details. A few information entered his eyes. The information which caught YongHo's eye was the e-mail address.

danbi.jeong@shinseki.com

“Shinseki? That's a big company. And this person knows less than me.”

YongHo's murmurs came out with a slight frustration. It was a company that didn't even accept his résumé since his specs didn't even reach the bottom line.

There was no other personal information so YongHo concentrated on the problem that the person sent.

“What is it this time?”

YongHo didn't dislike the feeling of being needed. He instead felt grateful. He felt that his his self-depreciation from the difficulties with employment was lifted slightly by being active in stack overfly.

\*\*\*

Escort agency.

It was term that referred to the company that YongHo was about to go.

It was a word that was coined because this company lent people to other companies like an escort agency that lent women to karaokes.

The client(gab) company would create a project and the contractor(eul) company would receive it. Then the contractor(eul) company would gather developers from escort agencies also known as outsourcing companies(byung).

Gab. Eul. Byung.

As the bottom feeder, the treatment was poor as well.

If 100 was given to the contractor(eul) company, then the contractor(eul) company would take 30 and give the rest to the

outsourcing companies(byung)'. And the outsourcing company(byung) would take 30 and give the rest to the programmers who did the actual work.

That was what YongHo knew.

However, he couldn't not go.

It was an escort agency where treatment was poor, but he decided after he heard that his name was in the blacklist.

First, improve his skills here.

Then improve his ability so that no one can look down on him again.

No one acknowledged a person with no work experience.

He would repay all the frustration he accumulated until now after improving his skills.

He knocked on the office door with that mind.

As soon as he entered the office, the president gave him the employment contract. YongHo couldn't hide his frustration after he looked at the employment contract.

20 million won.

He knew already, but he couldn't suppress his frustration when reality was in front of him.

An extra line on top of that.

Including severance pay.

That sentence was an eyesore.

“President, what do you mean by ‘including severance pay’?”

“Your salary includes severance pay, what other things can it mean? Just sign already.”

“It's different from what I heard last time?”

“Yearly salary of 20 million, what's different?”

“I didn't hear it included the severance pay.”

“So? Are you saying you can't do it? Doesn't a newbie have to act like a newbie and have a learning mindset? You have to thank us for even hiring you, who doesn't even have a verified work history... Moreover, blacklisted names don't even get a work even with these conditions.”

That damn 'newbie'.

That damn 'blacklist'.

Is it alright for a newbie to receive 20 million?

If you only want people with experience then where would newbies go?

YongHo clenched his teeth and suppressed his anger. However he couldn't control the amount of strength holding the pen.

Screech

One side of the paper, where the sign ended, had a hole on it.

However, the employment contract was done.



## Chapter 39: Name Getting Known (3)

---

The work began right away. And so did the absurdity.

“You want me to sit alone?”

“There’s not much work so it would be fine for Mr. YongHo to do it alone.”

“But even so... How can I alone.....”

“If you can’t even do that, how are you planning to live in this harsh world? First, you start off by going alone, learn new things and meet new people.”

The president instead said confidently. He acted as if this was obvious.

“Then which project am I participating in.....”

YongHo already seemed half given up since he thought that this place wasn’t somewhere he was going to spend a long time in. He was full of thoughts that he should switch companies after getting experience.

Working in stack overflow didn’t mean that he earned money right away. Even so, he couldn’t rely on the reward money forever.

Moreover, the thing YongHo needed right now was work experience. The ability to solve bugs was useless if there weren't any bugs.

\*\*\*

The woman who sent the message to YongHo.

Jeong DanBi.

Team leader of smart shopping strategy team.

It was the words that were written in the business card on the desk that Jeong DanBi sat.

Her looks showed that she just graduated university but her position wasn't low at all.

Jeong DanBi was sitting and checking YongHo's reply.

"His skills are not bad."

Jeong DanBi made a fresh smile while nodding. She seemed to like YongHo's reply.

"What's your opinion, head researcher Son?"

In front of Jeong Danbi sat a man.

Son SeokHo.

As one of the few open source committers of Korea, he was a talent that Jeong DanBi worked hard to scout.

He had a bulging belly and fat cheeks. The darkish shadowed beard gave off a developer's force. The unconcealable wrinkles told that he was around his late 30's.

At Jeong DanBi's question, Son SeokHo answered while chewing the sweet bean bread that was in his mouth.

"Hmm... He's certainly not bad."

When he was answering, a few black fragments flew towards Jeong DanBi.

"Hey, speak after you eat. It's scattering everywhere."

"Hoho, is that so?"

Not minding Jeong DanBi's words, he instead grabbed another sweet bean bread and put it in his mouth.

"He's worth meeting once, don't you think?"

“Well, I am your subordinate, so if you’re ok, then I’m good too.”

“Head researcher has better eyes for codes than me, don’t you?”

“Surely you jest, You, who graduated from KEIST worse than me, who graduated from correspondence college?”

“Oh, head researcher!”

“Haha, team leader’s words are right. I think it’s not bad to meet him once.”

“Then I’ll arrange it that way.”

Son SeokHo, who was eating a sweet bean bread, had his gaze on the window which Jeong DanBi opened. He didn’t let go of YongHo’s code, while not letting go of the bread in his mouth either.

\*\*\*

YongHo was standing in front of a desk which was full of dust, with his laptop bag in hand. The staff known as the ‘person in charge’ came up to him.

“Who came from Onnurisoft?”

“Oh, it’s me.”

“I don’t know how how long you will be staying but... Nice to meet you anyway. I am manager Joo BeomJoon who’s in charge around here.”

With a tired face, his voice was full of annoyance.

“Oh, yes. Lee YongHo.”

“Your experience in developing is 3 years? I heard a lot about you.”

YongHo could only tilt his head. His entire work experience was 6 months as an intern, but to say 3 years of work experience... He wondered what this was about. Moreover, experience regarding development... It was the first time he heard of such a thing.

“.....”

“You did it for 3 years so I trust you will be able to do it well.”

The word ‘3 years’ kept bothering his ears. In the end, YongHo couldn’t hold back his curiosity and asked.

“3 years? I only had 6 months of experience as an intern though?”

At YongHo's words, Joo BeomJoon's face turned ugly. And he started talking to himself.

"...\*Sigh\* This guy, again."

"....."

"Well, first sit here."

Joo BeomJoon who finished speaking left the place like the wind.

\*\*\*

Shinseki group was the best distribution company within the country. As such, it held a lot of the customers' private information.

Jeong DanBi ordered people to ask if anyone had the account registered with lovec@eaver.com

"Did you look into it?"

"Yes."

"And, what's the result?"

“I think he’s currently working for us.”

A man wearing a clean suit who was reporting wondered why a person such as Jeong DanBi told him to look into this. However, he couldn’t show it on the surface. He knew very well that doing as you’re told silently was the secret to having a long employee life.

“Our company? Which department?”

The already big eyes of Jeong DanBi became wider. They say it was fate if you pass by each other. The fact that the Korean guy who came into her eyes while looking through stack overfly was working in the same company made her feel a strange heartbeat.

“Uhh... He’s not OUR staff, he’s here from an outsourcing company.”

“Outsourcing huh... Where is it? Let’s go immediately.”

“I understand.”

Jeong DanBi stood up from her seat. As she stood up the fragrant smell diffused throughout the neatly cleaned room.

\*\*\*

YongHo silently finished cleaning his desk and sat down.

The environment here was worse than when he was an intern.

From the computer's specs to the desk and chair's quality... There wasn't a single thing that was intact. The chair's height adjustment was broken, and the desk was chipped here and there.

The only take-over information was a USB that the president threw at him.

'I can't believe he gave me this and told me to start working.'

His work was maintaining the ERP. The president emphasized the point that he could do it alone since there's not much work to do because it was an SM(System Management)

He couldn't let anyone from Mirae IT find out that he was hired so he said that YongHo could only work in a place where they wouldn't know. He emphasized again and again that this was the only place where he could work that he found.

'It's a bit too much.'

While YongHo's chair and desk was doubtful to whether it's even usable or not, some places boasted of the latest tech.

The chairs looked big and comfortable, and the desk seemed at least twice the size of YongHo's desk.



‘Shinseki huh.’

YongHo also knew of Shinseki.

A big company with over 10 trillion won( $\approx$ 8.4 billion USD) profit per year.

YongHo also had the experience of failing his application to Shinseki I&C which was Shinseki’s data processing subsidiary.

While thinking of the self introduction he made. as he looked around the place, he could find a clear difference in treatment.

The quality of the desks and chairs differed according to the name that was written on the name tag.

The environment for people who had ‘Shinseki’ in their name tag and the environment for people who had ‘Outsourcing’ in their name tag were different.

‘Wow, they are really stingy.’

He was bitter. He took out a candy from his pocket to relieve himself of his bitterness and he connected the USB to the laptop.

‘Let’s have a look at the USB.’

YongHo opened the USB and had a look at the ERP system structure.

\*\*\*

“Mr. YongHo, are you that dense?”

YongHo wondered what this kind of humiliation was about. While he was looking at what to do on his seat, the president who called YongHo started getting angry at him.

“What do you mean.....”

“You said you had 6 months of experience?”

“Yes.”

YongHo replied confidently. He had no hesitation since it really was 6 months. However, the president’s thinking was different.

“Listen well, Mr. YongHo. From now, you had 3 years of experience maintaining ERP. Especially in business management.”

“I don’t understand what you mean.....”

“AGH, just do as you’re told.”

At YongHo, who kept asking questions, the president got angry and shouted. At that figure, YongHo's blood circulated faster in his body.

“You are telling me to lie?”

“It's not a lie, it's flexibility, don't you know flexibility? Flexibility. The client(gab) company requires people with at least 3 years of experience. Do you know how much effort I spent to get you in there?”

“.....”

“The work is not that hard anyway so you don't have to worry about it. Just that, if someone asks you, then you say you indeed have 3 years of experience, and you were specially dispatched from Onnuri. You understand? It's not even that hard.”

The president said in a quiet and secretive voice. He tried to persuade YongHo by telling him that it was good for both sides.

“I can't do that.”

However, YongHo didn't budge. Such YongHo made the president more angry.

“If you can't do it, you're fired! Fired! Also, you made the company experience a loss so it's okay if I sue you for reparation right?”

As they continued, the situation turned worse and worse. The president tried to persuade him with both the carrot and the whip but YongHo didn't budge.

He couldn't lie. He didn't live or was taught that way.

“Do whatever you want. Then I'll start packing.”

He pompously said and stood up. The president tried to stop him but YongHo shook him off in no time.

“LEE YONGHO!”

\*\*\*

“Mr. Lee YongHo?”

When he went back to his seat, he was dumbfounded at the situation so he could do nothing but just stand there.

He was overwhelmed with just the outer look. Ji SuMin and Choi HyeJin were both quite pretty, but this was the difference between a celebrity and the general public.

The woman who sat on YongHo's seat with crossed legs didn't mind YongHo's reaction and kept asking him.

“Is your e-mail address lovec@eaver.com?”

YongHo opened his mouth without speaking and just nodded. The president of Onnuri soft who followed YongHo also stood there, dazed.

“You are active in stack overfly right?”

Perhaps her voice contained a power to freshen a person’s mind, YongHo’s stirred heart started calming down. He also felt that the blood in his head started going down..

He calmed down to the point of being able to speak.

“That’s correct. But How do you.....”

The woman who appeared out of nowhere knew what kind of activity YongHo did in the site correctly.

The woman asked each and everything of YongHo’s activity in stack overfly. He was more curious as time went on at this woman who seem to know a lot about him.

Before YongHo even had a chance to ask, the woman introduced herself first.

“Hello. I’m team leader Jeong DanBi from Shinseki group’s

smart shopping strategy team. From what I got, you just got fired. Do you have any intentions to work with us?”

Jeong DanBi stood up from her seat and offered her hand. YongHo who looked at the suddenly offered hand and a weird thought passed by his head.

‘Even her hands are pretty.’

And he grabbed her hand. The soft sensation made his heart stir again.

# Chapter 40: Transaction Error (1)

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Shinseki Group.

As one of the three great distribution companies, it expanded its business in every field that looked like they could profit off it, such as department stores, discount stores, brand-name outlets and even local businesses.

The CEO Jeong JinYong declared his intentions to invest in the software field like the US company 'Jungle' did in his new year's speech.

Online shopping was a market which had a growth rate of not 10~20% but 30~40%. He intended to target this market by investing in software.

From that the smart shopping strategy team was made.

Coincidentally, Jeong JinYong chairman's third daughter, Jeong DanBi, was a talent that graduated from KEIST, a top tier university in Korea. He first gave her the title 'team leader' and left her to see what she can do.

Such Jeong DanBi was sitting in front of YongHo.

She was wearing jeans but they couldn't hide her attractive legs. The skin tight jeans didn't expose any part of the skin but it made him unable to think where to place his eyes anywhere.

“How is it? I don’t think it’s a bad offer for you, Mr. YongHo.”

“It’s too sudden so I’m a bit dumbfounded.”

YongHo thought it was a relief that he didn’t stutter. It was due to the fact that he got used to it from all the part time job he did in the past few years.

“We will have to talk over the details but, we will treat you the same way we treat our specialized developers.”

He need to hear about the details but YongHo pretty much decided what to do after listening to the name ‘Shinseki’.

It was a company incomparable to Mirae IT. If he had to compare, it was comparable to KO Telecom.

The one who was dumbfounded at the situation wasn’t only YongHo.

It was the same for the president of Onnuri soft, who followed YongHo. Jeong DanBi’s gaze moved to Onnuri soft’s president.

“And Mr. President of Onnuri soft?”

“Oh, yes. P, president.”



“I’m no president, I’m just a team leader. You lied to us about Mr. YongHo’s work history here. You know that it’s forgery of private document right?”

“This, it’s... not that I lied.”

“You were about to sue YongHo for reparation damages or so I heard... I think you have to confront our legal team first?”

Although she wasn’t here, she knew a lot. YongHo was still feeling relieved so he didn’t even notice this fact.

“Who’s in charge here?”

Jeong DanBi’s voice was cold. It was a different voice to when she spoke to YongHo.

“It, it’s me, team leader.”

Joo BeomJoon who was observing from behind, stepped up. His intimidated face felt like he was predicting his own future.

“Go to the CSR team and said I sent you.”

“T, team leader.”

Even at Joo BeomJoon's begging face, Jeong DanBi was merciless. Instead, she cornered him even more.

“If you want to pack up, then you are free to continue speaking.”

The cold gaze and a few lines captivated the audience. From the charisma given off by her, who looked young, one could imagine what kind of life she led.

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The place he followed Jeong DanBi to was an office room with large windows which the outside could be seen. There was enough personal space and the furnitures in the office gave off an aura of their worth.

YongHo stiffly stepped into the office. As soon as he entered, Jeong DanBi turned back and said.

“First, I would like to do a simple interview, do you have anything like a résumé with you?”

The fragrance from the long hair which flew as she turned his head kept YongHo dazed.

“Mr. Lee YongHo?”

“Oh, yes.”

“I asked if you have any résumé on you.”

At YongHo’s dazed figure, Jeong DanBi asked while wrinkling one of her eyes.

“Oh, I do have it. But it’s in a virtual drive.....”

“That doesn’t matter. Then would you go and sit in the conference room you see there?”

Not long after YongHo entered the conference room, two men with Jeong DanBi came into the room. The interview began right away.

One was Son SeokHo.

The other was Heo JiHoon.

Son SeokHo of development.

Heo JiHoon of strategy.

These two were considered the left and right hands of Jeong DanBi. First, Heo JiHoon with a sharp expression started asking.

“Your school is SeonMin, with a credit of 3.5.....”

“Yes.”

“How is it? Did you learn a lot?”

Heo JiHoon who was wearing a thinly rimmed glasses looked at YongHo. His indifferent expression didn't have any trace of emotion.

“I learned to the point that I wouldn't be called 'useless' anywhere.”

YongHo already had confidence in his ability. His confidence showed also from his attitude.

“Really? Then, what did you learn until now?”

The questions bothered him a bit but it wasn't like he was disdaining YongHo. He was strictly keeping his position as an interviewer.

“I think I learned basic knowledge to do programming such as languages like java, SQL, Html, various algorithms, and understanding of systems.”

YongHo's answers were fluent. He had many interview while preparing for his employment. Heo JiHoon's questions were all within YongHo's experience.

And another person's questions started. Unlike the man with a sharp expression, he gave off an entirely opposite kind of aura.

"I am Son SeokHo. Well, first off, you have a better educational background than me. I'm from correspondence college so... I will ask a few technical related questions. What do you think is the meaning of object oriented programming?"

"Rather than simply dividing programs into data and procedures, it's a method of programming that divides programs into units known as 'objects' and views the program as the interactions between various objects."

"Then, on the whiteboard in front of you, would you hand code a program to generate prime numbers the object oriented way?"

He still had a smile. However, that smile felt intimidating to YongHo.

If one coded on the computer, the program developing tools guided the way somewhat. If using an already existing function, it would guide you to that function and it would give off a notice when a program had a syntax error.

However, doing it by hand was different.

He couldn't check the result by running the program, nor could he use the bug window. Moreover, his experience in hand coding

was almost non-existent.

But he couldn't say that he couldn't do it.

He couldn't let a chance that came like a miracle, go.

"I understand."

YongHo stood up from his seat felt cold sweat on his back as he started writing letter by letter.

Thanks to Kim WonHo's development tool prohibition, he could remember most java methods. Moreover, it didn't matter whether he knew it or not for a program to generate prime numbers.

It was a problem that could be solved if he knew the four fundamental arithmetic operations, the if-statement and the for-statement.

The reason for YongHo's cold sweat was because he had to code it the object oriented way.

'First, split it into the prime number object and the calculation object.'

YongHo held the board marker and wrote slowly but correctly on the whiteboard. He made an object to store the prime number and he made an object to calculate that prime number.

And lastly, an object which called the prime number object and the calculation object and printed the result. In total, he made 3 objects.

Looking at YongHo who was hand coding, Son SeokHo still had a smiling face and nodded.

“I’m done.”

After around 10 minutes, YongHo put down the pen and stood on the side of the whiteboard. Jeong DanBi and Heo JiHoon was looking at the whiteboard.

At YongHo’s coding, Son SeokHo was in the middle of standing up without speaking a word.

“I am done with my interview. There were some points which were lacking but he’s worth working together with. I can leave first right?”

Even with team leader Jeong DanBi present, Son SeokHo had no hesitation. Jeong DanBi also didn’t look like she was affected by it.

Heo JiHoon frowned as he didn’t like that. However, he didn’t put it into words.

“Of course. You may.”

“Then.”

After Son SeokHo left the interview progressed like normal. A few simple questions were asked and it ended in no time at all.

\*\*\*

Pass.

He already knew but, after getting a call from Shinseki group's human resources team it came to him more realistically.

The unrealistic appearance and the unbelievable situation passed and a heart-clenching reality came upon him.

A pass he dreamed of.

It was safe to say that there were no seniors in SeonMin who commuted to Shinseki group. The awareness and the welfare side was also incomparable to Mirae IT.

“You passed as a specialised developer for Shinseki I&C.”

YongHo felt like shouting out loud. He felt the frustration he got until now being washed away.



“The photograph for the employee card can be taken from the studio I tell you, and when can you start working?”

“In one week.”

He already talked with Jeong DanBi that he will start working in one week.

He had enough of the jobless life so one week was enough. YongHo who ended the call couldn't help but keep smiling.

Such YongHo's change was first noticed by his mother.

“Did something happen?”

“Oh, I just got into Shinseki, that's all”

“What, Shinseki?”

YongHo purposely answered like it was nothing.

“Yeah. That Shinseki.”

“My god. It's good, it's too good!”

His mother even started clapping as she couldn't contain the joy. It was ranked within the top 30 of the financial world.

Frequently referred to as a big company.

It was a company that YongHo's parents knew too well.

"They said come starting next week."

"Don't we have to buy you a new suit or something?"

His mother first worried about clothing. She was stingy when buying her own clothes, but she was always sorry about not being able to buy them for her son.

"You don't have to do that. I need to do my filial duty now since I got a job. Let's go. If an employee goes to the department store, it's 20% off."

He didn't have an employee card yet but, he could make a credit card for employees before that.

He could make it as long as he got a confirmation from the human resources team, and if he used that, he would automatically get a 20% discount.

Even the already discounted products would have an extra 20% discount. Even though she first expressed that she didn't need to go to somewhere like a department store, YongHo's mother, in the end, expressed a silent approval.

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It had been a long time since he last came to a department store.

It was the first time if he excluded the time he got a brand name perfume for his girlfriend he dated for a short time in university.

And that first time was spent with his mother. He already decided on a present for his father, who worked on weekends.

His mother's gaze sparkled as she looked around the department store.

His mother wasn't an exception when it came to liking pretty items.

"Summer will be here soon, so, shall we buy some summer clothing?"

"You are spending so much money now that you got a job? Your mother is fine with just one T-shirt."

"Like I said, I get a 20% discount. Moreover, it's discount season so if you take another 20% off those prices then it doesn't cost that much."

YongHo persuaded his mother by saying that he got a discount.

Perhaps his mother's heart moved as she started looking around.

After she placed the clothes upon her chest at the mirror to see whether it matches her or not, his mother put down the shirt after looking at the price tag.

YongHo didn't miss that.

"That looks good."

"No it's not, it's doesn't suit me."

"I said it looks good, go try it."

It looked good.

His mother also seemed to like it.

It was different from those clothes bought from an unknown origin. That figure was pleasing to his eyes.

Shaking off his mother who was trying to dissuade him, YongHo stood in front of the counter. And he took out the card he received not too long ago.

"Employee discount applies here right?"

Even without looking back, YongHo knew how much his mother felt great.

Parents felt the most joy while watching their children being acknowledged outside the house.

“Yes, it does. Please wait a moment.”

The staff who received the card swiped it on the POS(Point of Sales: a terminal which can do the transaction).

And tilted his head as if it was strange.

“I, I’m sorry sir, The transaction isn’t working right now.”

“What?”

Fear filled the employee’s face.

However, the problem wasn’t limited to this store. From various places in the store, the employees were confronting customers while sweating cold sweat.

Transaction error.

It was one of the things that must never happen in a department store.

# Chapter 41: Transaction Error (2)

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Bang

“What do you mean the transaction doesn’t work?”

Heo JiHoon who was reading the report, abruptly stood up. The ice cold expression had already collapsed.

“It’s that... Transaction error occurred in a few POS’s after we added the mobile gift card transaction module this time.”

“What’s the problem!?”

“We are currently looking into it.”

Heo JiHoon who was listening to the report looked at Son SeokHo as he was about to chew him to death.

“Head researcher, didn’t you say there was nothing wrong with the program?”

“Yes. There is nothing wrong with the program I made.”

“Then what is the current situation about?”

“How would I know?”

His calm reaction instead made Heo JiHoon more angry. And the rationality-breaking line dug into Heo JiHoon's brain.

“Like I said before, the strategy itself was bad.”

The word was gift card but it was in fact, no different from an exchange ticket.

And the core of the strategy this time was to make it work on mobile.

It had no originality or creativity.

The developing schedule was shortened too much to match it with the department store's sales period.

And a problem erupted.

“What!?”

Heo JiHoon was angry like a fire but Son SeokHo didn't even flinch. He didn't even glance at Heo JiHoon's way. Seemingly having experience these types of situations lots of times, he just kept looking at the monitor like it was nothing.

“And you kept singing ‘outsourcing’ too.....”

Son SeokHo didn't seem to like Heo JiHoon at all. He was too focused on the results so he made a few outsourcing companies compete with each other to decrease the development price.

He didn't have any interest in improving internal capability.

He only tapped on the calculator to work out how to decrease the development period and decrease the price at the same time.

He treated humans as numbers.

Of course, it wouldn't be possible without Jeong DanBi's approval.

Jeong DanBi approved of Heo JiHoon's schedule since she also wanted results fast after she was put in charge of a new team.

It was just that it boomeranged back at them.

The smart shopping strategy team members were gathered in the conference room.

“And? The solution?”

“For now, we set the extra CAT terminals instead of the POS terminals to be able to do the transaction.”



“What does the outsourcing company say?”

“This... They are saying there’s nothing wrong with their side.....”

“Sigh.....”

It was Jeong DanBi asking and Heo JiHoon answering most of the time. The rest kept their silence.

However there was an eye-catching man.

chew chew

“Head researcher Son.”

“Oh, yes.”

Son SeokHo put down the sweet bean bread which he was eating.

“What’s your opinion on this?”

“My opinion? My opinion is that we shouldn’t have done this in the first place.”

“No, not that. This bug, can we solve it?”

The program simply died without leaving behind any error. Frustration could be seen on Jeong DanBi’s face.

The work that started ambitiously went wrong with the first button.

Eum, Oh, Ah ,Yeah, I’m falling for you. I keep reacting!

Son SeokHo didn’t even put his phone on vibrate mode as if he didn’t even care for Jeong DanBi.

“Excuse me.”

And he answered the call just like that. Such figure made Heo JiHoon more angry.

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“The transaction doesn’t work?”

“Oh. I’m very sorry, sir. If you wait a moment, then I will get a new terminal to do the transaction right away.”

The staff didn’t know what to do in panic. The other stores had the same problem. The stores with POS terminals all had errors

occurring.

It wasn't only the POS terminals which could do the transaction. The terminal the staff talked about was exactly that.

“Hmm.....”

YongHo was thinking something else. He wasn't even put to work yet but if he solved this problem, wouldn't he be able to receive extra marks?

He had the feeling that he would be acknowledged as a core talent and would rise in the company smoothly.

Even if it didn't go well, they would acknowledge him for his enthusiasm and passion and he would be able to make a good image for himself.

After sorting his thought out, he stepped up.

“Excuse me... I'm from Shinseki data processing team, can I have a look at the computer?”

He didn't have an employee card but it was confirmed that he was an employee from Shinseki due to his credit card.

The 010 on his credit card proved that it was a card that was issued to only the permanent employees. Moreover, it wasn't that

YongHo was requesting anything difficult.

“You can just try to do the transaction one more time in front of me.”

That was enough.

The bug was confirmed after just one try.

\*\*\*

The one who called Son SeokHo was yongHo.

“Team leader, it’s YongHo.”

“Oh, yes. Mr. YongHo, what is it?”

“I came to the department store but the transaction doesn’t work. It isn’t only here, the whole department store is in a mess... So I called you to ask if anything big was up.”

Son SeokHo made a small smile after he received YongHo’s call.

He didn’t even start commuting to the company but he had great passion.

“Where is that?”

“Near Hanti station.”

The department store near Hanti station was indeed the place they picked as the test bed.

“You’re correct. A problem has indeed popped up.”

“Oh, so I did see correctly. So I looked into it a bit.....”

YongHo had the intentions to sort out his stance through this.

To get marked by stepping up unnecessarily like it was with Kim WonHo. Or to get acknowledged. He was calculating all that.

If he heard something like ‘he’s a showoff’ then he didn’t have any intentions to stay for a long time.

Son SeokHo asked YongHo as if he didn’t understand.

“Oh did you? Do you mean that you looked at the source?”

Son SeokHo’s voice intentionally got louder.

He currently didn’t even have a company computer.

“Oh, not that. I just looked at what kind of symptoms it had.”

“And the result?”

Everyone in the conference room looked at Son SeokHo.

Everyone had ears to listen with so they knew that what Son SeokHo was talking about had a relation to the problem they were discussing.

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After everyone left, only Son SeokHo and Jeong DanBi were left in the room. Jeong DanBi asked in a surprised voice.

“It really works?”

“Yes. I called the developers to downgrade the firmware version and it works normally.”

“Whoa... I think I caught a bigger fish than I thought.”

“I am surprised at your judgement, team leader.”

They didn't need to edit the source.

The problem was with the version of the advertising monitor's

firmware (a microprogram to control the hardware) on the POS terminal.

The company which provided the monitor offered the latest version of the firmware which was different to the one they had for development and it clashed with the program and a problem occurred.

“Even I didn’t know he was at this level... Even if this is a coincidence... He’s at an unbelievable level.”

YongHo talked about the firmware problem when he was calling Son SeokHo.

He said that they should downgrade the firmware, as mentioned by the bug window.

Actually, Son SeokHo didn’t believe YongHo’s words. However, it was a new recruit being enthusiastic.

He knew better than anyone else what kind of courage YongHo had to have to make a call.

Thinking that there was nothing to lose, he did as YongHo said.

And the result, it was a big success.

However, there was a big homework that wasn’t solved.

YongHo's ability.

He recognized the origin of the error after just looking at what symptoms the program had and came up with a solution.

And that was in the middle of making Son SeokHo and Jeong DanBi shocked.

“Well. In any case, his skills aren't bad so isn't it all good?”

“Yeah. That's true, but I wonder if I will be able to manage someone like him.”

“Then all the better. Anyway, please stick him next to me.”

“Yes. No problem.”

Son SeokHo cheered like a little kid thinking that a big talent came into his hands.

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Director Kim ManHo's face turned ugly when he was listening to the report. A name he didn't want to hear was mentioned.

“A condition?”



“Yes. The KO Telecom’s side wants Lee YongHo to be included in this project.”

“He got fired right?”

“Yes.”

Kim ManHo who was thinking over things while facepalming, eventually resumed speaking.

“There’s no choice. Tell them that we fired him.”

“But it was a word from vice president Go JinSung so it may affect the contract.....”

“Then what do you want me to do?”

“I looked into it, and it seems like he contacted An ByungHoon since he had a hard time getting employed. How about re-admitting him into the company.....”

When doing projects, some people become ‘liked’ by the client(gab) company. And they put conditions to include some people.

KO Telecom’s vice president Go JinSung had made that condition as he had a deep impression of YongHo.

“Sigh... Do we really need to go that far?”

“The scale project alone is over 5 billion ( $\approx 4.2$  million USD) and, we need to get this considering our company’s utility in the portfolio. Moreover, the chairman had interest in this. Don’t we have to do this in our best condition?”

Mirae IT was already in charge of maintaining the ‘personal system’, a content recommendation system, which was owned by KO Telecom.

They were doing a project with the title ‘K-recommendation’ to enhance the personal system.

The scale alone was over 5 billion, moreover the recommendation system would become a system they would get their main income from in the future.

Especially, the important information to implement this system was the existing data.

They had to have the existing data to use it to mine data in various ways and test if the recommended data came out correctly to apply the service commercially.

As the biggest telecommunication company, KO Telecom was the finest test bed in that field.

If they could apply it to other fields with that technology as the base, then it may become a golden egg laying goose.

Mirae IT had enough reason to make this system succeed.

“Ok, tell ByungHoon to contact him.”

Kim ManHo couldn't keep on being stubborn after he heard that the chairman was watching this.

This success of this project to enhance the K-recommendation system could also work as a leverage on his path to become a president from a director.

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SungGyu, who was working couldn't hide his surprise when he heard the sudden sentence.

“What? You want me to contact YongHo?”

“Yes, the higher-ups want to re-admit Mr.YongHo to the company.”

“But why me?”

“An ByungHoon, who was his direct superior got the cold

shoulder. But you went to the same university so you are friendly with each other.”

At the PM’s words, SungGyu couldn’t hide his hesitation.

It was true that they were on good terms.

However, he didn’t build the relation to use it at times like these. SungGyu was very well aware of this fact.

“He’s not someone to listen just because I tell him.....”

SungGyu politely expressed his refusal.

However SungGyu’s opinion didn’t matter in company’s system of command.

“Hey, you didn’t even try, why are you like that?”

“.....”

“If it goes well, then you will receive extra marks from the higher-ups and there’s no demerit for you even if you fail so just have a talk with him.”

SungGyu’s head was in chaos as he kept listening to the PM’s persistent urging.

However, SungGyu knew.

What he had to do to keep commuting to Mirae IT.

YongHo politely expressed his refusal at An ByungHoon, saying he already got employed.

The company already threw him away once.

He had no reason to go back.

After An ByungHoon's call ended, SungGyu contacted him this time. He also had the intention to meet him to celebrate his employment so he gladly accepted.

“Oh, Hyung, it's been a while.”

“Oh.... yeah.”

“I will treat you this time.”

YongHo owed him a lot. Not only that, SungGyu was his savior when it came to improving his programming skills.

“Hyung, the meat is burning. Eat it quickly.”

YongHo placed a piece of grilled meat on SungGyu's side plate. Looking at the meat in his side plate, SungGyu emptied the soju cup in one shot and spoke.

“You got a call from manager An right?”

“Yes. I refused since I got a job.”

“Hmm... I heard you got a job with much difficulty.....”

“Hyung, do you, by chance, know what blacklist is? Wow, I contributed so much to the company and they put me in there, you know? I'm speechless.”

“.....”

“You get outta there soon too, ok?”

SungGyu's face kept turning darker as YongHo continued speaking. He could only continue to drink soju.

“YongHo, I have a request, can you do it for me?”

“Of course. I owe so much to you. What is it? Just speak about it.”

Seemingly having gotten confidence from YongHo's positive

attitude, he spoke with difficulty.

“I will get you out of the blacklist so... Can you come back to Mirae?”

“Hyung, th, that.....”

YongHo licked his lips and made a difficult expression. Considering his future or welfare, Shinseki was better than Mirae.

However, it was SungGyu who spoke about it so he couldn't refuse right away.

“... Yeah, it must be difficult.”

“I'm sorry.....”

“.....”

Looking at the silent SungGyu, this time, YongHo emptied his soju cup.

And he thought that he need to tell them of his decision firmly. The tiny bit of affection for Mirae IT disappeared after seeing them using An ByungHoon and even SungGyu.

“Tell Mirae IT. That there absolutely won't be a time I will go

back... I am very sorry to you. I will surely repay the debt I owe you from university.”

YongHo quietly stood up and went to the counter and payed.

Until he went out of the room, SungGyu didn't stand up and kept tilting the soju cup.



# Chapter 42: Basics Of Coding (1)

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A big company differed starting from the ID card.

Perhaps due to the company emphasizing design, even the ID card had signs of being designed carefully.

YongHo, who had put the ID card around his neck, was bothered about the watchful gazes around him, but he didn't really hate it.

A shiny building.

The luxuriousness inside seem to speak as to why people go on and on about big companies.

YongHo who entered the office sat down at the place with the name tag 'employee Lee YongHo'.

'Good.'

The office YongHo was located in was distinguishing even for Shinseki. Due to the team being lead by Jeong DanBi, the CEO's direct descent, it boasted of the best from private space to office supplies to furniture.

YongHo, who was sitting on his seat, was called by Jeong DanBi.

"Mr. YongHo, come to the conference room for a bit."

In the conference room were sitting the people who YongHo saw at the interview.

Heo JiHoon.

Son SeokHo.

Including them, introductions were made of the people who will work in the same office.

Heo JiHoon had the expression of not being convinced but he didn't say anything.

A few people greeted with their eyes. By solving the transaction error, YongHo was already known amongst the development team members.

“Oh, the person who solved the transaction error.”

“Really? Wow, I'm deeply impressed looking at his real face.”

“Please take care of me in the future.”

He was known as a capable person who fixed the transaction error without even looking at the source.

After a little introduction, Son SeokHo called YongHo alone.

“Nice to meet you. My name... you know already, there are high expectations on you Mr. YongHo.”

It was his honest opinion without a speck of lie.

Son SeokHo was honestly surprised.

He predicted the problem without even looking at the code, and he turned doubt into confirmation.

He didn't say it out loud but he had even thought that perhaps he was a genius.

The POS's program doesn't use the normal JAVA but basic or C# language. The transaction program that YongHo fixed was also written in C#.

Moreover YongHo didn't even have 1 year of developing experience.

He had enough intention to make him into a great programmer.

“Oh, yes.”

“By chance, do you have any code that you've written until now?”

If you do, I want to have a look at it.”

Son SeokHo asked with a sweet bean bread in his mouth. The figure of him eating bread while moving his mouth made him look no better than a elementary school student.

While it wasn't apparent from his looks, YongHo already knew from Jeong DanBi.

One of arch foundation's projects, maut's, committer.

Maut, to be exact, was a library for machine learning. It could classify and define data with similar properties and collaborative filtering (a type of recommendation algorithm).

YongHo was curious about the skills of an open source committer. He also had a program that he had a hard time on, and didn't manage to finish. It was source related to an indroid customized view.

“I have a source related to indroid customized view which I was planning to upload on gethub.”

YongHo calmly finished explaining about the view he was making. Son SeokHo, who heard it, showed interest.

“That sounds interesting.”

Looking at that figure, YongHo went into more detail.

And he also asked about a question that he couldn't solve at this opportunity.

“This is a view where the screen will shatter like glass and disappear, but the thing I have a problem with is the part where the effect should be a little different according to the surface area touched but it isn't easy.”

YongHo named it WindowView. He inherited View and added the methods necessary for the customized view. And he showed the effect of shattering by finding the coordinates of the touched area.

Just one thing.

He couldn't add the difference in effect according to the touched surface area.

He didn't solve that part so he didn't upload it on gethub.

“Can I first look at the source?”

YongHo downloaded the source from his own SVN account and showed it to Son SeokHo. And he started explaining one by one. The source started with a comment.

```
* View that shatters like glass when touched
*
* @author lee yong ho
* @version 1.0, 2015.3.1 method for effect intensity added
* @see None
*/
```

“Wow, the comments are neat.”

The majority of the programs didn’t have comments due to being chased by time. Son SeokHo being surprised after looking at YongHo’s code wasn’t out of the blue.

“Thank you.”

“If I am disappointed in anything, it’s the fact that the comments are not detailed enough. What kind of functions are in the view which shatters like glass when touched and how each method uses what kind of parameter, etc. But I think you followed the basic principle.”

There were a few basic principles to commenting.

Avoid repetition and don’t include special characters.

The document comments should not be within a method or a constructor. YongHo was abiding these basic principles.

Son SeokHo mentioned the parts that YongHo didn't consider.

“Well then, shall we look at the next line?”

The work which, he thought, started with just a few advices was turning into a code review.

An open source committer was clearly different from others.

“The name for this method is windowWidth but what does this method do?”

“It's a method that computes the width of the shattering effect.”

“Hmm... Do you know the rules for naming methods?”

“Not too clearly.....”

The custom was to start with a noun for a variable and a verb for a method to differentiate between them.

“A method's name should start with a verb so shouldn't we change it to computeWindowWidth?”

“Yes.....”

“Considering having solved the transaction error bug so easily, the quality of your source isn’t that high.”

Son SeokHo spoke without holding back. YongHo couldn’t say anything because it was all true.

He showed distinguishing ability in solving bugs thanks to the bug window, but he had a lot to learn related to program developing.

And YongHo had the right attitude.

“Please teach me a lot from now on.”

“Haha, that honest attitude is good. The stuff I just said now are mistakes that people starting coding make a lot. Developing new programs is good but you also need to remember the basics. If not, then even if you upload a revolutionary program onto gethub, nobody will look at it. After all, who would want to read a novel with incorrect grammar? Solid basics are a must.”

YongHo could only escape Son SeokHo’s hand after 3 hours of code review, with his curiosity unsolved.

The meticulousness was a level different from An ByungHoon.

He pointed out each and every variable name, each and every method name and even each and every indentation.



Son SeokHo seemed to treat the code as if he was treating a piece of artwork.

Editing until it was 100% perfect was a matter of course and he endorsed editing until the code looked beautiful.

It was to the point that YongHo's teeth started clattering even though he liked programming.

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“What? He can't come to our company because he went to Shinseki?”

“Yes.”

“Sigh... The contract won't be affected just because of some fresh graduate right?”

Kim ManHo stared at the reporting man as if he was shooting laser.

Perhaps that gaze was too unbearable, but the man quickly replied.

“O, of course.”

“Ok. You may leave.”

After the man left, Kim ManHo searched his phone contacts.

Shinseki vice-president Park KiChun.

After confirming the name, Kim ManHo called.

Perhaps they knew each other already but there was a simple greeting before they went to the main topic.

“I contacted you to ask about the progress for Shinseki recommendation system.”

-That matter has already been mostly transferred to team leader Jeong DanBi. So I think it's difficult for us to leave the development to Mirae IT.

“So I have a suggestion. From now, we want to provide 50 terminals of kiosk(unmanned information terminal) free of charge. The superiors' talks have already consented too. The only condition is that we receive the data from the kiosks that the customers used.”

Kiosk.

As an unmanned information terminal that displays the map, it

was a device mostly used when customers wanted guidance to go somewhere by touching the screen.

Mirae IT had the precondition that they had to analyze the information from the kiosks to develop the service.

The situation was that Mirae IT had to beg to give them the kiosks for free and get the data from them. Data concerning customer's acting pattern such as going somewhere at which time was hard to gather in the first place.

The sensitivity to private information was one of the reasons but there was not much methods to gather such data.

Department stores or discount stores were perfect places to gather data in that regard.

The world was now where data had value.

And Kim ManHo was over-emphasizing the fact that he was doing it for free.

Shinseki vice-president Park KiChun had no knowledge regarding technology so he seemed surprised at Kim ManHo's words and asked back.

-The kiosks, you say?

“Yes. As you know already, don’t we have the know-how from providing the recommendation service to KO Telecom? Add to that, the contract for KO Telecom’s next generation recommendation system, the K-Recommendation is as good as ours. Team leader Jeong DanBi’s ability will definitely be top-notch but she would have to spend effort in doing other things too, doesn’t she?”

-Hahaha there were a lot of rumors regarding that in the company even without you mentioning it.

“According to what I heard, team leader Jeong DanBi employed a problem child a while back. Even we didn’t hire him because he had some problems... he’s called Lee YongHo.....”

-Really?

“Yes. Well, he’s just an ordinary employee but I’m only saying this because he may perhaps harm team leader Jeong’s top-notch ability.”

-huh... hmm

“Please relay it to president Jeong JinHoon.”

Jeong JinHoon.

He was Jeong DanBi’s older brother and Shinseki Group CEO Jeong JinYong’s second son.

As a man with a big ambition, he clashed time to time with Jeong DanBi. Park KiChun was of Jeong JinHoon's line.

-I understand for now.

“Yes. Then I expect good news.”

Kim ManHo opened his notebook after ending the call.

President Kim ManHo.

Kim ManHo, who started as an ordinary employee and became a director while aiming for the president position, was looking at his notepad where this was written.

# Chapter 43: Basics Of Coding (2)

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“What should I do first?”

YongHo was enthusiastic. However, Son SeokHo’s answer was unexpected.

“That glass effect screen, have you finished it?”

“N...Not yet.”

“Then finish that first. Perfectly.”

“Pardon?”

YongHo didn’t seem to understand what Son SeokHo was saying. He thought it would be over with just a simple Q&A session but it turned into a code review time.

And he thought it would be over in an hour.

It was his mistake.

Perhaps he did not have any work but he looked over every single line for 3 hours.

However, right now, Son SeokHo was saying that that code was

still not enough. “I’m sorry to say this, but I don’t think Mr.YongHo’s ability is enough to co-work with me. You may be able to fix bugs, but as for you developing ability... well... anyway, It should be fine if you learn from now on. I’ll look over you. First, let’s make that glass effect screen perfect and raise your ability.”

Son SeokHo’s speech struck where it hurts. YongHo’s face, after hearing those words, colored in confusion. He was acknowledged in Mirae IT for his ability and was the top debugger.

Moreover, he found and fixed the problem in the KO Telecom’s system, which nobody else found.

It was the first time he heard that he had insufficient ability after his university days.

“I, I don’t have enough ability?”

“You don’t seem to understand. Then can I ask you a question?”

“Yes.”

The replying YongHo’s face turned serious. He didn’t live his life in vain to be disdained like this.

Come at me!

“What is encapsulation in java?”

“Binding of data and the method to process the data into one, encapsulation does not allow direct access to information inside an object from outside the object and only allow access through defined operations. As for its advantages.....”

YongHo’s explanation had no block. He explained as if he already prepared an answer.

“Then why can I not see encapsulation in Mr.YongHo’s code?”

“Ah, What do you mean by not seeing?”

“Put the code on the screen.”

The code review which happened once, started again.

Java’s encapsulation.

He had the knowledge from learning from books, but he couldn’t apply it in practice. He said he studied hard, but there were insufficient points.

Son SeokHo pointed to the variable which calculated the smartphone’s width and height and said.

“Here, this part. Why did you use public(a type of access controller)?”



“Th, that. To produce the effect of glass cracking, I needed the width and height of the screen and I meant to calculate the screen width and height and store it.....”

“Can’t you declare it as private and put the value into the variable yourself?”

“That’s possible.”

As the talk went on, YongHo’s voice became smaller. Son SeokHo’s words became a sharp dagger and messed up the insides of YongHo’s head.

The information inside an object cannot be accessed directly from outside.

“Mr.YongHo’s code, right now, seems like the inside can be controlled from the outside though?”

“.....”

YongHo couldn’t say anything at Son SeokHo’s irrefutable words. However, it wasn’t like Kim WonHo who tried to bully him.

He felt that it was an affection from senior to junior.

The mood was similar to when SungGyu taught YongHo.

Moreover, there was not a single thing that was wrong.

And more so, he couldn't say anything.

“The program doesn't end with it running. Reusability, expandability, flexibility, all these things must be considered.”

“I...Isn't it fine with it running.....”

YongHo tried timidly defying with a small voice.

“Mr. YongHo, How long do you think you will stay in this project? 1 year? 5 years? Who will come after Mr. YongHo leaves? Do you want that person to say ‘who the f\*ck sh\*t himself here?’ after looking at Mr.YongHo's code?”

“N, no.”

“The code must be legible in one look even by other people's eyes. The birth of the object oriented programming language known as java also implicitly have consideration for others. You cannot live the world alone.”

“.....”

“A perfect code is a code that is understandable without comments. You can do it right?”

“...Yes.”

“Well then, do you want a sweet bean bread?”

YongHo could understand why Son SeokHo liked sweet bean bread.

He really wanted to eat something sweet right now.

The problem was that he felt that he would want more and more in the future.

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“Good day to you, sir.”

People were greeting while they were standing up. They were bowing to a tall man who was entering the office.

Them man’s refreshing smile left a deep impression.

“Well then, everyone should sit. This is why it isn’t easy to come to to the office.”

Chairman Jeong JinYong's second son and Shinseki Inc.'s president, Jeong JinHoon.

A big company like Shinseki had a main company at the core and had few subsidiaries.

Jeong JinHoon was the president of the core company.

YongHo also awkwardly stood up and bowed.

"G, good day to you sir."

As he raised his head, YongHo couldn't help but be surprised. Jeong JinHoon who entered the office was right in front of his eyes.

"You're Mr. Lee YongHo who our DanBi personally scouted, right? I heard you even solved the transaction error problem. You've had it hard." (Yes, he calls her sister 'our DanBi' and it is creepy)

"Not at all, sir."

"Please take care of our DanBi from now on."

Jeong JinHoon didn't stop with just words and offered his hand.

YongHo received the handshake. The feeling he had from the grabbed hand was hardness.

And the generous eyes seem to represent his personality.

Jeong JinHoon, who finished the handshake, went in to Jeong DanBi's office without another word.

But impression was just an impression.

After looking at YongHo who was just standing there awkwardly, Son SeokHo spoke.

“Wow! Mr. YongHo will now have a smooth sail, huh?”

“What?”

“Don't you know who that is?”

“I, well, don't really.....”

“Well, this is a problem, to not even know the president's face.”

“The president?”

There was no way for YongHo to know Shinseki Inc.'s president. Not even one month had passed after he was employed. He was

busy with getting to know his office colleagues. Son SeokHo seemed amused teasing YongHo and raised his voice.

“Everyone! This employee here doesn’t seem to even know the president’s face.”

After Son SeokHo said that with a loud voice, sneaky laughter could be heard from here and there.

However, there was someone who took the words which were for laughter, seriously to death.

“Mr. Lee YongHo, can I see you for a sec?”

Heo JiHoon looked for YongHo. YongHo, who looked like he was about to cry, looked towards Son SeokHo with resentment.

Nevertheless, Son SeokHo took out a white handkerchief from who knows where and waved it towards YongHo.

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A handsome man and a beautiful woman were facing each other with steaming tea in between them.

It was Jeong JinHoon, whose smile could melt any lady’s heart and Jeong DanBi whose elegance could provoke any man’s heart.

Jeong DanBi looked at Jeong JinHoon who was sitting in the chair for guests.

“What’s your business here?”

“My dear sister, why are you so harsh?”

At Jeong DanBi’s words which gave out frightening cold air, Jeong JinHoon looked as if he was scared .

“Pre.si.dent.Jeong.Jin.Hoon what is your business here?”

Anyone could see that Jeong DanBi’s words, which she broke down into syllables, had hostility, rather than friendliness.

Perhaps this was not the first or second time it happened, Jeong JinHoon didn’t seem to mind at all.

Tap

Jeong JinHoon raised his hand and tapped on the chair’s armrest.

“This the smart shopping strategy team right?”

“That is so, why do you ask?”

“But then why are you employing a person who’s not ‘smart’?”

“You said that the rights of personnel management is entirely up to me.”

“But there’s something known as Shinseki’s image.”

“He’s a guy with ability.”

Jeong DanBi’s tense face didn’t loosen.

It was obvious.

Jeong DanBi knew instantly that the person Jeong JinHoon was talking about was YongHo.

However, Jeong JinHoon wasn’t a person to come down to just ask about one employee.

“How’s the recommendation system going?”

Shinseki’s recommendation system, aka, Preference Shoot (PS) System.

It was one of the reasons why Jeong DanBi was sitting in the team leader’s position in the smart shopping strategy team.



The world's biggest online shopping mall, America's 'Jungle', had 35% of their profits from recommendation.

2/3 of Netflix's movie rents also occurred from recommendation.

Recommendation was unavoidable for a service provider company.

Jeong DanBi, who graduated from KEIST, department of computer science, proposed to set up the recommendation system to Shinseki group's CEO, and her father, Jeong JinYong.

If they had any achievements, Jeong DanBi planned to separate from the company and make a corporation.

However, Jeong JinHoon, didn't believe that. He thought she was aiming for the position of CEO.

"It's going well."

"The chairman has a big interest in this."

The fact that it received the chairman's interest was very important.

Receive interest and achieve success.

If this simple process was repeated over and over again, Jeong DanBi would take Jeong JinHoon over in no time.

Jeong DanBi also knew what Jeong JinHoon was implying so she emphasized again.

“I’ll say it again, but I don’t have any interest in succeeding the company.”

“That’s what you think. Wouldn’t the chairman think differently?”

He was speaking leisurely but he couldn’t completely erase the uneasiness in his voice.

An unstable position as the second son and a capable little sister made him think that he could be left behind any time.

Tap

Jeong JinHoon used the armrest as support to stand up.

“I couldn’t wait forever so I decided to accept Mirae IT’s one too. Keep this in your mind.”

He spoke as if it was nothing important but the contents were nothing small.

“President!”

“You said it. Let’s do a fair competition. Compete with Mirae IT.”

Jeong DanBi’s face turned fierce.

# Chapter 44: Open Source Maut (1)

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2 a.m.

YongHo was still sitting in front of his computer.

‘Sigh... Until when should I keep editing this.’

Organizing the code and changing the variable names was an extremely difficult.

The fruits of program developing was in the fact that you were making something new.

However, the task Son SeokHo gave him was like cleaning.

Cleaning the code.

YongHo’s eyes couldn’t see them but Son SeokHo’s could.

Like when you see the same situation but think differently, even if they saw the same code, the depth of the code they saw was different.

‘Let’s take this to the end.’

At this point, YongHo could feel pride welling up.

With the mindset to become acknowledged by Son SeokHo, he didn't leave the computer today until it was dawn.

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“What's the current RMSE(Root Mean Square Error: the efficiency is better if the score is lower) score?”

“The record is 0.9014.”

“Hmm.....”

Jeong DanBi fell into thought after she received Son SeokHo's report. Son SeokHo, having noticed something was serious, asked.

“Why, did something happen?”

“I don't think we have any more time to develop it.”

“Then are you saying we should give up on the NetFlax Prize?”

NetFlax Prize.

It was a recommendation algorithm competition that NetFlax, the world's biggest movie renting site, hosted every year.

As a competition that started at the beginning of the year and the winner will be announced at the end of September, it was a long-term competition.

The prize was 1 million dollars.

NetFlax used the system developed in the competition to tune their own CineRecommend System.

RMSE was the standard of evaluation of each recommendation system in that competition.

The recommendation system provided by NetFlax had the efficiency of 0.9525.

The meaning of the score was simple.

User A gives movie B a score of 5.

However the recommendation system would give it a score of between 3.15~5.95.

Therefore, The lower the score the said recommendation system could be said to have a better efficiency.

Jeong DanBi and Son SeokHo was preparing to apply it to Shinseki's recommendation system after they've achieved great results in that competition.

“It was one of the conditions of your employment so we can’t give up on it... but I think we need to reduce the number of researchers than there are currently.”

Due to regret, Jeong DanBi couldn’t look at Son SeokHo in the eyes.

However, Son SeokHo also had the experience and age to know about the big companies’ inner struggle. He didn’t struggle a lot as if it was already within his expectations.

And answered refreshingly.

“Then let’s go with that. But give me Mr.YongHo, who came in recently.”

She didn’t feel that it was an impossible request at all, since it was a newbie who came in just recently.

Jeong DanBi ok’ed right away.

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Perhaps Rodin, who sculpted ‘thinker’ felt like this?

He didn’t live in the same era but YongHo could feel that he could sufficiently sympathize with him.

He didn't leave work that late.

However, due to the code review session the next day, he couldn't sleep properly.

He edited the code referencing the book, Code Complete(written by Steve McConnell, translated by Seo WooSeok), which Son SeokHo recommended.

He wanted to be acknowledged by Son SeokHo.

Son SeokHo never said anything wrong.

And he could feel that he had expectations of YongHo growing up.

Sincere words and insincere words could be distinguished regardless of the length of learning or age.

He knew automatically.

Son SeokHo was sincere.

He wanted to YongHo to grow as a programmer and wanted to tell one more thing to his junior.



YongHo wanted to live up to his expectations and he could feel that his ability was improving day by day.

And he reached here.

“If it’s this, then I think I can start leaving some work for you now.”

As soon as he heard Son SeokHo’s words, YongHo bit his lips which were trembling.

He purposely widened his eyes.

He shook his head from front to behind to suppress the emotion welling up from the bottom of his heart.

“You’ve done well.”

Son SeokHo also offered a sweet bean bread as if he knew YongHo’s efforts.

“Here, have one.”

YongHo, who received the sweet bean bread, bit into it.

The surging emotion barely subsided along with swallowing the sweet bean bread.

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A CEO's office that could only be seen in dramas.

Jeong DanBi and Jeong JinHoon were sitting in neat postures.

It was Jeong JinYong, CEO of Shinseki which was ranked 12th in the financial world.

“Chairman.”

“Let's do this JinHoon's way; we will alternate recommendation system that Mirae developed and the one you are developing each day until September and decide which system is better.”

“September is too short.”

“DanBi, didn't you say before? That IT changes fast so we, Shinseki, should change fast like that. I can't give you all the time you want.”

“However.....”

“Keep in mind that there are countless people who don't even have this opportunity.”

Jeong JinYong closed his eyes, implying that he wouldn't allow further conversation. At that figure, Jeong DanBi didn't open her lips, which were closed solidly.

As soon as they left the office, Jeong DanBi glared at Jeong JinHoon.

“Was it you?”

“Didn't I say to call me president in the company?”

“Is it so hard to give me some time? I said I will leave the company!”

“You tell me to give you time when time is money in this world?”

Jeong JinHoon replied with a sly smile. He seemed satisfied since things went the way he wanted.

“Are you going to keep hindering me like this?”

“What hindering, You know better than anyone else that you will lag behind without competition.”

Jeong DanBi glared at him but he didn't seem to care. Jeong JinHoon waved his hand and went ahead to the corridor.

“Well then, work hard.”

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“Thanks for your work, everyone. Today’s a get-together so turn off your PCs.”

Jeong DanBi came outside and spoke while clapping.

She felt like she needed a drink together.

And a noisy atmosphere was better than going alone.

The first place they went to was a beef house that YongHo went for the first time.

When he was in Mirae, he was always the one holding the tongs and scissors. It was his duty as the youngest one there. (So, as the youngest, he was always the one grilling the meat)

However, a person who especially grilled the meat existed here.

Looking at the price tag, it was 40000 won per serving ( $\approx$ 35 USD).

People ordered more without bothering about the price tag.

“By the way, we didn’t even do Mr.YongHo’s welcome party.

Well then, stand up Mr. YongHo.”

YongHo who was carefully eating a piece of meat raised his head.

In the middle of the seats was Jeong DanBi

Even with the smoke due to the grilling, her beauty wasn't hidden at all. Instead it gave an aura of wonder with the smoke in place.

YongHo stood up awkwardly and introduced himself.

“I entered not a long time ago, and my name is Lee YongHo. I have a lot of shortcomings but please take care of me from now on.”

Waaaaa.

At YongHo's greeting, the other employees cheered.

As a person who fixed the transaction error, there were people who already marked him.

And there was an especially loud voice among those.

It was Son SeokHo.

“Do you have a lover!”

“Not...yet.”

“If you don’t you gotta sing once.”

Son SeokHo seemed elated due to the alcohol and laughed and teased him

Jeong DanBi restrained him.

The get-together continued to the 2nd and 3rd places.

And Jeong DanBi, along with Heo JiHoon and Son SeokHo and other upper people, left the place.

They left to leave the people to enjoy themselves.

And it became the next day.

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Although he was a team leader, Son SeokHo was never not polite towards YongHo. And he never left the sweet bean bread from his mouth.

It was the same even after they drank alcohol the previous day.

“Mr.YongHo. By chance, have you heard of the NetFlax Prize?”

“It’s the first time I heard of it.”

He replied honestly.

He already knew that a half-assed answer didn’t get through.

“The work we have to do in the future is to win the NetFlax Prize. The prize money is 1 million dollars. That’s 1 billion won! Moreover, if we win then the company will provide a 10% of the annual salary as incentive so it’s an attractive condition right?”

“That’s true but... What if we don’t win?”

He had little experience in society. In that little time, he was pushed around here and there so YongHo knew that the place known as companies wasn’t that easy.

He realized that there was something bitter on the other side of something sweet.

“There won’t be any damage to you, Mr. YongHo.”

“That means.....”

Son SeokHo was a contracted worker. He received an annual salary of 150 million won ( $\approx$  130,000 USD) and he would be contracted again at the end of the year.

The condition for the next year's contract was the winning of the NetFlax Prize.

Son SeokHo didn't explain that to him as he didn't see the need to. However, YongHo knew instinctively after he heard that there will be no damage to him.

That Son SeokHo was carrying a big responsibility.

Just that he didn't know exactly what it was.

“Well, you don't need to concern yourself with that, shall we start working then?”

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Even the start was a high hurdle.

Son SeokHo was there as the project supervisor, but there were also actual workers.

Son SeokHo couldn't do each and everything so people had to take over his work.



‘Sigh.....’

The people who took over were frantic restructuring the recommendation system to suit Shinseki.

The NetFlax Prize provided about 100 million data for the competition so there was no need for a large data information processing system.

The important thing was the algorithm.

However, the recommendation system they needed to apply to Shinseki was different.

They needed to be able to process large bits of information so the people were busy to the point that YongHo felt sorry for asking them anything.

‘Well... This... if the document was organized well, there would be no problems.’

Even so, it wasn’t like the existing research was documented well.

The tight schedule and low personnel produced this obvious result.

Still, it was a relief that Son SeokHo was here.

“The maut is a well made program even when I see it.”

The base of the program was the maut made by Son SeokHo.

YongHo’s first task was also to download and analayze the maut.

## Chapter 45: Open Source Maut (2)

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“The Pearson correlation coefficient is a general formula to calculate the relation between two variables. The formula you’re seeing now is that”

The formula on the blackboard was the one he definitely saw in his high school or university. It was composed of fractions and sigma, + and -, etc.

However, YongHo, who was learning, understood it differently.

ФЖЙЪЛЛЦГБВОО

Illegible.

It was made of contents that YongHo didn’t even see in algorithm lecture in his college days.

It was no wonder. The things Son SeokHo was explaining were contents you would learn in statistics.

“I, is that so.”

YongHo first nodded his head as if he understood.

Son SeokHo, who usually acted like a next-door uncle, chewing on his sweet bean bread, didn’t allow a speck of flaw in regards to

programming.

You don't understand? Then do it until you understand.

He was really obstinate with it.

“Really? You understood? What did I just say?”

“Something about the degree of change between X and Y and... I, I don't understand.....”

He spoke a few lines and eventually stopped. YongHo's voice didn't have any confidence. He even felt sorry towards Son SeokHo who was teaching him passionately.

“It's the first time so it's understandable. You don't need to accuse yourself so much.”

“But... Are there lots more of things like these?”

It was to the point that YongHo was confused whether he was a programmer or a mathematician. In the last few days, most of the explanation was about what kind of algorithms were in it rather than understanding of the program.

And algorithms were composed of mathematical formulae.

These were things he saw for the first time, so he needed time to learn these things.

One day was restricted to 24 hours so he could only reduce his sleeping time.

“We haven’t even started yet. We still have lots left such as euclidean distance, cosine measure similarity, etc.”

Son SeokHo looked at YongHo delightedly like an excited little kid.

Of course, YongHo was having fun. He was learning new things, and looking at the formulae actually being applied to a program was a refreshing experience for YongHo, moreover, there were not many chances to learn from a top-tier programmer directly.

However, he couldn’t ignore the reactions given out by his body.

Sleeping so little everyday made his eyelids heavy.

Big scoop.

The next day, when YongHo came into the office, a poster titled ‘big scoop’ was stuck on his desk.

Below the title of big scoop was a huge printed photo of YongHo dozing off.

Son SeokHo had secretly took a picture of YongHo dozing off.

After he looked at the picture, YongHo was scared out of his wits and looked towards Son SeokHo.

“H, head researcher...”

Son SeokHo made an evil smile while looking at such YongHo.

“Well then, we now have Mr.YongHo’s weak point, so shall we work harder than yesterday?”

Gulp.

YongHo swallowed dry saliva.

Even last night, he left work late and due to learning all the algorithms taught by Son SeokHo, he only slept about 3 hours before coming to work.

His body was as heavy as a mountain and it was to the point that he started hearing buzzing sounds in his ear.

“O, of course.”

YongHo’s voice trembled thinly.

The delight of having his ability increase and the efforts he put in to meet up his expectations – all these were about to be crumbled in front of fatigue.

“Here, have one.”

YongHo thought that he would receive another sweet bean bread.

The sweet bean bread that Son SeokHo always had in his mouth.

However, this looked different from the outside.

In the transparent vinyl bag was not something that colored light brown but some kind of a box.

“Put it in your drawer before other people come to work and take them from time to time.”

Inside the box was a bottle of health supplements. It was obvious that it was expensive.

YongHo couldn't accept it easily.

“Quickly.”

“Th, thank you.”

“I know you are working hard.”

All other things were unnecessary. Just saying one line: ‘you’ve worked hard’ was enough.

The block of lead which was holding him down disappeared in no time.

\*\*\*

The time to learn about the algorithms used in maut was over.

And YongHo knew well that that wasn’t the end.

After the algorithm learning was over, explanations for installing maut and explanations about the provided API ensued.

After that could he try downloading maut.

Maut was not over by just downloading the program.

Just the dependencies (libraries needed to run the program) numbered seven.

The bugs that occurred while installing were bonuses.



He installed the program and he downloaded the current code and tried running it.

The results appeared on the console window of eclipse.

RMSE Score : 0.9014 (+5%)

It was the efficiency score for the current library.

The one NetFlax opened to the public for the competition had an RMSE score of 0.9525.

The recommendation system was better if the score was lower.

The efficiency was better by 5%. However, no further progress was made from this 5%.

Son SeokHo murmured while looking at the results on the monitor.

“We’ve improved it by 5% but we need to bring this number up to 10%.”

“10%, that means.....”

“About 0.8659.”

“Will I be able to do it?”

In YongHo’s perspective, this was impossible. The smart shopping strategy team improved this by 5% by working on it starting from last year.

Countless people with doctorates may not be able to accomplish this.

Moreover, YongHo was still in the process of learning the related knowledge.

It was May.

The deadline to hand in the final result to the NetFlax Prize was at the end of September.

Asking whether this was doable in 4 months was understandable.

“We can do it if we do it together.”

YongHo looked at Son SeokHo’s face.

In his two eyes were belief that he could accomplish it.

‘We can do it.’

Inside YongHo's head, too, such belief was starting to take root.

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The business firm to implement Shinseki's recommendation system, i.e. PS system was decided.

Mirae IT.

It was a company that YongHo knew well.

They would decide on the final system after running it alternately for two months and see which system produce more profit: the system implemented by Mirae IT and the system developed by the smart shopping strategy team.

The talks which were under wraps became official.

The schedule started in the middle of September and ended in November.

It was evaluated by calculating how many of the customers bought the recommended item recommended by each system.

There was only 4 months left.

The smart shopping strategy team was in chaos as if they were

struck by lightning.

“Is it alright to not help?”

Unlike when YongHo entered the company, the team’s atmosphere changed drastically.

Everybody was in a state of crisis, and they became more sensitive.

Especially, rumors that this team would disband if this was unsuccessful.

If the team was disbanded, it was obvious what kind of treatment the members would get.

Their performance evaluation would plummet and the members would be re-located to different teams.

And be isolated.

There were allies who worked together with blood and sweat so no team leader would welcome a person from another team.

“Continuing with this is helping the team.”

Even in this atmosphere, YongHo and Son SeokHo put all their

efforts into the NetFlax Prize.

It was only possible because of Jeong DanBi's consideration. However, such consideration was bound to earn others' jealousy.

They didn't show it explicitly due to Son SeokHo being around, but their positive attitudes were gradually changing.

In the office, it wasn't that everybody worked on their task.

To work, there were few basic things that were necessary. From basic cleaning and drinking water, pens and notepads and other miscellaneous equipment were usually prepared by the youngest.

When he just entered the company, the office employees weren't so picky.

Just because the water ran out, or some equipment was insufficient, people didn't make a fuss about it.

But it wasn't like that now.

They were similar words but accenting on different syllable, the tone changed greatly.

"It would be great if you could refill the water"

“The equipment ran out.”

It had respect towards YongHo.

“Mr. YongHo, why don’t you refill the water, it ran out, you know?”

“Did you order that equipment?”

It was hinted with annoyance.

The tight development schedule, and the sense of crisis due to the danger of disbanding were ruining the team’s atmosphere.

At the center of it all was Heo JiHoon.

The PM for implementing the PS system to go against Mirae IT was Heo JiHoon.

Jeong DanBi’s right hand man and a talent that graduated Hankuk university.

“Is the development done?”

“N, not yet.”

“What are we supposed to do if the synchronization module isn’t

finished yet!”

Heo JiHoon even raised his voice while pointing towards one wall of the office.

“Can’t you see that there? There is a mountain load of things to do in the recommendation engine, from developing the final API to the testing.”

The post-it that was on the wall was the software development methodology that Heo JiHoon introduced ambitiously.

Agile software development.

If the traditional waterfall model or the helix model was a method which centered around document-based development, agile was the other way round.

It progressed with developing the program first and fix the things later as the problems occurred.

To say it simply, software development which was plan-centered would become development-centered.

“...I will finish it even if I have to stay up all night.”

The developer standing in front of Heo JiHoon spoke as he stuttered.

“Prepare yourself if it isn’t done by tomorrow morning.”

The agile methodology was a colorless spectacle.

The latest software development methodology was introduced but the actual development process didn’t change at all.

The manager would drive the developers hard, and the developers were chased by the schedule.

No latest development methodology could shorten a development time which needed at least 1 year into 4 months.

But it needed to be done.

Such was the reality of Korean developers.



# Chapter 46: How To Use The Bug Window (1)

---

RMSE Score : 0.9010 (+5.7%)

YongHo sighed at the number the program produced.

“Sigh.....”

There was no progress.

It wasn't that the result was late due to inefficiency.

It also wasn't that the result was different to the expected value.

If it was solving bugs, he would be able to solve them using the bug window.

However, he couldn't get any help from the bug window now.

He was up for many nights going at this, but the performance of the system to submit to the NetFlax Prize didn't even rise by 1%.

YongHo accessed the competition website told to him by Son SeokHo.

Leaderboard.

It was the notice board where the rankings of the teams who submitted for the prize.

Shinseki Maut team, which YongHo was in, wasn't even listed.

Because only the first 20 was listed on the leaderboard.

The 1st team was 'The Dessert'.

It listed first with the number 0.8725, with 9.2% improvement in performance.

The career experience of the members of that team was enough to make YongHo shake his head.

It was riddled with researchers from world-famous IT companies and graduates from well-known universities, which one would realize from just their name.

'Can I really do this?'

He could do it if he studied really hard.

However, there was not even 4 months left.

To understand and rearrange many different algorithms and win, there was an absolute constraint with time and ability.

It wasn't something achievable with spending every night studying.

YongHo's worries only became deeper.

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Son SeokHo looked at YongHo with a satisfied expression.

‘He works hard.’

YongHo studied while looking for various resources without even having to tell him what to do. In regards to what he didn't understand, he clung to Son SeokHo until he understood.

Now, Son SeokHo had to raise his hands up in defeat at YongHo.

It wasn't sufficient to describe him with the word ‘outrageous’.

It was a forced march that it wouldn't be strange that he died from.

‘Yes. He should be that way so that nobody would be able to look down upon him in the future.’

From the beginning, Son SeokHo didn't think they would win.

Even before the researchers were re-located, he didn't have the confidence to win.

He only inwardly thought that they would be able to place within the top 10 if they worked hard.

And now, only he and YongHo were preparing for the NetFlax Prize.

The objective was changed to cultivating YongHo, a newbie.

'Do your best. Then, you would be able leave the constraints known as 'companies'.

If one had ability, there was no reason to be bound by a company.

If one became a person wanted by all, then one's field of choices would increase.

Son SeokHo was like that. Although, he was a contracted employee by 1 year units, he had many job offers even now.

It was the reason why Son SeokHo could act freely, and also the reason why he trained YongHo so harshly.

\*\*\*

RMSE Score : 0.9007 (+5.75%)

An increase in performance of 0.05%.

‘Hmm... But why isn’t the bug window activating?’

He thought up of a question he didn’t have until now.

The bug window definitely was true to its role.

When there was a problem in the program’s performance, or when there was an actual error and the program stopped, the bug window’s instructions always satisfied YongHo.

Even when there was a logic error, the bug window activated.

The bug window correctly pointed out the problem when the answer was supposed to be 10 but 1 came out.

But ‘why’ isn’t it activating now?

He wanted a result of 10%, but why isn’t it coming out correctly – Inside YongHo’s head, such thoughts were passing by.

‘Can’t I make the bug window recognize the result of RMSE Score : 0.9007 (+5.75%) as a bug?’

He thought he may be able to get the answer he wanted that way.

He only just stepped onto algorithms. It was still impossible for him to work on algorithm combinations or tuning.

It would be the same even if he worked hard for the next 4 months.

But let's think differently.

What if the bug window recognized the current result as a wrong result?

YongHo felt like he saw the path.

'Let's categorize the bugs that the bug window has showed until now.'

When he found the path, speed started accumulating.

YongHo first categorized the different bugs that the bug window showed him until now.

'Problems with performance, problems with logic, ordinary errors.'

It was categorized into 3.

Problems with performance of the program.

Problems with logic, where the program runs correctly but the wanted result is not produced.

And ordinary errors where the program doesn't even run.

'Ordinary errors are obvious, performance error, it would show up if there is inefficiency... so it would be in the logic problem category.'

The thing YongHo wanted was problems with logic.

The wanted result was fixed at 0.8659.

He need to edit the logic to produce the wanted value.

However, the bug window wasn't recognizing the result as a bug.

Then, what's the difference so that the bug window would recognize something as a bug while not recognizing the rest?

He needed to find that out.

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One month left until the end of the competition.

End could be seen on the big run that continued for 1 year.

In that situation, Son SeokHo was starting to get disappointed in YongHo.

He stopped asking questions.

To edit the recommendation system, he should have a mountain load of questions to ask him, but he was staring at the computer all day.

“Mr. YongHo, how is it?, is it going well?”

Son SeokHo twitched after looking at YongHo’s face. His face was halved.

Not only that, his face was so dark that he looked like he was about to die.

“Oh, team leader. Don’t worry. It will definitely succeed.”

But his voice and eyes were alive.

“How’s your body? Aren’t you overdoing this a bit?”



The disappointment disappeared as soon as he saw YongHo. Rather, sympathy was taking root in his heart.

He also felt guilty thinking that it was his fault for making him do such impossible things.

“I’m alright. I’m still in my 20s.”

“But your face doesn’t look good at all. What are you doing, not even standing up for a bit, staring at the computer all day?”

Son SeokHo’s question was expected.

YongHo came to the office, sat down in front his computer, and never stood up again.

Even at lunch, he ate a sandwich he bought from a nearby bakery, and concentrated on his work. Even while doing that, he never asked Son SeokHo anything.

If he was asked anything, then he would always answer with:

“I think I can make the RMSE Score of 0.8659 soon.”

In the last competition, the winner won with 9.8%, not crossing the 10% boundary.

It was the reason why Son SeokHo's aim was 10%. If he achieved 10%, then he should win the prize.

0.8659 was exactly 10% higher than 0.9525

“Like I said, how?”

YongHo smiled and avoided answering the question. He couldn't say he was looking investigating into the bug window.

This was also why Son SeokHo was disappointed in YongHo.

However, When he actually saw the pitiful face, the sympathy exceeded his disappointment.

Amidst of all the sympathy and disappointment, time flowed.

\*\*\*

The current status of the development team for the PS(Preference Shoot) System was also at its worst.

Work which progressed faster than the expected schedule, and the absence of the main force, Son SeokHo, made the development difficulty rise as the days went by.

Heo JiHoon's sharp voice also frequented in the office.

“Is it not ready yet?”

They were testing prior to the system opening. However, the expected results weren't coming up.

Moreover, the PS System was claimed to be an RTS(Real-Time System). But the recommendation result wasn't produced even after 3 hours had passed.

Like this, it wouldn't be an RTS.

The RTS wasn't a problem. They might not even be able to open the system itself.

“It's strange.....”

A developer who was looking at the monitor, tilted his head. When he input the test data, it definitely processed within 10 minutes.

But when he input the real data, the recommended data wasn't produced. Such figure of the developer made Heo JiHoon speak in a threatening tone.

“If the team disbands, I think you know very well what would happen to everyone with out me saying it.”

“.....”

“To think they made me work with these people.”

Heo JiHoon turned around and went back to his seat. The developer who was looking at the monitor just now, also felt offended at those words and he picked up his cigar from his seat and stood up.

Perhaps due to these kind of actions by Heo JiHoon, resignation followed naturally. The resignation which started from the beginning of development continued till the end.

When it was time just before the system opening, there were only 30% of the programmers left from the start.

Even in that situation, Jeong DanBi silently approved of his actions, perhaps due to her trust being quite solid.

Anyhow, the development ended and the testing was progressing.

“Team leader Son.”

One developer called for Son SeokHo. His main priority was preparing for the NetFlax Prize, but he had a foot inside developing the PS System and he answered various questions.

He was, in a word, acting as a mentor.

Son SeokHo, who acted without reserve, and had the ability, was enough for the other developers to trust in him.

“I, think I need to resign.”

“.....”

“Thank you for everything until now.”

Son SeokHo knew how he was treated so couldn't stop him from leaving.

They were together from when the team was created. Son SeokHo couldn't help himself from standing up.

“Team leader Heo, Isn't this going overboard?”

“This has nothing to do with you, head researcher Son.”

“The people I worked with are resigning one after the other, I think it has plenty to do with me.”

“If they don't have the ability, they leave. Isn't that obvious?”

His face was filled with annoyance for the disturbance.

Heo JiHoon was looking at the WBS(Work Breakdown Structure: Work progress chart)

“...Then I will speak to team leader Jeong.”

“Do as you will.”

When he turned around to go to Jeong DanBi's office, Heo JiHoon's voice could be heard.

“The schedule is late by one week. That's why you cannot just work with useless people.”

However, even talking with Jeong DanBi didn't achieve anything.

She just said to endure it for a while until the PS System is finished.

To Jeong DanBi and Heo JiHoon, their priority was work.

## Chapter 47: How To Use The Bug Window (2)

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Making the referral data....(7124 sec)

Making the referral data....(7125 sec)

Making the referral data....(7126 sec)

.....

The aim was an RTS(Real-time System).

But it wasn't like they were making the PS system work by the second. A minimum of one hour was the margin.

The planning team judged that the recommended data, which should reflect the latest trend, should be produced within one hour to have any effect.

However, the PS system wasn't producing any results for nearly 2 hours.

“Didn't we give you the hardware with the right specs, as you said?”

Jeong DanBi's voice was also sharp.

Even technology-based companies were stingy in investing into hardware.

And Shinseki was a distribution-based company.

They could only be more reluctant to invest in IT technology. It was only possible because of Jeong DanBi's name.

“.....”

“So? Did you find out the solution? There is less than one month left.”

The man who was being scolded at spoke with difficulty.

“I think we need head researcher Son here.”

“Didn't I say that head researcher Son has to concentrate on the NetFlax Prize?”

There was a reason why Jeong DanBi didn't put Son SeokHo into the PS System.

A yearly salary of 100 million won ( $\approx 85000$  USD) was a salary executive-level people received.

The company issued a condition befitting of that salary.



The condition for this year was the winning of the NetFlax Prize.

If he won, then the contract would be renewed automatically but if he failed, there was no ‘after’.

Jeong DanBi also wished to put Son SeokHo into the PS System but this was the reason why she put him only as an assistance.

If even Son SeokHo resigned, then her future would be unthinkable. The most important thing in work was a person that can do the work.

And a person with ability.

It was the reason why Jeong DanBi was mad at the man’s words.

“You’re saying that’s a solution? You’re saying yourself that you are worse than head researcher Son.”

“.....”

He was a developer put into this project since one of the subsidiaries, Shinseki I&C, said he had ability.

However, he was a frog in a well.

“I understand. You may leave.”

On the ID card of the man, there was the name ‘Lee HyunGu’ below the smiling picture.

\*\*\*

The number of methods YongHo tried to make the bug window solve the logic problem was going over a few thousand.

Performance problems.

And about ordinary errors, he was very clear on it.

The problem was problems with logic.

‘This doesn’t activate the bug window too.’

On the monitor was the program to produce prime numbers that YongHo made in the interview.

‘I want it to calculate until 50.....’

YongHo tested while changing the number in the for-statement to 100 and back to 50 again.

He wanted it to produce prime numbers until 50 but but even

when he changed it to a program to produce it until 100, there was no reaction on the bug window.

‘What’s the difference?’

What’s the difference between a logic error that comes up on the bug window and a logic error that doesn’t?

This time, he ran the program where the bug window is activated by a logic error. It was the main source used in the current PS System.

-The morning sun has risen. Wake up.....

YongHo, who was lying down stood up while rubbing his eyes. Even in his dream, he was thinking about one thing.

\*\*\*

The office was no different than usual.

If there was one thing that was different, then it was Son SeokHo’s stiff face.

“That’s why, what did I tell you in the beginning?”

“.....”

“I told you that programs should have comments, which is the basics, and there should be a specification document since something like this may happen.”

YongHo who was pondering over how to make the current RMSE score be recognized as a bug, also listened in.

It was the first time he heard Son SeokHo’s low voice.

“Even a programmer that could fly and crawl(i.e. exceptional) wouldn’t be able to understand the system with a source like this. And there is no related document? If it’s like this, it’ll be faster to make the program from scratch.”

Perhaps the PS System had no future, it found its way over to Son SeokHo. Jeong DanBi requested help from Son SeokHo since she judged that it wasn’t good to keep going like this.

However, Son SeokHo was no god.

The demonstration was right in front of them.

A program with no comments whatsoever.

Leaving that aside, there was not even a specification document, so the program specs were passed down from mouth to ear.

The program was reeking a bad air.

Son SeokHo's creased face didn't know to loosen.

“Fuu.....”

Son SeokHo took out a sweet bean bread from his drawer and put it in his mouth.

\*\*\*

Two words came to his mind after he heard that conversation.

Comments and documentation.

They were the words he heard from the code review with Son SeokHo when he first came to the company.

When coding, one always has to consider other people that may see the code.

For that, comments were the basics and at the minimum, and there should be a document about the specs of the developing program.

He heard it to death so he was doing it all the time.

‘Comments and documentation, huh.....’

There were comments. It was a simple program to produce prime numbers but the power of habit was frightening.

Each class had comments by the method.

‘Oh yeah, there’s no document. Shall I.....’

YongHo started writing up a specification document for a program to produce prime numbers without any expectations..

There was a good example.

There was a document related to the open source maut that Son SeokHo made, and there were various documents related to various programs they made while preparing for the NetFlax Prize.

‘This has no results.’

The developing program for the NetFlax Prize had no results. It was not written since the result was unknown.

In contrast, in the maut-related documents, there were lots written including test data and the results for the test data.

A program has a simple structure unlike what everyone thinks.

You put A in.

And make Z come out.

It was made up of input and output, and the process in the middle.

YongHo documented the prime number program while referring to the document explaining the open source maut program.

\*\*\*

Crash

Abruptly standing up, YongHo's mouth didn't know to close.

With his mouth wide open, he inhaled a few times before calming down, and his mouth gradually closed.

'It's working. It works. Sh\*t!'

He ran the program which produced prime numbers until 100. Then an alarm popped up on the bug window.

Title : Prime number counting error.

Content : The current program should count program numbers until 50. The current result counts up to 100.

Solution : Change the i value in the for-statement in line 35 of Main.class from 100 to 50.

The result YongHo wanted was on the bug window.

“Mr. YongHo, y...you alright?”

Son SeokHo asked him, perhaps due to worry for YongHo, who was staring at the bug window.

YongHo, who was submerged in excitement, didn't hear any of it.

“Ex, excuse me? Mr.YongHo?”

Opening and closing his mouth while looking in one direction was a sign of a psycho.

Son SeokHo's worries increased since there were programmers who became psychos.

He stood up and went towards YongHo.

‘Huh?’



On the monitor was a program to produce prime numbers. Perhaps having got his soul back, YongHo looked at Son SeokHo.

“It’s done. Head researcher!”

“What?”

“It’s done! It’s working!”

YongHo who was opening and closing his mouth, shook Son SeokHo’s hand with a delighted face.

Son SeokHo didn’t understand what he was saying, when there was just a program to produce prime numbers.

“What’s done?”

“Oh, yeah. Just wait. I’ll produce the result that head researcher wants.”

YongHo sat back down after realizing that he had just took the first step.

‘This guy... is as crazy as me.’

Son SeokHo thought that he himself was a madman but YongHo was worse.

\*\*\*

The conference room had a heavy atmosphere.

“You mean to overturn the whole system?”

“Yes. Team leader.”

“You do realize that there’s only 2 weeks until the demonstration, right?”

“I know. It will fail with the current status anyway. It’s outside the boundary of editing.”

Heo JiHoon muttered to himself after hearing what Son SeokHo said.

“You called yourself an open source committer but there’s nothing much huh?”

Perhaps having heard to the words of disdain, Son SeokHo struck back.

“Anyway, people who can do nothing but shout at his subordinates are so detestable, right?”

Everyone in the room could tell who Son SeokHo was referring to.

When implementing the PS System, only one voice could be heard in the office.

“This is not the time for that. The two of you, calm down. That’s your opinion, head researcher Son?”

“Yes, this won’t end with just fixing a few lines.”

Jeong DanBi’s pretty forehead creased.

The situation was now at the point that they should give up without even implementing the PS System. How it reached this point – it made one sigh.

Heo JiHoon who was looking at the situation coldly, spat out some words again.

“Doesn’t work. Doesn’t work. If it doesn’t work, shouldn’t you make it work? If the company pay you money, then you should do that much work. What does the team leader think?”

The fact that it wasn’t a question – everybody in the room new.

The developers at the core of the PS System, lowered their heads and didn’t say anything.

Son SeokHo looked towards them.

“Raise your heads. Should humans lower their heads at a barking dog?”

“What did you just say?”

“Team leader Jeong, I need to prepare for the NetFlax Prize so I will take my leave now.”

Ignoring Heo JiHoon’s words, Son SeokHo stood up and opened the door to the conference room.

“YEEEEAAAHHHH! IT WORKS! IT F\*CKING WORKS!”

As soon as he opened the door, he heard a loud voice.

At the voice filled with delight, everybody was confused and looked outside.

Son SeokHo was also looking at YongHo who was hopping around like a madman.

He knew from YongHo’s expression.

‘This guy has finally gone crazy.’

YongHo was indeed crazy.

Crazy in delight.

## Chapter 48: One Shot Two Kill (1)

---

Hahahahaha.

Kim ManHo laughed and it resounded across the whole office.

“You are sure of it, right?”

“Yes. I’m completely sure. The performance is incomparable.”

“Yes, very good. You’ve done very well, so let’s keep it up for a little while.”

The contract for the PS System was right in front of his eyes.

Continuing from KO Telecom’s K-recommendation system, if he could obtain Shinseki group’s PS System contract, then Kim ManHo’s position in Mirae IT would shoot up so that nobody would be able to touch him easily.

“But the developer who is working for us is requesting danger pay since it seems like a team leader-level personnel would join.”

“Team leader?”

“He’s called Son SeokHo, and I’ve told you before.”

“Son SeokHo?”

Kim ManHo didn't seem to remember. The reporting man looked at Kim ManHo's mood for a while when he continued the explanation.

“It's a person team leader Jeong DanBi scouted when making the team. He graduated from correspondence college and worked as a freelancer before going to Shinseki. He has experience in working in IT labor union.”

“Oh, you mean that commie.”

“This... It seems like he has quite the ability since he could identify the problem with our system.”

“So, how much do they want.”

“100 million ( $\approx 85000$  USD) along with a team leader-level position.”

Kim ManHo seemed to ponder since he was gripping and loosening his fist.

“How much do we have from gathering from our cooperative companies?”

“A little over 100 million.”

“Say it’s a deal. But, make sure to add in the condition of when the work is completely finished.”

“I understand.”

Along with interfering with the opponent, he had to prepare his work flawlessly. That was one of the driving power behind Kim ManHo’s rise from an ordinary employee to a director.

“There’s nothing wrong with the demonstration right?”

“Yes. An ByungHoon is an open source contributor. And it seems that it’s a source related to recommendation too.”

“If this goes well, then promote him in the next personnel management season.

“Yes.”

He couldn’t stop smiling even until the end of the conversation.

\*\*\*

YongHo organized his finding on the bug window on a notepad.

Cases where the bug window recognizes something as an error.



Problems with performance.

There is an inefficiency in performance.

Problems with logic (A precondition is needed)

A program specification document, in which the input and output is stated, is necessary.

It needs to be compiled at least once.

Normal errors.

Occurs when an Exception occurs.

Applying the rules of the bug window, there was no output stated in the document.

RMSE Score : 0.8659

YongHo added the wanted value to the document.

Ctrl+F11

And clicked the shortcut key to run the java program.

Title : Tuning of the collaborative filtering (a theory that is used a lot in recommendation algorithms) of the maut system

Content : The system performance is not meeting up to the user's requirements due to the first-rater problem or the cold-start problem which is a problem in collaborative filtering.

Result : Various algorithms, including classification and singular value decomposition should be used in combination.

The details are as follows.

The bug window alarm didn't end with just tens of lines. It was filled with words YongHo saw for the first time and it was going over 2 digits like it was nothing.

'Now I just have to follow this instructions, huh.'

YongHo's eyes started shining more than ever.

He had found the answer.

And all he needed to do now was to follow what it says. YongHo's hands started moving faster than his eyes.

\*\*\*

Seattle, America.

3 men were sitting in front of a computer.

Team name : The Dessert.

It was the team currently running first for the NetFlax Prize.

“Dave, how is it?”

“We’re first, of course.”

Dave, with curly blond hair, spoke while smiling as if it was obvious.

RMSE Score : 0.8669 (+9.8%)

Through consistent algorithm tuning, he was renewing the record every day.

“It seems difficult to go over 10%, right?”

“Raising it by 0.2% isn’t easy as it seems.”

“This is good already. We’re higher than the last year’s winning

team.”

“You’re right. Last year, they only got this far through collaborating.”

It was one of the methods that the winning team for the Netflix Prize used.

Combining algorithms that other high-level teams used by sharing algorithms that they used – this method was used to achieve a 9.5% increase in performance.

Even they didn’t break through the 10% boundary. There was never a team which broke through the 10 % boundary in the past 5 years.

The winning team with 10% increase in performance will receive twice the amount of 1 million dollars – 2 million dollars, called the Grand Prize.

The 10% milestone that the hosts set seemed easy to break at first but it was now known as the unsurpassable wall.

It seemed like it would be achieved but couldn’t so it stirred the hearts of many challenge-seeking people.

“Let’s do it by ourselves first.”

The sparkling night scenery of Seattle which would captivate any gaze.

The people concentrated on their work without the time to be captivated by such a beautiful scenery.

It was a sleepless night of Seattle.

\*\*\*

Even Seoul wouldn't lose out to any city in the world comparing night scenery.

Inextinguishing lights of the office buildings was the driving force of growth.

“It's done.”

While stretching his arms out, YongHo stood up from his seat.

RMSE Score : 0.8669 (+10.0%)

On the eclipse window, the number which Son SeokHo and YongHo dreamed of was printed.

“I, is that true?”

“Yes, head researcher.”

His skin was all rough due to not sleeping but his eyes were shining brightly. It wasn't the eyes of a liar.

Son SeokHo was looking at the screen YongHo indicated.

RMSE Score : 0.8669 (+10.0%)

Son SeokHo rubbed his eyes as if he couldn't believe it.

“N, no way.”

“It was really hard. I thought I would die.”

“How, How did you do it?”

Son SeokHo's voice was trembling. It was Son SeokHo who never lost his composure. It was he who even acted without restraint in front of Jeong DanBi.

Delight.

Delight which filled his body was enveloping Son SeokHo.

“This is the way i did it, first I...”

YongHo started explaining the contents of the bug window.

The shocked mouth never closed.

The expectation he had when YongHo fixed the transaction error all seemed to crumble when looking at this code.

However, it wasn't.

YongHo was a diamond.

He wasn't a source stone that one needed to refine, but he already was exuding his value.

That day, the number one for the NetFlax Prize changed.

Team name: Shinseki Maut.

It was the name of the team which was newly added to the Leaderboard of the NetFlax Prize.

\*\*\*

Growth of distribution companies were slowing down.

The main markets, such as department stores and discount stores, had their sales growth visibly shrinking.

In contrast, the sales in online shopping was increasing explosively.

20%, 30% growth a year.

Distribution service-based companies like Shinseki had to follow the trend. That's why the PS(Preference Shoot) System was suggested.

I will shoot the customer's preferences.

A interim report-like demonstration day, which should shoot the chairman's preferences, instead of the customers', began.

"Then we will first look at the presentation materials Mirae IT prepared."

It was decided that they would select the system with more sales by letting the system being developed by Jeong DanBi's team and the system being developed by Mirae IT compete with each other.

Today's presentation had the characteristics of a interim report before the actual competition.

Paper competition.



Mirae IT's presentation started where important personnel from each company were gathered.

An ByungHoon, who works as an open source contributor for open source maint.

The know-how piled up from managing KO Telecom's recommendation system.

These two things were the strengths that Mirae IT was emphasizing.

“Smart shopping strategy team, please prepare.”

Jeong DanBi stepped up.

The first screen was very provocative.

In the middle of the big screen was just one number.

**1.**

“We can't survive now by striving to be first. We need to start off as first.”

And the next screen was the Leaderboard noticeboard for the NetFlax Prize. There was 2 weeks until the final result but they were 1st right now.

Team name : Shinseki Maut.

“Currently, our recommendation engine is running first in a global-scale recommendation system competition known as the NetFlax Prize.”

Chairman Jeong JinYong, who was watching from the middle, changed his expression.

He was showing interest in Jeong DanBi’s presentation. And Jeong JinHoon, who was watching next to him, had his face turn stiff for an instant before turning normal again.

“Did Mirae IT say that they had an open source contributor for open source maut? Then we have a committer. There may be people who already know this, but to become a contributor, one needs an approval from a committer. Meaning that head researcher Son SeokHo approved manager An ByungHoon to participate in this project.”

As Jeong DanBi’s continued her presentation, the faces of the people from Mirae IT, became rotten.

“The era of fast follower is gone. Now, we need to become the first mover. Our PS System will pave the way.”

The winner for the interim report, aka the paper competition, was clear to everyone.

Just that some people couldn't acknowledge it.

\*\*\*

After the presentation ended, An ByungHoon offered his hand to YongHo in gladness after finding him.

“YongHo.”

“Oh, manager.”

However, the gladness eventually turned into self-guilt. From the pained cheeks and the grabbed hand, he could feel the boniness.

“You... How much did you work in order to become like this?”

An ByungHoon could ascertain YongHo's state with a glance. He knew better than anyone the process of how a person changed due to frequent night-shifts and over-night work.

The current YongHo was exactly like that.

“I'm alright. It's not that hard.”

An ByungHoon threw a line with a worried face.

“That’s why I to come under me. I would have never let you become like this.”

YongHo’s face had gone bad.

It was like a rotten apple.

In compensation for the position of 1st, he had to pay with his health.

“It isn’t because he was under me. Please don’t misunderstand.”

“H, head researcher.”

Son SeokHo who was listening to this conversation stepped in.

Today, for once, he wasn’t eating sweet bean bread.

But the bad expression seemed like he had a sour mood.

An ByungHoon was flustered at those words.

“Ah, I didn’t mean that.”

“Nice to meet you. I’m called Son SeokHo. Meeting offline like this is a first. Sir coffee.ahan.”

“Then, you are sir maut?”

Coffee.ahan was the nickname An ByungHoon used while acting as an open source contributor.

It was the meeting of the committer and contributor for the open source maut project.

## Chapter 49: One Shot Two Kill (2)

---

“So the committer was Mr.Son SeokHo.”

“I was surprised too. I don’t think we would meet in this kind of situation.”

“There’s maut’s committer on your side, so it seems it will be difficult for us to win this contract this time.”

“Haha. You said you were YongHo’s previous superior?”

Son SeokHo seemed more interested in YongHo and An ByungHoon’s relationship than the project.

And YongHo answered him.

“Oh, yes. He was very good to me. Thanks to manager An, I learned a lot during my intern days.”

“YongHo studied hard. Instead, it was our company which received a lot... but I think they weren’t fated for each other.”

“Yeah. I think I understand Mirae IT better now, to let go of a talent like this.”

Son SeokHo couldn’t hide his pride when he said ‘talent’.

He received recognition from an open source contributor, and now, from an open source committer.

Although he had the help from the bug window, he worked hard in order to not embarrass himself.

“That’s true.....”

An ByungHoon’s disappointed voice made YongHo curl his lips. The feeling that the hard work until now was not in vain enveloped him.

\*\*\*

Plop

A bunch of A4 papers which Jeong JinHoon threw danced in the air before plopping on the floor.

“Why did you bring this trash?”

Even with Jeong JinHoon’s audacious act, the faces of Kim ManHo and another important person from Mirae IT, who were sitting on chairs for guests, were both expressionless.

Who was in a superior position(gab), and who was in the inferior position(eul) was obvious from the positions of their seat.

Jeong JinHoon, who sat at the top seat.

And Mirae IT who sat below him.

“.....”

“I treat people with ability like they should be treated. And I treat people without ability how they should be treated too.”

No one spoke back at Jeong JinHoon's words. No one could talk back to Jeong JinHoon, the first-in-line for succeeding the Shinseki CEO's position.

“I will watch until the end.”

Flap

Cursing.

It was Kim ManHo's way of relieving the humiliation he received in Jeong JinHoon's office.

“I thought there was no flaw?”

“I am sorry, sir.”



“You’re an employee in an IT company, yet you don’t know what an open source committer is?”

“I didn’t expect maut’s committer to be under Jeong DanBi.....”

The man who looked down, couldn’t raise his head. A few of the sheets of paper which were flying in the air, landed on the man’s head.

At that figure, Kim ManHo seemed to have calmed down a bit, and continued speaking.

“You know that the interim report, is just the interim report, right?”

“Yes.”

“Yes. If the result is good, then all is well. Don’t let something like today’s events happen when competing for the real sales.”

“I understand.”

Only then could the man raise his head and exit Kim ManHo’s office. The sheets of paper on top of the man’s head fell down.

PS System interim report.

These were the words written on top of that paper.

\*\*\*

“Dave! Dave!”

At his colleague’s surprised voice, Dave turned his head.

“Why? What is it?”

“Did you check the Leaderboard?”

“No, I didn’t check today.”

Dave’s colleague was stuttering due to surprise. At that figure, Dave’s curiosity increased and he urged on.

“What is it?”

“10%, 10% has appeared.”

“What? Where?”

What 10% referred to, Dave realized straight away. It was the number he wanted to death.

He himself was feeling the limit.

He felt that just with the team members of The Dessert, he couldn't break that 10% barrier.

Even 9.8% which they achieved now, was like a miracle

But a team that broke that wall had appeared.

“They are called Shinseki Maut, have you ever heard of them?”

“It's the first time I've heard of them.....”

“I looked up but they were never in the rankings.”

“That means, did some teams in the rankings unite?”

Dave spoke of the most plausible possibility. He didn't want to believe that a private team, not a united one, had broken that 10% wall.

His pride as a senior data engineer of the company 'Jungle' which has the world-best recommendation system.

“It doesn't seem like that. If that was true, then some teams should have disappeared on the rankings but it's the same. They just got pushed back by one rank.”

“No way.”

Dave muttered as if he couldn't believe it.

The unsurpassable wall, 10%.

Even the host didn't have a set standard when announcing this number. It coincidentally became the number which provoked people's challenging hearts.

It seemed like they could reach it, but the 10% wasn't easy to achieve for the programmers.

And that continued for 5 years. There was no team that received the Grand Prize for the NetFlax Prize in the for 5 years.

The prize for first place was 1 million dollars, but if one could go beyond 10%, then they would receive the Grand Prize of 2 million.

“Let's contact the other teams, just in case that the other teams DID unite.”

The mail sent from Seattle, America, had spread throughout the world.

\*\*\*

It was the second time.

The feeling of the hand, which gave YongHo an experience he could never forget, swept over him again. It was just a handshake, but YongHo's head buzzed as if he was electrocuted.

“Thanks for your hard work. And thank you.”

“It's nothing. It's all because of head researcher Son.”

Son SeokHo waved his hand at YongHo's humbleness. And placed his hands on each of YongHo's shoulder.

“What are you saying? This result is 100% due to your efforts alone, Mr. YongHo.”

“Whatever it is, thanks for your hard work. You look really tired... but our situation isn't that good so I will give you vacation as soon as this project ends.”

Jeong DanBi sorrily said. They crushed Mirae IT's noses in the paper competition but the reality was harsh.

The system wasn't working. And there was only 2 weeks until the system opening.

They were testing using Shinseki's online shopping website, the

Shinseki Mall, but the data provided by the website was all fake data.

It was not the data that the PS System, made by Jeong DanBi's team, produced, but the test data that was alternating between each other.

“Team leader, are you planning to put YongHo into the PS System?”

“Yes. I pushed the NetFlax Prize as a stage for implementing the PS System. He showed results in the NetFlax Prize, so of course I have to put him in there.”

“The final result isn't announce yet. Another team may submit something with a higher percentage, too. And putting Mr.YongHo into the PS System as it is right now, is no different to telling him to die. I can't give you YongHo to work on that stinking system.”

Son SeokHo went against Jeong DanBi strongly. YongHo worked until now without even sleeping properly. He was about to rest since he produced results, but now he was about to work on implementing the PS System.

Moreover, the PS System had the wrong design from the beginning. Even the best technician would need time to change the system.

“Head researcher Son, the leader of this team is me.”

“And so?”

Son SeokHo was on the offense. His always-eating-sweet-bean-bread figure was all but gone.

“Head researcher.”

And Jeong DanBi knew that so she couldn't really say anymore.

“Head researcher, I'm quite alright. Other people are having a hard time. So I can't just leave them alone right?”

“It's alright for Mr.YongHo to have a rest. And if the reason for you to go to this company is money, then don't worry about it anymore. If it's 10%, the prize will increase to 2 million dollars, and 1 million dollars is your share. The rest should be given to our colleagues since they worked hard too.”

“2, 2 million dollars?”

“Yes. So in our currency, that's about 2 billion won. So you don't have to bow down your head to unreasonable requests.”

As Son SeokHo's words continued, Jeong DanBi's face creased. She was still in the first half of her 20s and although it could be said that she had an open mind, it wasn't as free as Son SeokHo, who was a member of a conglomerate.

“Head researcher Son.”

From Jeong DanBi’s call to Son SeokHo, YongHo could feel indications of disorder. YongHo urgently opened his mouth, since he didn’t want to see two people who he had good opinions of, fighting each other.

“I, I’ll do it. We’re a team. We need to help each other.”

At YongHo’s words, Son SeokHo widened his eyes.

“So he says?”

Night time work had already become a habit. Leaving early, instead, was awkward.

\*\*\*

Fire sparked in the blue eyes.

The name Shinseki Maut on the Leaderboard.

And his team which was right below that, The Dessert.

Dave seemed to have stayed up for nights, since his head was all oily and messy, and on one side of the desk, there was a dried out



piece of pizza, telling the flow of time.

Dave, who was looking at the monitor, searched around on the desk, and picked the piece of pizza.

Snatch

But there was a hand that snatched Dave's wrist.

"You didn't go home?"

"Huh, Oh? Jessie."

"I knew you would be hear. Aren't you going home?"

"Wow. it's great. It's been quite a while since I was this excited."

"What is."

"10%! How the hell did they make it? There was no team in the last 5 years who achieved 10% in the NetFlax Prize. What kind of algorithms did the maut team use?"

Dave's voice was full of curiosity. He seemed to have stayed the night awake but he didn't look exhausted at all.

Instead, he was drenched in curiosity to know even a bit sooner.

“It’s that again? Even James is crazy. Well, that must be why you’re so close to each other.”

“Think about it, Jessie! It’s 10%! It was known as the wall of impossibility. And someone achieved it! Aren’t you curious?”

At Dave’s excitement, Jessie could only raise both of her hands as if she gave up.

“Then contact that team or something.”

“Shall I? N, No. That’s too easy. It’s a competition after all. I think we need to unite with the other teams.”

“Unite?”

“I even thought up of a team name: The Dark Forces!”

“What? Isn’t that too villain-ish?”

“We became the villains, alright. We are trying to achieve what they did alone, by uniting. It’s interesting, right? A few teams already contacted us. There were a lot of contents we could use...”

“Sigh... Who can stop you. So? What do I need to do?”

“First, look at the thing sent by Grand Prize United. I already uploaded it on JIRA.”

Jessie rolled up her sleeves and sat next to Dave. The two focused on their work for hours without saying a word.

# Chapter 50: One Shot Two Kill (3)

---

‘Should I have listened to head researcher Son?’

It was the thought when he came in contact with the PS System. YongHo felt he could smell something from the code.

The code stank.

‘It’s strange, though.’

YongHo tilted his head after looking at the code.

hyungu.lee

The code committed with this ID was especially bad. There are some thing one should avoid when coding.

Duplicated code.

Long method.

Large class.

Long parameter list, etc.

These decrease the readability of the code so if one had middle level career experience or higher, than this was common knowledge.

However, this included YongHo's misunderstanding. In reality, even if one had 'middle level career experience', there were countless who didn't even have the basics.

Like a public servants, there were people with no ability trying to get recognition through just 'career experience', just that YongHo didn't meet them.

'Lee HyunGu? That's the PL for the PS System.'

YongHo knew this person.

He was appointed into Jeong DanBi's team after being acknowledged for his ability in Shinseki I&C.

It was hard to believe that someone of his level would code like this.

'It will probably be better to tell head researcher Son to tell him rather than directly telling him, right?'

YongHo stood up from his seat after having a look at the code. His 'eyes for seeing codes' were getting better. It wasn't at Son SeokHo's level, but his ability increased to the point that he could work with Son SeokHo without any problems now.

Son SeokHo gathered the development team in one place. Son SeokHo was put into the PS System since the first prize for the NetFlax Prize was in the bag.

The first thing he did was to exclude Heo JiHoon.

He made it so that Heo JiHoon would never talk to programmers privately. He directed all the route of communication to himself.

Even doing just that made the whole atmosphere of the development team change.

“Well then, if everybody’s here, I will tell you the method to normalize the PS System.”

Vitality filled the programmers’ face in the conference room. It was belief that everything would work out if Son SeokHo did it.

No matter who said anything, he was the best coder in the team. Moreover, he was the creator of maut.

One could see how much of a difference a hill to lean on can affect the mentality of the people.

“First, I will give you 3 days of rest.”

“What?”

Murmurs didn't stop between the people in the conference room.

After the implementation of the PS System began, leaving work at the regular time had all but disappeared and they almost never had a rest on the weekends either.

Even so, it wasn't that they received proper overtime pay. All they received was 30000won ( $\approx 26$  USD) with the pretext of 'commuting fares'.

People's complaints shot up and morale was plummeting.

But it wasn't that they could stop.

They only longed for a rest after this project finished, not caring whether it was a success or not, since they couldn't do anything.

They were all salarymen anyway.

Whether the project fails or not, they received their salary.

"Well, then. Please be quiet. I already told team leader Jeong DanBi. You can rest for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Of course, you don't need to come on Saturday and Sunday either."

"Did the project end?"

Someone sitting in the conference room, asked. Everyone was looking at Son SeokHo's lips with interest as if this question was speaking for all of them.

"I wanted that to happen, but unfortunately, no."

"Then what do you mean..."

"I and Mr. YongHo here, will do a 'surgery' for the PS System for 5 days. When you come back from your holiday, it is likely that the majority of the code will have been changed. Of course, that is not the end, but the beginning."

Son SeokHo's words sparked astonishment, and at the same time, jealousy from everyone. You 2 can do what all of us couldn't do in the next 5 days? – like this.

Software is different from manufacturing.

In manufacturing, production will increase if more people were put into work, but software isn't directly proportional to the people put into it.

One person could do 100 people's portion of work. 'Us 2 can do what all of you couldn't do until now, in just 5 days' was what he was implying



It was the reason why people were envious.

“We are looking at about a month to normalize the system. At that time, half of the time of the competition for the survival of the smart shopping strategy will be gone, but don't worry. I will make sure everyone receives an A+ for the performance evaluation. Instead, let's work to death for 3 weeks after the holiday.”

The majority nodded their head at Son SeokHo's words. There was already an impression of how the person known as Son SeokHo acted in the smart shopping strategy team.

He thought from the programmer's view.

He didn't care whether he was fired or not and cared for them.

There was no cursing, and he lead the people who had insufficient ability by advising them. Even so, he was never arrogant or criticized anyone for not knowing something.

The superior everyone wanted, and a programmer with ability.

This was Son SeokHo's position in the team.

They were his words, so nobody could refute them and quietly accepted.

But one person, the person who had the ID hyungu.lee, didn't

seem satisfied.

\*\*\*

On the desk, pizza boxes were stacked up. On the monitor, red and yellow sauces were scattered everywhere, probably due to the pizza.

“Wow!”

“Why?”

“10%! I did it!”

“Really?”

Dave pointed at the monitor. The part of the monitor where the number should be printed was covered by sauce so it couldn't be read properly.

“When you have a neat face too.....”

Jessie cleaned the monitor using wet wipes.

0.8658.

The last digit was higher by one, than YongHo's 0.8659.

“No way, you really did it?”

“I was lucky. I didn’t tune any of the original algorithms, I just used different ordering of the algorithms that other teams from the union used and... voilà!”

“Anyway, great! As expected of Dave. Let’s upload it quickly.”

“Hehe, are we reclaiming first place using this?”

“It’s great to reclaim first but you should wash up already. You stink so much that I can’t work with you.”

Jessie spoke while blocking her nose. Dave’s surroundings would remind one of a pigsty. It stank to the point that Jessie had to block her nose, but the smiles on their faces didn’t disappear.

And the rankings on the Leaderboard changed again.

The Dark Forces.

It was the name of the team in first place.

\*\*\*

The clear from the mechanical keyboard reminded that there was

a person in the empty office.

“I will upload it on the server, ok?”

“Yes. Head researcher.”

If Dave’s desk in Seattle was a pigsty, then the office YongHo was in reminded one of a landfill site.

On the floor, sandwich packagings and cans of coke were rolling around and dust was piled on desks that weren’t used.

There was a person who cleaned the office, but Son SeokHo told that person that there was no need to clean the office for 5 days.

psstartup.sh

After inputting the shell command, logs started appearing normally.

“I will input the test data.”

The PS system was designed so that when a certain amount of data piles up, it would automatically run the recommendation engine. YongHo inserted the data to calculate the time for the recommendation engine to produce the recommendation data.

Making the referral data....(241 sec).

Making the referral data....(242 sec).

.....

Making the referral data....(369 sec).

——-COMPLETE——-.

369 seconds.

The data production was completed in 6 minutes.

“It’s finished.”

“Then shall we rest for abit?”

“Phew... sure.”

YongHo sighed as if he finally let go of his burden and massaged his own shoulders.

Looking outside the window, the moon that hung high was beginning to set. Sunday had passed and the Monday sun was pushing the moon away.

“Thank you for your hard work.”

“It’s nothing. Instead, head researcher Son, you didn’t even have a speck of sleep... are you alright?”

In the past 5 days, YongHo was surprised, not only because of Son SeokHo’s ability.

Stamina.

His stamina was better than the young YongHo. YongHo closed his eyes from time to time as if he had fainted but Son SeokHo was different.

YongHo never saw Son SeokHo with closed eyes while he was awake.

“Shall I call it the power of sweet bean bread?”

“What?”

“Haha, that’s just a joke but... you should start exercising Mr.YongHo. A steel-like stamina is one of the virtues of being a programmer.”

“I should register for a gym after this project finishes.”

“That’s the spirit. Well then, shall we greet the people?”

\*\*\*

“We have edited at the level of overturning the whole system. In the future, everyone should develop and edit the small functions in the system. First, familiarize yourselves with the system specifications. One week has already passed since the competition using sales began. Please work hard for just 2 more months until the project ends.”

Son SeokHo gathered the people and briefed them. While the developing team was away on their holiday, there was a mass edit of the overall system.

The ‘briefing’ went over 1 hour.

“And in the future, after you commit the source, please message Mr.YongHo here.”

Son SeokHo’s words were simple.

It was the same as saying ‘get checked by YongHo after editing something’.

Perhaps due to getting recognition for his skill, there was not much of a resistance.

“Then I will answer any questions about your own work.”

Even during that time, the difference between the sales of Mirae IT and Jeong DanBi's team

1 billion ( $\approx 870,000$ USD) and 200 million ( $\approx 174,000$ USD).

Mirae IT didn't seem to have made the system in vain as they produced a sale of 1 billion within one week. And the sales of Jeong DanBi's team was 200 million.

It was a difference of 5 times.

\*\*\*

Jeong DanBi's expression was stiff. It was the beginning of autumn but the office felt like it was winter.

“Is that true?”

-Yes. I think there is a need to look into this.

“It was the day of the interim report?”

-The informant was very detailed. The CSR team will investigate on its own, but I contacted you since I thought there was a need for



you to know.

“I understand.”

Jeong DanBi put down the phone.

‘Lee HyunGu, huh.....’

She had heard of this name a few days ago too. It was the first time Son SeokHo ever complained to her because of a personnel.

“Team leader. This guy called Lee HyunGu, I think we need to send him back to where he came from.”

“What? What do you mean by that?”

“I don’t know how much he was acknowledged in his previous team, but he doesn’t fit in with our team.”

Son SeokHo usually never voiced complaints about personnel. He had never expressed his opinion on whether someone was good or bad since she scouted him the year before last.

He always tried to advance together with everyone.

Teaching people who lacked ability, and raising strong points of people with ability – He was a person who always thought of

advancing ‘together’.

She remembered clearly since it was such person’s first time he spoke of ‘excluding’ a person.

‘Lee HyungGu... It’s Lee HyunGu, huh.....’

Jeong DanBi kept muttering the name Lee HyunGu over and over again.

# Chapter 51: One Shot Two Kill (4)

---

400 billion ( $\approx$ 350 million USD) in annual sales.

However, a yearly deficit of 30 billion ( $\approx$ 26 million USD)

This was the poor result of the Shinseki Mall.

Even so, they couldn't give up on the consumer's market, which was going from offline to online, so they needed to make a breakthrough.

One part of the breakthrough was the PS System.

The aim of the project was to raise sales by 'shooting' the customer's 'preferences', and change deficits into profits.

Of the 2 months of the competition, when about half of the time had passed, the goddess of victory seemed to be waving her hand at Mirae IT.

"3 billion ( $\approx$ 2.6 million USD)?"

"Yes. This is the sales produced due to our recommendation system."

"What about them?"

“About 1.3 billion ( $\approx$ 1.13 million USD), sir.”

“Has one month passed since then?”

Out of the 2 months of the competition, the end of the first month was nearing.

“Yes, sir.”

Kim ManHo made a sneaky smile at the reporting man.

“Yes. Tell that friend that he’s doing well. That we will be counting on him in the future.”

“I understand.”

Until now, Mirae IT was in an absolutely superior position.

\*\*\*

Dave wrapped his head with his hands, while screaming, after having a look at the Leaderboard notice.

“No way!”

RMSE Score : 0.8655.

The first place had changed again.

1. Shinseki Maut.

2. The Dark Forces.

The Dark Forces, with Dave at the core, had come down to 2nd place.

“Jessie, is the number I’m seeing real?”

“It should be, if you can’t believe it, then call the hosts or something.”

“No way. This... no, I don’t have the time for this.”

Jessie smiled while looking at Dave, who had a fierce reaction, interestingly. The smelly office seemed to have become brighter due to the smile of the person called Jessie.

“How about James?”

“He had the exact same reaction, and he seemed to write e-mails to various places?”

“Good. I can’t lose like this. I shall gather all the teams we don’t have a union with.”

The NetFlax Prize took a ‘Winner takes all’ structure.

Winner takes all.

2nd place had no meaning anyway.

Dave requested cooperation from other teams by offering to split the prize.

The office was never quiet that day due to Dave’s fuss.

\*\*\*

After the system was edited, code committing was split into two stages. First, the developers would upload the source on to the SVN.

Then after YongHo’s confirmation, it would be decided whether it would be applied on to the real server.

YongHo, who was looking at the code, scratched his head as if he didn’t understand something.

‘I definitely told him once.’

He had told Lee HyunGu through Son SeokHo but there was no change.

The code still stank. The code that other people wrote, in no way, satisfied him either.

However, Lee HyunGu was different from even them.

YongHo couldn't find any 'efforts' anywhere in the code, and he even thought that this was intentional. He was coding exactly opposite to how Son SeokHo told him to code.

'It won't do like this.'

YongHo looked for Son SeokHo again, in the intra-company messenger app.

\*\*\*

Adjusting the recommendation system, which showed a 10% increase in performance in the NetFlax Prize, into Shinseki's PS System was by no means, easy.

The core was the addition of another process.

"The point of the system for the NetFlax Prize lies in estimating what star the customer would give."

“Yes.”

“However, we need to go another step further for the PS System.”

“I think you’re talking about the recommendation process to the people categorized by the stars they give to the series... am I right?”[1]

“...I think you’re ready to go into the world now.”

The greatest joy of teaching lied in watching the growth of someone. Son SeokHo felt that it was worthwhile, seeing YongHo all grown up, and couldn’t hide his joy.

“No, I have a lot more to learn from the head researcher.”

“What would Mr.YongHo do to make that stage?”

“It was already implemented on maut though?”

“You’ve seen the source?”

“Of course I did. It’s made by our head researcher, who is the core of the project.”



It was an era where open source was everywhere.

If one goes into gethub, programmers could find most sources that they were thinking about in their heads.

The sources were already implemented.

The paradigm was shifting from implementation to combination.

And a problem that arose from that, was the degradation of ability.

There were a lot of instances where the people only use the implemented sources so their ability to create new things decreased. Son SeokHo was wary of this fact so he made YongHo keep this fact in mind.

“And you threatened me to have a month of code review if I use the source as it is...”

YongHo said with a suppressed voice. His teeth clattered when he thought about the code review with Son SeokHo. It definitely helped him in regards to raising his ability and it was also partially fun, but it remained inside his memory as a difficult time.

“Did I say that?”

YongHo could only grit his teeth at Son SeokHo, who pretended

that such thing never happened.

“...Yes, you did.”

“Oh, ok. Then let’s get on with the changing the system. We can’t lose to Mirae IT right?”

If recommendation never affected the customers’ actions, then Son SeokHo would have never even made the maut.

If they applied YongHo’s results with the 10% increase, then the difference in sales could be reversed in just one night.

‘I must buy this!’

Preference shooting.

The upgrade of the PS System began.

\*\*\*

Oh My God!

Dave was sitting in his seat dumbfoundedly. He pulled out his hair for some time, and held his head down for the next, and stayed still.

When looked from the side, one would think ‘What kind of madman is this?’ – automatically.

“Dave, get yourself together.”

“Jessie! This... is just not possible. It can’t be like this, right?”

“What are you saying, you madman.”

She had white skin, as expected of a white person. And so, the red lips were accentuated. However, Jessie’s such charming lips weren’t seen by Dave.

“I increased it to 10.5%! I won against myself! I broke that unsurpassable wall!”

“So what?”

“No... I must have been seeing things.

Dave opened the Leaderboard noticeboard after accessing the NetFlax Prize website, again.

1. Shinseki Maut.
2. The Dark Forces.

There was no change in the rankings.

With a value of 0.8581, Shinseki Maut was still in first place.

11% increase in performance. A record was set for the first time in the competition.

“I think you’re not seeing things, though.”

“They’re monsters. These guys must not be human.”

Dave muttered like a psychopath. Jessie seemed to judge that she shouldn’t leave him like this, so she put her hands up.

Smack

And smacked Dave’s head.

“Hey! That, hurts.”

“You seemed out of your mind, so I called you back to reality.”

“It ends in an hour right?”

“Yes.”

“Sigh... Where is the ceremony held?”

“I think it was California.”

“Let’s go! To California!”

After speaking, Dave packed his bag, when he had no choice but to put down his packed bag.

Jessie was holding onto the Luffy action figure from the animation called One Piece.

“You’re going without even applying for a leave? What are you going to do, when you get there? They are monsters so you are planning to shoot GomuGomu no Pistol like Luffy?”

“L, let’s put that down first, Jessie.”

“Why? Just leave the company and leave however you want then.”

“Uh, yeah. R, really? C, can I do that?”

“Hey!”

“NOOOO!”

Dave threw away the bug he was holding, and threw himself forward and slid on the floor to catch the Luffy action figure.

However, Jessie only pretended to throw it.

“So let’s get yourself together. There’s a confirmation process anyway. And there’s also time to call the award winner to the main company of NetFlax. So the award ceremony is in one month. Relax, okay?”

At Jessie’s words, Dave nodded like a little pup that listened to orders. It was Jessie’s most sure-fire method to control Dave.

\*\*\*

A man is typing on the keyboard one at a time while trembling his hands. Perhaps he was sweating cold sweat, but droplets of water kept dropping on to the keyboard.

`fdisk devhda.`

After putting the command on the console window, the screen changed. The root account was shared by all the people participating in the project anyway.

The man thought that he wouldn’t be found out doing this, by anyone.

Command (m for help) : | (<- that is the blinking cursor/caret)

Screen where you can input commands.

And at the end, the cursor was blinking.

The man barely moved his trembling hands atop the keyboard.

D.

And Enter

It was the option to delete the partition.

The man didn't think he would do this at first.

He was acknowledged in his own way, within the company, and was promoted to manager status.

However, manager was his limit.

Due to the trait of a distribution company, management personnel received better treatment than programmers.

To become a general manager, he needed to raise his capability as a management personnel rather than his ability as a programmer, and the man started straying from his path from then.

He had programming ability that was acknowledged by many people, but he was assessed as D in the performance management.

-10%.

Considering 3.4% inflation, then around 13.4% of his annual salary was taken away.

He considered coming to the smart shopping strategy team his



last opportunity.

And he worked hard without consideration for his body.

However, the spotlight was always pointing towards Son SeokHo.

At first, he thought of catching up.

However, whenever he interacted with Son SeokHo, all he felt was misery that he was standing still at the starting line.

Son SeokHo was calling from the end of the marathon, but he, a manager, lost his way on the starting line.

And when he looked at the existence called YongHo, who appeared out of nowhere, that worry only increased.

Despite his young age, his ability was too astonishing. While he was busying himself catching up to Son SeokHo, YongHo had surpassed him in no time.

Can I really survive in this industry?

Isn't it that I don't have any talent or ability?

Worry turned into self-loathing, and not a long time passed

before it changed into wrath and hostility.

‘Yes. Let’s leave. I will leave for you guys.’

When he decided, he became calm.

And there was a fine opportunity for this too. From what he thought was the last opportunity, an unexpected rope was thrown at him.

Partition number(1-8) : |

The monitor was urging to go to the next stage.

Now all he had to do was to select a number.

The man participated in the project from the beginning so he knew which partition contained the code for the current recommendation system.

The rope from the heavens, was stopped at ‘3’ on the keyboard. The man pulled with more strength at the rope which was tickling the keyboard.

Tap

‘Huh?’

The strong-looking rope dropped down without any strength.

“Mr. Lee HyunGu. We’re from the personnel management team. Please stand up.”

From Lee HyunGu’s forehead, not a drop of water could be find. It was a face that paled white.

After he spasmed with the pale face, he started shedding tears.

# Chapter 52: Start Of The Change (1)

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-Shinseki Mall, Is It Rising As A Power Of Online Shopping Malls?

-Preference Shoot Shinseki, Hearts Of Men, Hearts Of Women, shot them all

-Unstoppable Shinseki Mall. The Secrets To Its Growth

-Experts Expect Earning Surprise For Shinseki Group's Last Quarter.

There was a reaction as soon as Jeong DanBi's team's PS System activated.

Instead of unnecessary ads, they put the products recommended by the PS System to the people who were accessing the website.

“I must buy this!”

This was the reaction of the people who saw the products recommended by the PS System. The consumers reacted immediately at the products they wanted to click for no reason.

The results – it was a ‘jackpot’.

The difference between them and Mirae IT closed in no time.

And they surpassed them while opening the gap.

When Jeong DanBi saw the sales graph, which was rising rapidly, smiles couldn't be hidden from Jeong DanBi's mouth.

“Thank you for your work, Mr. YongHo. Thanks to you. The PS System has stabilized quickly. Of course, you too, head researcher Son.”

At the words ‘thank you for your work’, Son SeokHo chimed in.

“Then the travel fees to go to the award ceremony of the NetFlax Prize is provided by the company, right?”

“Of course, here.”

Jeong DanBi refreshingly took out a card.

Pitch black.

A high class shine exuded from the card.

“There is no limit, so go and promote our national prestige without losing to anyone.”

From the talking Jeong DanBi's mouth, smiles never ceased.

It was beautiful.

However, YongHo wasn't muddled by the beauty.

“Thank you, team leader. But what will happen to manager Lee HyunGu.....”

It was an unforgettable scene.

A middle aged man, in his late 30s, was shedding tears.

From the slow walk, sorrow was emitted.

And he saw that scene from the side.

“The personnel management team will take care of it by themselves. You don't have to concern yourself with it, Mr. YongHo.”

Even though YongHo tried not to concern himself with it, he couldn't help but remember the scene of Lee HyunGu being dragged out. From the rumors, it seemed it was connected to Mirae IT.

When the word 'Lee HyunGu' came out, Jeong DanBi cut it short. Despite having him as a team member for some time, she acted as if he didn't exist from the beginning.

So YongHo couldn't ask any more.

“I understand.”

Even at that moment, the sales graph of Shinseki Mall was rising.

While the PS System implemented by Mirae IT produced 100~200 million (≈87,000 USD 174,000 USD) the PS System implemented by Jeong DanBi's team was producing 12 billion (≈870,000 USD ~ 1,740,000 USD).

\*\*\*

Director Kim ManHo's secretary hurriedly came into the office.

“Director. The people from Inspection Team came.”

“What?”

“This, I don't really know. They just said they were from the Inspection Team.....”

“What the hell do you mean!? Say it properly so I can understand!!”

Kim ManHo shouted while looking at the secretary. There were 5

to 6 people with neat hair coming from behind the secretary already.

When he saw that, Kim ManHo closed his eyes strongly and opened them. He had an idea of what was happening, but he shook his head.

It was a scene he didn't want to see even in his dreams.

The people who came in, took out some paper, boldly.

“This is the investigations we did until now. There are sources from Shinseki too.”

“.....”

“You seemed to have used quite a bit of money. There were quite many people from cooperative companies who reported to us anonymously. You must have worked quite hard to keep it from spreading until now.”

At the inspection team's words, Kim ManHo couldn't say anything. He just quietly listened to their words.

“We too don't have any intentions to let it spread to the media. And we are also aware of director's contributions to the company until now.”



“.....”

“There will be a special announcement from the personnel management team. Please accept it quietly.”

Kim ManHo’s eyes, which were closed, didn’t open. The tightly gripped fist, also, didn’t loosen.

“The level of punishment will be ‘dismissal’ so your retirement pay will be reduced too. The chairman expressed to make an example out of you.”

Perhaps all strength had left his body, Kim ManHo loosened. The tight tension had disappeared, and all that was left was a single piece of paperwork on the table.

‘Discussion on director Kim ManHo’s dismissal.’

It was a serious punishment, more serious than ‘discharge’.

\*\*\*

“Mr.Lee YongHo?”

“Yes, president.”

“I heard you made a big contribution to the implementation of

the PS System this time. Thanks for your hard work.”

“Not at all, sir.”

YongHo couldn't hide his awkwardness at the president's sudden call.

Jeong JinHoon.

The one who is predicted to be Shinseki's next CEO.

Without considering what he was thinking, he could be considered a handsome man.

“The reason I called you today includes complimenting you for your hard work, but I'd also like to suggest something to you.”

In the wide office, there was only the two of them sitting. His pronunciation was clear as if he had vocal exercises since young, and the voice was very refreshing.

“There is a project I'm doing, and I want Mr.YongHo as a team member. Also, if you come here, you will as an assistant manager. If you made a contribution, you must receive a reward right?”

Shinseki Magic Mirror.

It was the item Jeong JinHoon was preparing, while Jeong DanBi was making the PS System.

The core was to reduce the need to try on the clothes.

One could, with just a flick of a finger, try on the clothes sold within the store, through the mirror.

It was not finished developing yet, and it was planned to be released first in Busan's new premium outlet which has yet to open.

Jeong JinHoon took the Shinseki Magic Mirror project under his wing and managed it himself.

It was a top-secret project unknown to any outsiders.

However, YongHo could only be confused at Jeong JinHoon's words. He was planning to get some rest now that the PS System is finished.

However, he was called by the president directly and was suggested to move teams.

"M, me, sir?"

"Yes. When I looked in to it, you seemed to have a really important role in developing the PS System this time. So I was

eyeing you.”

At the sudden suggestion, YongHo couldn't reply.

At first, Jeong JinHoon was planning to bring Son SeokHo too.

However, he didn't as he knew that Son SeokHo's wild actions were well known within the company, and it was obvious that they would end up clashing.

“If you can't decide now, you can tell me at a later time. You may not know my face, but you must know my e-mail, right?”

Of course he knew.

If he accessed the intra-company mail system, then short private information was all exposed.

ceo@shinseki.com

It was the address that everybody wanted to send a mail to, but at the same time, it was something that everybody feared.

\*\*\*

Inside the plane headed to the award ceremony of the NetFlax Prize.

At YongHo's stiff face, Son SeokHo asked.

“Is there anything bothering you?”

“This.....”

“Why? You don't even have the time to think about how to spend all that prize money, what are you thinking about?”

“To be honest, I went to see president Jeong JinHoon a few days ago.”

YongHo calmly retold everything that happened on that day.

And sought advice from Son SeokHo.

“What would you do, head researcher?”

“Hmm... If it was me.... Did you tell team leader Jeong DanBi about this?”

“No, in fact, president Jeong JinHoon told me to not to disclose this fact to team leader Jeong.....”

“Haha, I guess you got involved in intra-company politics now. You haven't even been here for long, and you became such a big

shot already... I'm quite jealous, you know?"

Son SeokHo mischievously spoke. However, to YongHo, it was a serious matter. His tensed face didn't loosen

"What does Mr.YongHo want to do? Did you ask yourself? Which side has more benefits for you... Not like this, the direction your heart wants to go."

"I'm having fun working with you, head researcher. And I don't have any complaints with the current team either."

"Then do that. You can do whatever you want. Mr.YongHo is a greater person than he thinks he is. You will feel that even more when you go to the award ceremony this time. So, find the answer to what you want to do. Not an answer to what others has asked you."

Son SeokHo hid his eyes with an eye mask after speaking

YongHo couldn't sleep, and looked outside the window.

Blue sky.

White clouds.

And the work I want to do.

YongHo felt that he got out of the frying pan, only to fall into another frying pan.

\*\*\*

“You’re sure of it, right?”

“Yes. I checked it many times.

“Really? It’s real, right?”

“Dave!”

“We’re finally meeting. How do I look, Jessie?”

Dave was wearing a straw hat. The fashion item, Dave, a Luffy fan, cherished the most, was the straw hat.

Dave was in a fashion he should never be in for a formal occasion.

“It’s cool.”

Jessie covered it up with ‘it’s cool’ since she knew that he wouldn’t listen to her anyway.

“Awesome Dave! Your fashion really kills today.”

Next to Dave wearing a straw hat, there was a man with a headband.

Unlike the neat-looking Dave, he was a natural burly man.

The thick muscles were popping out from the chest and the arms.

“Oh, James. Your headband look cool too?”

“You... are such close friends, you even.....”

“It was Dave’s best friend, James.

The same school to the same company, even their hobbies were the same.

“I wanted to wear the straw hat, but if you’re wearing it... I will concede this time.”

The head band James was wearing was the headband was a proof of the hidden leaf village of the Japanese animation, Naruto.

As a result of exercising like hell to become as strong as Naruto, James acquired burly muscles.

In contrast, Dave was passionate for Yoga to become like Luffy.



However, his arms didn't stretch, and he had to be satisfied with becoming flexible.

The both of them were maniacs within maniacs of Japanese animation.

"11%... Can you believe it James? A big shot is coming. What method did he use?"

"Hmm... That's true. I can't even begin to imagine."

"I won't let go easily."

At the figure of the two, Jessie could only shake her head.

'I won't let go easily' – wasn't this usually used at girls?

If the two, who would become absorbed into anything, had something they haven't let go of, it was programming.

The intellectual delight from programming.

That was the biggest pleasure for the adults, Dave and James.

\*\*\*

A 10+ hour of flight would make anyone exhausted, regardless of

how fit they are. YongHo and Son SeokHo weren't exceptions.

They were tired, but YongHo's stiff expression was loosened. At that figure, Son SeokHo asked.

"How is it? Are you done pondering?"

"Yes. It's over."

"So? Can you tell me about it?"

"Haha... It's a secret."

Now, it was YongHo who had the luxury. The roles of the teaser and the teased were reversed.

They were much closer now, due to all the pains they shared together.

"Secret?"

It was YongHo's first joke, when he would usually be polite. Perhaps having felt the meaning behind the joke, Son SeokHo came right up to him.

"Secret? Secreeeeet? You will be in trouble if you don't say it!"

Avoiding Son SeokHo, who was trying to stick to him, YongHo walked ahead. The warm sunlight of San Francisco was shining on them.

## Chapter 53: Start Of The Change (2)

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[How much does it take to go there by taxi?] <- (spoken in English)

Son SeokHo's English was very fluent. It wasn't at a native level, but he had no problems with speaking.

To YonHo, who used machine translations for even simple sentences, he could only be envious.

“When did you learn English?”

“If you want to be an open source committer, then you should at least do this much.”

“Oh.....”

“You should study English regularly too, Mr.YongHo. Programming language is in English. If you understand English well, then you would be able to use programming languages more easily, and you will be able to understand the history behind each of them better.”

“...I don't have anything to say since everything you just said is correct.”

“Of course.”

Thanks to Son SeokHo's fluent English, They could go to the hotel from the airport without any problems.

And the morning of the NetFlax Prize award ceremony brightened.

Yellow.

Blue.

Black.

There were people with a variety of hair color and a variety of skin color.

Even amongst them, a man wearing a headband, and a man wearing a straw hat, stood out very much.

“Where are they? Where?”

“Just stay still. When they receive the award, they will have to go up to the stage.”

It was a winner-takes-all style competition so there was no reward for the second and third places. However, as a large-scale competition, there was the reputation of having proven oneself.

Sometimes, reputation had more value than money.

However, Dave's reason for visiting was different.

"I won't let go until they tell me all of their secrets."

It may look funny to outsiders, but the intellectual curiosity hidden behind him was not inferior to anyone else in the venue.

YongHo, having arrived at the venue, widened his eyes.

The high class interior and the well laid out food was giving out an attractive aura. Also, the faces of the people who were conversing in English didn't look ordinary either.

"Really... They look like talents at a glance."

A few looked ordinary like a next door old man, but some of them had the air of an eccentric scientist.

Especially, what attracted his attention the most was the straw hat and the headband.

"There's a person wearing a straw hat, too?"

"Even though they look like that, they are within the top 0.1% of

the population. There is no harm for you to get to know each other. You can think that it's a massive fortune to even just speak with them."

Son SeokHo also couldn't hide his excitement. The fact that they were receiving the Grand Prize was feeling more real to him now.

Moreover, the conversation between the people in the venue.

Algorithm

Performance.

Tuning.

Although YongHo heard some word he knew every now and then, Son SeokHo could hear them clearly.

It seemed like they were joking around, but the range of their conversation wasn't something a normal person could understand,

The announcer's came to the front after YongHo and Son SeokHo found and sat on their designated seats.

[This year's winner is the Shinseki Maut!]

When the announcer's announcement ended, the guide agents guided Son SeokHo and YongHo to the stage.

All the people who were talking and eating the buffet food, directed their gazes to the stage.

"It's the Shinseki Maut team from Korea. They won with a marvelous record of 11%. The award ceremony will be done by our president himself."



Unlike Korea, the president wasn't in a suit. The president, wearing comfortable casual clothes, came onto the stage. He was in his 50's but unlike his age, his outer appearance looked very young. He even looked around Son SeokHo's age.

The president's words were refreshing.

“Congratulations, and thank you. Our company is always open to talents such as you people so if you have any thoughts, then please contact us any time,”

It was the awarder who was expressing thanks. In the award ceremonies YongHo experienced until now, the receiver was always the one expressing thanks.

However, this place was a bit different.

The awarder appreciated from his heart. They were delighted that they participated and even set a record.

After a brief congratulatory message passed, the feasts began.

Of course, the main character of the feast was Son SeokHo and YongHo.

They were flooded with people, so they couldn't even enjoy the food. While they were answering all the questions, the feast was already nearing its end.

Without any time for feeling proud, time flew like an arrow.

\*\*\*

Within YongHo's eyes, people in familiar sets of clothing appeared. It stood out from the rest of the people so his eyes looked there automatically.

The clothes were clothes, but their actions were even more spectacular.

"Head researcher, don't they look a bit familiar?"

It was Dave wearing a straw hat, James with a headband, and Jessie with normal clothing.

When YongHo pointed toward them, Dave was hiding his face behind a pillar.

Perhaps due to acting hurriedly, the straw hat fell down.

"You're right. I think we saw them from the award venue."

"But... What are they doing there?"

Jessie seemed amused and eventually pushed Dave, who was

trying to pick up the straw hat on the floor.

Bang

Jessie looked at Dave in disdain, who was lying on the floor with a funny position.

“Hey, you lost the bet, right? So you go talk to them.”

“Jessie!”

“Be thankful that I even accompanied your nonsense until now.”

Towards Dave, who was on the floor, James made a satisfied smile.

“You lost the bet so you go talk to them.”

“.....”

At James’s words, Dave made an expression as if he lost everything.

“Can’t Jessie go talk to them?”

Nope!

James and Dave were betting.

They bet that the person who came into YongHo's eyes first would go talk to YongHo and Son SeokHo and talk to them. They were great at conversing with the computer, but they had extreme difficulties talking with a real person.

And by chance, Dave's and YongHo's eyes met while Dave was picking up the straw hat.

After putting the straw hat on his head, Dave awkwardly walked towards YongHo.

[H, hi.]

At such figure, YongHo could only be confused.

It was due to his fear of English, rather than being wary to strangers.

Looking at YongHo in a panic when he looked at Dave, Son SeokHo stepped up.

“First, calm down.”

To Dave, who looked as if he saw a famous celebrity, and was running around like a wild animal, Son SeokHo spoke multiple

times, but it didn't get through to him easily.

He 'shot' multiple questions he was thinking of regarding how they achieved 11% like a machine gun. To YongHo's ears, it was the same as noise, no more and no less.

"What algorithm did you use?"

"You didn't achieve it using a single algorithm, right?"

"Are the team members just the two of you?"

"How do you usually conduct your research?"

Son SeokHo was put in a difficult position due to the barrage of questions he received before he could even answer.

Smash!

A hand that put Dave into position appeared instantly.

"I'm very sorry."

YongHo's two eyes widened.

Son SeokHo also seemed dumbfounded at the situation, as he couldn't continue speaking.

The one who smashed Dave's head was Jessie.

Going by face, Jeong DanBi wasn't inferior to Jessie.

However, she had the absolute advantage in body figure, if compared to an Asian person.

It was a figure that could only be seen in Western movies.

Both Son SeokHo and YongHo gulped at that moment.

\*\*\*

The recommendation for the NetFlax Prize was begun by Son SeokHo, but the one who bloomed it was YongHo.

The answers that Dave and James needed were also with YongHo.

They wanted to hear how he achieved a marvelous record of 11%.

In the first few minutes, they had trouble understanding Dave's question. Son SeokHo translated between them, but both YongHo and Dave felt stifled.

However, they found the solution quickly.

The code was sufficient.

YongHo opened the laptop he brought from Korea and showed him the code which was saved inside it.

He didn't show everything, but he showed the core parts.

He had to expose how the method he used to achieve that performance after the competition was over anyway.

And so, he could show them the code without hesitation.

Although they had weird appearances, with the straw hat and the headband and all, Their gazes while looking at the code, alone, was serious.

After the explanation about the core logic ended, did they let YongHo go.

They couldn't converse with each other directly so Son SeokHo translated between them.

“A, amazing!”

“Really?”

“To think you achieved 11% using this method. Are you perhaps a genius?”

YongHo didn't know what to do, with Dave speaking to him with shining eyes. They already exchanged some personal information during their talk.

MIT.

Dave had graduated from a college YongHo had only heard of.

To YongHo, who only graduated from a 3rd rate college in Korea, they were people who graduated from the college he could only dream of.

However, those kind of people were seeking knowledge from YongHo.

“N, No, I'm not.”

“Here, take it. If you take it, we're friends from now on, ok?”

Dave offered YongHo the straw hat. Jessie, who was sitting next to him, seemed embarrassed at such actions as she ignored Dave.

Coincidentally, the four's ages were the same. Dave, James, Jessie, YongHo – they were all the same age as each other. (T/N: That's not called 'coincidence'.... it's called plot, lol)



\*\*\*

Dawn.

YongHo wasn't sleeping and was sitting in front of his laptop. Perhaps due to the tension in the award ceremony, Son SeokHo was already sleeping.

YongHo's laptop was lighting the dark night.

'He said to send a reply through e-mail.'

Receiver: ceo@shinseki.com.

He was replying to the offer made by president Jeong JinHoon,

Dear president.

Good day to you, sir.

It's Lee YongHo from smart shopping strategy team.

I am very thankful for the matter the president has talked to me about before I came to America.

To get to the main point,

I thought that it wasn't about whether I accept or reject the president's offer.

It doesn't change the fact that I'm in Shinseki.

As a member of an organization, it would be correct to go to where the organization needs me.

I will just add my opinion since I think that the organization known as Shinseki does not ignore the voice of the people.

There was a post like this in a certain internet noticeboard.

Because I believe that the only thing that can guarantee happiness in 10 year time

Is today's happiness,

Because I believe that now is not important,

But is unique,

I am happy with the unique time that is now.

I am enjoying the moment with head researcher Son, and team

leader Jeong DanBi, who gave me the opportunity to come to America.

And I think I will enjoy the future if I am with these people.

My opinion ends here.

I will be thankful if you can understand what i am saying.

After writing a long e-mail, YongHo pressed the send button.

With an expression of having flushed something that was in his heart, he closed the laptop and laid on his bed.

From the sleeping YongHo's expression, comfort could be felt.

# Chapter 54: Start Of The Change (3)

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Tap. Tap. Tap

A long white finger was tapping on a high-class hardwood desk.

Jeong JinHoon, who was looking at the monitor, creased his face.

Perhaps he didn't like it, as the speed of his tapping accelerated.

Knock knock.

The sound of knocking on the door, which boasted no less class than the desk, could be heard.

“President, it's team leader Jeong DanBi.”

Before the secretary even finished speaking, Jeong DanBi entered.

“Why, What's your business? Oh, miss-busy-as-ever team leader Jeong DanBi?”

“What are you trying to do to one of my team members?”

“What am I trying to do? Can't the president interview an

employee?”

“An interview... And when was it you said he was too low level for you to talk to?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

At Jeong JinHoon’s shamelessness, Jeong DanBi gritted her teeth. She couldn’t get through to him.

She felt stifled.

She couldn’t figure anything out, but she knew the fact that Jeong JinHoon was preparing something.

And that he tried to put YongHo in it.

“I don’t have any interest in Shinseki. If you wait a little, I will leave by myself. Please don’t touch me until then.”

Change of attitude.

The sharp speech toned down. Jeong JinHoon looked at Jeong DanBi who was requesting time.

“I thought you knew how I won against big brother to become president.”

Jeong JinHoon was the second son.

Jeong DanBi was the youngest.

There was a first son. Jeong JinHoon won against his brother to become 1st in line for succession.

There was an age gap between them and Jeong DanBi, so she seemed to not know much. Jeong JinHoon continued speaking while looking at Jeong DanBi.

“I was the same as you... the position of president? Successor? I had no big interest. However, the situation was like that, you know? Even if I don’t want it, it became like that somewhere along the way. So the ‘little time’ you requested, I can’t give you. As time passes, the situation will change, and the future will stay uncertain no matter how much you prepare for it.”

“.....”

“Big brother doted on you.”

When the words ‘big brother’ came out of Jeong JinHoon’s mouth, Jeong DanBi’s eyes sparked.

She tensed as if she would pounce at Jeong JinHoon at any moment. Jeong JinHoon turned around.

“Leave.”

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Until Jeong DanBi left, Jeong JinHoon never stopped his finger exercise.

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“You’re going back to Korea? Can’t you just work together with me here?”

“M, my parents are in Korea too, and my workplace is in Korea... I need to go.”

“From what I heard from you, work in Korea seems really difficult, and what kind of treatment is that? It’s depreciating compared to your ability.”

His speech sounded like a stubborn child. Dave acted like a child who didn’t want his toy to get taken away.

To YongHo, who now had to go back to Korea, he was stubborn to not let him go, while requesting him to stay in America.

“If I have the opportunity, I will come back. Or you can come to Korea for a visit.”

YongHo also seemed disappointed as his steps were heavy. Dave even moved his residence to the room next to YongHo.

And he came everyday to talk with YongHo.

With YongHo's stuttering English ability, all he could do was to combine some simple words.

The rest was body language.

They communicated using their hands and feet, which had more strength than language.

While there were people who you wouldn't get along with even if you met 100 times, there were also people who you would like by just meeting once.

Dave was like that.

"Really? I will go to Korea, then."

"Sure. Visit Korea, I will show you around."

The awkward tension from the first time they met was all but gone. They were unrestrained to each other in their words and actions, perhaps due to having gotten a lot closer.



YongHo pressed the straw hat on to his head.

“Thanks. I will use this well.”

The straw hat blocked the ultraviolet rays. When YongHo waved, Dave was restless as if he was going to run at any moment.

Jessie and James were holding him from both sides so they could bid farewell without any problems.

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The first place YongHo went to, when he returned to Korea, was the bank.

1 billion. ( $\approx$ 870,000 USD)

Thanks to Son SeokHo's consideration, he received 1 billion of the 2 billion of the Grand Prize money.

Even while looking at the number on his bank account, it didn't feel real.

‘The world is not all sh\*t, I guess.’

It seemed to be full of people who tried to use him, but there

were also many people who kept morals.

If it wasn't for Son SeokHo, he wouldn't have even known about the NetFlax Prize. Then, he wouldn't have gotten the prize, and he wouldn't be standing here in front of the bank, dazed.

‘Thank you, head researcher.’

Son SeokHo could have taken most of the money.

Son SeokHo was the one who prepared the most for the competition. YongHo just rode along with him.

Of course, he played a crucial role for receiving the prize, but he didn't know that he would receive 1 billion for real.

His heart was pounding due to the reality that now felt more real.

With this money, he would have no problems with living anymore.

And he was reassured.

He never knew that a bank account with a lot of money was so reassuring.

‘First, the debt and the house...’

YongHo decided to look for a house for his family to live in. If he paid his parents' debt and bought a house in Seoul, half of that money would be gone.

It was reassuring, but 1 billion wasn't a huge amount of money that he could live with no worries for the rest of his life.

He spent 4 days in America touring, since he came anyway, and he decided to spend the rest of the holiday at home.

It had been a long time since YongHo lied in the living room, watching TV. At that moment, the front door opened and his father, in a suit, came in. He seemed to have come back from a wedding.

"You were at home?"

"Oh, father, are you coming back from a wedding?"

When his father came in, YongHo reflexively stood up. Then he scratched his head awkwardly.

"Yeah. I've been to a wedding."

"Oh, ok. Have a rest."

YongHo awkwardly moved his steps towards his room.

He didn't have anything to say.

Due to the small size of 15 pyung( $\approx 50\text{m}^2$ ), he didn't move his feet much, but he was already in front of his room.

And he turned the handle to enter the room.

In that short moment, his father called YongHo.

“YongHo.”

“Yes... Yes?”

“Thanks. Everybody was envious of me when I said my child goes to Shinseki.”

“W, were you?”

“There were even people who tried to introduce their daughters to you, too. Thanks to you, I've gained some face.”

“N, no. Then, please rest.”

“I will.”

He entered his room, his heart was beating faster than ever.

The moment he entered Seon Min university, he was treated like a sinner at home. 3rd rate college along with a poor household – He failed everyone's expectations..

And so, YongHo studied hard.

Thanks to his efforts and luck, he earned a lot of money, and he entered a company called Shinseki.

‘I will make you happier in the future.’

At his father's words of thanks, the figure of himself in his heart seemed to have grown a little.

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After he came back from America, there was one thing that YongHo gained.

Leisure.

He now had leisure, which he didn't have before.

He was always hurried whether it was studying into the night or working. To others, it may have looked like he was chased by

something.

That atmosphere was all but gone.

Jeong DanBi, who met many people since young, realized that change first.

“America sure is different, I guess.”

“Sorry?”

“I can’t pinpoint it, but something around you has changed.”

Jeong DanBi looked at YongHo.

There was not much change to his face.

Perhaps due to the week of rest, the dim color vanished and a healthy color emerged, and the rough skin changed back to fit his age.

“Is that so?”

“Yes. Definitely.”

YongHo didn’t think about that at all, and was looking back at Jeong DanBi.

Perhaps, the change was expected.

America.

The playground was different.

And he received recognition there. He met the owner of a world famous business, and he made friends with a so called 'genius'.

The quality of the environment surrounding YongHo changed.

Moreover, the 1 billion inside his bank account.

He didn't change 180 degrees but he was changing little by little.

When the gaze toward YongHo didn't stop, Heo JiHoon called Jeong DanBi.

"Team leader."

They were having a simple snack time while discussing about the future, with Son SeokHo, YongHo, Heo JiHoon and Jeong DanBi – the four of them.

"I called you since I had something to say to you."

After blinking a few times, Jeong DanBi continued speaking.

“You probably know already. Due to the characteristics of a company, as it grows bigger they will become extremely vigilant against having to rely on one person. The PS System is the same. We need to make the PS System operable by anyone, and not be at the whim of one person’s ability.

At that moment, silence flowed in the conference room.

Jeong DanBi’s words contained 2 meanings.

A document for a takeover is necessary.

The system must work normally without Son SeokHo and YongHo present.

In other words, make the system work without you two around.

Jeong DanBi seemed to have felt something and quickly added.

“Oh, of course, it’s not like there will be a big change to the team. The two of you can research and develop for the PS System to get better.”

Knock knock.



One employee entered the office where they were talking.

“T, team leader. A personnel order just came up on the intra-company groupware, and I think you need to see this.”

Anxiety could be felt from the employee’s face.

Everyone in the conference room read that anxiety.

“What’s it about?”

“It was about dispatching Mr.YongHo to Busan’s new premium outlet store.”

Tap.

Son SeokHo stood up first, using the desk as leverage.

“What do you mean by that? Dispatching him to Busan’s outlet? Isn’t that managed by another team?”

“That team is preparing for the next one so there’s a shortage of personnel and the tradition is for other teams to give personnel support for store openings, but...”

The employee who came into the office also didn’t know it would be YongHo, and had a confused expression.

Like what the employee said, openings of stores were not easy so traditionally, other teams would give personnel support.

However, the problem was that it was YongHo.

Dispatching personnel also differed according to the power of the team leader.

If the team leader had power, then there were cases where they didn't give any personnel support.

Jeong DanBi is a direct descent of the chairman. There was only one person who could touch her team in the entire company.

‘Jeong JinHoon.’

No one said it out loud, but everyone in the conference room was thinking of one person.

Jeong DanBi looked at the employee and asked.

“So, when is it?”

“Uh, they seem to want him there by tomorrow...”

YongHo was the only one who was sitting there awkwardly, not

knowing anything.

He vaguely understood.

The contents were simple. He need to go to Busan by tomorrow.

But 'why'.

'Why' did this happen?

'Why' do I suddenly need to go?

He knew the cause and effect but he didn't understand. However, he needed to follow.

YongHo wanted to be the proud son of his father now, and not just in the future.

# Chapter 55: Development Specialist (1)

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In the middle of Myeong-dong, Seoul.

In one of the high rise buildings, there was the office of Shiseki Group's CEO. With one side of the wall made entirely of glass, the view of the city there was, without a doubt, beautiful.

In front of the glass wall-window was a man.

Wide shoulders, wide back, sideburns with a tinge of grey – these were complimenting his serious atmosphere. Although he was nearing 60 the vigor of a person in his 30s could be felt from him.

It was the CEO of Shinseki Group, Jeong JinYong.

“Team Leader Jeong DanBi should be busy, but why are you here?”

“Please don't touch our team members.”

“...Can you see the people down there?”

Jeong JinYong spoke, while his gaze was still directed to the scenery of the city.

“.....”

“They’re moving quite busily. What did I tell you before?”

“Look at them as numbers.”

“The number one CEO of the economic world once said this. That one talent feeds 10,000 people. Let’s say one person spends one million won( $\approx 870$  USD) a month, then how much money would be spent by 10,000 people?”

“10 billion( $\approx 8.7$ million USD).”

Jeong DanBi quietly sat down on a seat and answered Jeong JinYong’s question. Heaviness could be felt from the furnitures in the office, rather than luxuriousness. They were something you could see chairman Jeong JinYong’s character from.

“10 billion is needed. Smart shopping strategy team are made up of 10 people, and to prove that each one of them can feed 10,000 people, then the sales from the team needs to be 100 billion. How much is the current sales?”

“A, about 10 billion, sir.”

At Jeong DanBi’s unconfident words, Jeong JinYong turned his head. Then he waved his fingers and said.

“No, not the total, the sales per month.”

“F, four billion, sir.....”

“So you are short of 96 billion.”

At Jeong JinYong’s words, Jeong DanBi lost her words to say. There was a promise between Jeong JinYong and Jeong DanBi.

With 10 people, achieve 100 billion won in sales for just one month.

Then, I will allow you to do whatever.

However, before that, whatever you do, you won’t be able to get out of Shinseki’s eyes. ‘Not able to get out’ included marriage.

Test.

It was a test that Jeong JinYong gave to Jeong DanBi, a child of the CEO. It may be difficult and seem impossible. However, to achieve what others deem as impossible was an ability in itself, and the words also implied that as long as she proved her ability, she would be given her freedom.

Jeong DanBi stayed sitting while biting her lips. From behind her, Jeong JinYong calmly, but heavily spoke.

“Bring me results. I won’t listen to anything else.”

With those words, signifying the end of the conversation, Jeong JinYong turned back his head to look outside. The sun was setting and lights in Seoul were lighting up one after the other.

Jeong DanBi stood up, still biting her lips.

She was frustrated, but it wasn't like chairman Jeong JinYong wanted something that was impossible. In fact, there were numerous cases where a small number of people achieved massive sales. In the end, it 'looked impossible, but is possible'.

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“How do you feel now, that you are going on a business trip?”

“Oh, it all just feels unreal. It's like... I finally feel that I'm commuting to a big company now...?”

“You are going to come back here after the opening ends, so don't worry about anything else. We have no intentions to let go of a talent like you, Mr.YongHo.”

“Haha, I'm not worried about anything.”

He was feeling unfair due to going to Busan so suddenly, but at Jeong DanBi's acknowledgement, his mood got better. And also he was thinking of another thing.

The imagination of going to his first business trip.

He only saw them in TV dramas.

He placed himself in the shoes of the cool employees in the TV dramas he vaguely remembered. ‘Business trips are only meant for people with ability’ – he had this thought.

In contrast, worry couldn’t be erased from Jeong DanBi’s face.

“Thanks to you, Mr.YongHo, I can finally see some hope. Think you’re on a vacation and have a good rest in Busan.”

Confidence was taking root in Jeong DanBi’s eyes, which were looking at YongHo. To pass Jeong JinYong’s test, she could have selected 10 people who went to top universities.

However, to earn 100 billion with 10 people, she thought that it couldn’t be done the usual way.

She needed to break common sense.

And so, she selected Son SeokHo.

YongHo was, in a sense, a joker. She knew of his ability through Stack Overfly, but she selected YongHo, who had no real work experience, as a bet.



She expected a newbie's passion and open mind when selecting. Due to these expectations she had, she didn't go through the normal employment process and looked around websties such as Stack Overfly and gethub to look for talents. And her selection was correct. YongHo made a team with Son SeokHo and produced an unprecedented result and proved his ability.

“I'm thankful for your words. I'm not going there to die or anything, and it's only Busan. You don't need to worry so much about me.....”

“If you think that way, then I'm thankful.”

YongHo also had ears. He vaguely felt that the relationship between Jeong DanBi and Jeong JinHoon was not that good.

He was caught in the fight between Jeong JinHoon and Jeong DanBi.

The occasion just fit Jeong JinHoon's needs too.

He politely refused Jeong JinHoon's proposal, and this was a sudden deployment. He vaguely knew what Jeong DanBi was worried about.

However, the important thing for YongHo was not intra-company politics.

‘Will I be able to improve myself.’

YongHo resolved that he would undertake anything to improve his own ability. And to do that, he needed to experience various different kinds of work. There is no such thing as ‘almighty’ but becoming a close to almighty programmer – that was YongHo’s aim.

Store openings were a new experience for him. If he experienced something different, he might be able to increase his ability.

And so, he wasn’t that repulsed, nor was he worried.

He needed to do his best in his position. It was obvious, yet not obvious. YongHo resolved.

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She was happy when she heard he was going to America, but YongHo’s mother was also happy when she heard YongHo was going to Busan.

“You are finally acknowledged by the company and going on a business trip. A big company is sure different.”

She did odd jobs all her life, with a high school degree. She never had a chance to go to a middle scale company, much less a big one.

Cleaning, serving, etc – these were the thing she did for her entire life.

Business trip.

YongHo was also slightly excited.

He already had experience going to America but this was his first time going on a business trip to work.

After Three and a half hours on the KTX (an express train in KR) and one and a half more hours on the taxi, YongHo arrived in Gijang County, Busan

‘It seems to be here.’

Last-minute construction was underway.

Buildings with light pink color were placed, and brand YongHo saw for the first time was emitting their dignified aura from the signboards.

‘Shall I call first?’

The only thing the company told YongHo, who was going to Korea, was a phone number.

Call this person.

That was it.

The person YongHo called was named Seo JooShin, and he was an assistant manager at Shinseki I&C. YongHo was placed in Jeong DanBi's team as soon as he entered so the number of people YongHo knew in the company were extremely small.

Seo JooShin's first impression was ordinary.

Just that, he looked too busy. Without even unpacking his belongings, YongHo was put to work right away. That work – was extremely absurd.

“So... You are telling me to test the POS machines, right?”

“Yes. The ones you see here are the POS terminals that will be used in the store, and they need one final check.”

At assistant manager Seo's words YongHo looked at the installed POS's in front of his eyes.

There were at least 100 of them. And the words meant that he needed to test these one by one.

“You want me to do all of these, alone?”

“If there are any that have problems, then you can organize it and send them to me.”

The person called assistant manager Seo calmly continued talking. Even while talking to YongHo, his phone was continuously ringing.

Not only that, there were some people who came to him to ask things.

“I came here to do program developing related work, though.”

When YongHo said in confusion, while tilting his head, Seo JooShin stiffened his face.

“I’m busy so do what I told you to do first.”

Then he picked up the call and left the place.

He never knew when he bought things.

If he just handed over the cash or the credit card, the staff will do the work so he didn’t have to mind about anything.

And when he was the one doing that on the POS, just the normal patterns went over 30 in number.

Cash transaction.

Card transaction.

Points transaction.

Gift card transaction.

Combination of cash and card, etc. There were numerous cases.

‘Sigh.....’

Still, the guy called assistant manager Seo left a table of test scenarios.

It was a document he gave YongHo to test according to the scenario and write the serial number of the POS and the problem.

‘The word is ‘business trip’ but it’s no different than labor, huh.’

Son SeokHo caused chaos in the office, saying he wanted to meet the personnel management team himself to not let YongHo go on this trip.

He was calmed after a lot of effort from Jeong DanBi.

He didn’t know why Son SeokHo was so over-reactive at the

short business trip. He didn't know what store openings implied.

He now knew why Son SeokHo was so against it.

‘My arm hurts now.’

When he did about half of them, he had swiped the card so many times that his arms started hurting. He swiped cards, inputted cash, and scanned the barcodes on gift cards. After a standardized test scenario, he did one or two tests using a non-standard way, before going on to the next machine.

He didn't even have any time to wonder why he was doing all this.

‘Hmm.....’

Some minor bugs could be seen when he underwent the transaction. They were minor, so he wrote them in a simple manner on the test scenario.

There was no one who oversaw his work, but YongHo did the work seriously.

-I shouldn't be doing this.

This kind of thought were taking root in his heart, but his thought to finish this work was still bigger.

After finishing the standardized tests, YongHo tried to do the non-standard test, aka monkey test.

‘A situation where a customer pays 10000 won with a gift card, 5000 won with cash, 10000 won with card, but the customer asks to return the cash and asks to pay the remaining 5000 won with a card.’

He swiped the gift card, inputted 5000 won, swiped a credit card, and cancelled the 5000 won cash input.

Although nobody was looking, he was doing his best. Even if he didn't do a monkey test, there was no one to take responsibility.

‘Huh?’

At that moment, the POS program crashed. There was no reaction no matter how much he touched the screen and it was frozen.

There was an error message on the bug window, which only YongHo could see.

‘Let's write it down first.’

For dinner, he ate a lunch box someone brought to him(Korean convenience stores sell microwave lunch boxes), and the test only



ended when the sky was dark.

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It was past 10 o'clock at night.

After numerous tries, he could finally connect. Seo JooShin's work wasn't finished so he called YongHo to the second floor of the main building.

'Is it the same for developers no matter where you go?'

The desk was littered with A4 papers and left-over burgers. The trash can on the floor was full and there were bits of trash around it.

"I only need to do a few things before I finish so please wait a moment."

Even while he was speaking to YongHo, Seo JooShin's phone was ringing. Not only that, the phone installed on the office was also ringing.

Seo JooShin pointed at a mobile phone with one hand and looked at YongHo.

"Mr. YongHo, can you get that call?"

“Oh, ok.”

The phones died down after it was past 11.

2 people needed to use one room, so YongHo used the same room as Seo JooShin.

“You haven’t even met the people from cooperating companies, have you?”

After unpacking, Seo JooShin took YongHo out. When they went to a sushi restaurant after leaving the motel, there were already some people who took tables and were sitting.

There was no one younger than YongHo. They all looked at least Son SeokHo’s age or more. Seo JooShin had no difficulties handling them.

“Manager, thank you for your hard work today. Please take care of me tomorrow too.”

“Assistant manager Seo has worked hard too. Here, receive one from me.”

Perhaps they worked together for a long time already, but the atmosphere wasn’t awkward at all.

After a few rounds of alcohol, everyone’s face turned bright red.

YongHo also was tired, riding the train all the way here and taking the taxi again. Perhaps due to his exhaustion, he didn't drink a lot before becoming drunk.

An employee from a cooperating company checked that everyone was drunk, and spoke out.

“Assistant manager, then shall we end it here today?”

“Let's do that.”

When it was past 12, a manager from a cooperating company stood up. Then he took Seo JooShin outside.

YongHo also barely scraped his conscious before following.

It seemed that everything was already paid for, as the owner didn't block them at all from leaving.

“There is somewhere I know, so let's go there.”

“I intended to take it easy since it's the first day.....”

Seo JooShin, who blurred the end of his words, also didn't seem to hate it that much. YongHo who was closing his eyes due to being drunk, also vaguely knew what those two were on about.

YongHo checked his watch on his wrist to check the time.

Then he clicked a few buttons on the side as if the time was wrong. Seo JooShin approached YongHo who was fiddling with his watch.

“Why don’t you come with us, Mr.YongHo?”

Seo JooShin grabbed YongHo’s arm while pulling him towards the car. A car was already waiting on the road.

“Oh, I’m too tired today so I think I will go back first.”

Someone grabbed YongHo’s arm, who used the excuse of ‘I am too tired since I only arrived today’.

It was an employee from a cooperating company.

“Why don’t you come with us, assistant manager Lee? We will be working together in the future. Must you be so distant from us?”

It seemed like it wasn’t the first time this happened as he didn’t pull hard, nor let go easily.

YongHo felt that he would be dragged there if he answered vaguely.

“I’m really tired today. I’m sorry. If I get a hold of myself tomorrow, I will greet you formally then.”

When YongHo kept refusing, the employee from the cooperating company, who was grabbing YongHo’s arm, seemed to think that they will ruin the atmosphere if this went on, let go of the arm.

“Oh, that’s a pity. It will be good to have a good time with you , assistant manager.”

“I’m sorry. I’m too tired today.”

“Yes. It will be good if assistant manager Lee came together with us, but if he’s tired, then there’s no helping it.”

YongHo refused Seo JooShin’s offer to the end, saying he was tired. The employee from the cooperating company also seemed helpless as he called for a taxi and left.

YongHo, who was going back to the residence, had this thought.

‘I’m becoming Gab too, huh...’

## Chapter 56: Development Specialist (2)

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YongHo couldn't help but be surprised when he felt an envelope while wearing his coat.

‘Whoa.’

When he grabbed the envelope, he could feel its contents. When he took it out, there were about 10 yellow notes in there. (1 Yellow note = 50,000KRW  $\approx$  43.5USD)

‘Did someone put this here yesterday.....?’

The only time this could happen, in his opinion, was when his arm was grabbed by the employee from the cooperating company yesterday night.

‘Sigh... Sh\*t.’

He swore subconsciously. He hated complicated situations like these. YongHo creased his face and took out the envelope.

Coincidentally, assistant manager Seo was also putting on his coat.

YongHo looked at the watch on his wrist and called assistant manager Seo.

“Assistant manager Seo. Last night, someone from the cooperating company gave me an envelope but... I think I need to give this back.”

“Oh, really? I don’t know what it is, but just leave it there. We aren’t getting any overtime pay anyway, just think of it as overtime pay.”

YongHo inhaled deeply when he heard Seo JooShin’s words.

‘What does he mean by ‘I don’t know what it is but think of it as overtime pay’?’

Travel allowance of 30,000 won ( $\approx$ 26USD) and lodging allowance of 60000 won( $\approx$ 52USD) per person. This was the benefit Yongho got from the company due to the business trip.

There was no overtime pay even if he worked until 11 p.m. Anyway, it wasn’t like he had any when he worked in Seoul.

“But I don’t think this is right.”

“Hey, I said you can think of it as overtime pay. You received it so you take care of it.”

Seo JooShin drew the line as if it wasn’t his business. YongHo didn’t continue since he thought that their relationship will worsen if he did.

Even with the heavy atmosphere, he needed to go to work.

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Rough panting sounds could be heard from YongHo's mouth. Testing the POS's weren't easy.

‘Pant... Pant.....’

Despite the cold weather nearing winter, he was sweating.

They were moving about 7,000 POS machines to each of the stores.

The interior was finally being finished when it was less than 3 days before the opening.

To install the POS's they needed a desk to put on top of it so the POS's were only installed after the interior was done.

And that only ended 3 days before the opening.

“How many are left now?”

“50 are still left.”



Listening to an employee, who was sent here from another team, YongHo screamed in his heart. He felt that his arms were being pulled out, and his legs were trembling.

Moving the POS's wasn't the end. POS's were, in a sense, computers so in order to make them work power was necessary, and even network was needed.

The problem was that there were some stores with unfinished network construction. Stores that were locked, stores which were open but had no desks to put the POS's on.

In one word, it was chaos.

“It's not easy, huh.”

“Openings are never easy. That's why each team are sending personnel support.”

An employee from Shinseki I&C's intra-company groupware management team smiled and said.

He seemed to have experienced this many times, as he was aware on how the situation was folding out.

“How many times did you do this?”

“Well, I'm the youngest in the team, so...”

And looked at YongHo. He seemed to be asking – ‘Aren’t you the youngest in yours too?’.

“Th, that’s true...”

YongHo was also the youngest in his team. Even while conversing, they were moving the POS’s. They put the POS’s in each of the brand stores before moving on to the next.

They started in the morning but it was sunset when all the work was finished.

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They had some rest after dinner. YongHo approached the employee from the cooperating company he talked to yesterday.

Then he called the manager from the cooperating company alone. He seemed to be from the sales team, but there was no particular knowledge required for moving POS’s so he helped.

Of course, it was half on his will, and half against his will.

After checking the time with his watch, YongHo took out the envelope from last night.

“You don’t need to give me something like this.”

“Don’t worry about it, and just take it. This is nothing.”

“It’s because I’m uncomfortable with it. I’m also not in a position to receive something like this.”

The employee from the cooperating company kept pushing the envelope YongHo took out.

“It’s really alright. You’re in Busan, don’t you need to do some touring? Use it then.”

The employee from the cooperating company kept refusing the envelope from YongHo. However YongHo was also resolute.

“I don’t want to fight over this with words anymore.”

The employee from the cooperating company didn’t do this for one or two days. He could feel YongHo’s seriousness from his stiff face and his resolute voice.

If a few more words were exchanged and this kiss-ass continued, he felt their relationship would worsen.

“I understand.”

The cooperating company employee took the envelope and left first.

When YongHo saw his watch, it was already pointing at 8. Looking at his watch, YongHo thought.

‘So not anyone can be Gab(bossy), huh...’

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When he went to the office, Seo JooShin was already waiting there. He was looking at the test report that YongHo wrote.

“Did you write this, Mr. YongHo?”

“Yes. Is there any problem.....?”

“Here, it says the 52nd POS had an error. Is this true?”

“Yes. Shall we test right away?”

Seo JooShin looked at YongHo with suspicious eyes. Numerous tests were done before YongHo did the test.

He just left it to YongHo as a final check. These kind of problems must not be happening now.

YongHo did the same operation as the one he wrote on the test report on a POS that was prepared in one side of the office.

Down.

The POS became down.

It was switched off and on, but it didn't work normally.

Every time a transaction occurred, the machine needs increase the count of how many transactions it did.

That needed to happen in order to compare the final count against the sales to see if there's anything missing. That count was stopped on the number before the error occurred.

“Sigh...Sh\*t.”

Seo JooShin quietly swore. They only had 3 days until the opening. Moreover, the POS's were already installed in the stores.

“It's Seo JooShin from Shinseki. Please come down to Busan. There is a problem with the program of the POS. I sent you the contents by e-mail so check there and this needs to be fixed by at least tomorrow.”

Seo JooShin talked one-sidedly and ended the call. YongHo had a déjà vu.

Although not same, he could see No JunWoo's appearance

slightly from Seo JooShin.

“We need a drink. Everybody’s there right?”

“Yes.”

“Come with us, Mr.YongHo.”

The second get together started.

It was one day nearer to the opening and there were more people. Amongst them, there was an employee from Shinseki I&C who YongHo moved the POS’s together with.

“We didn’t even greet properly, right?”

“Oh, yes. Nice to meet you. I’m called Lee YongHo.”

“So it was Mr.YongHo. I heard a lot about you. You entered as a DS and you were scouted by the Chairman’s direct descent...”

“D, DS?”

“Development specialist. We call it DS, well, I guess you didn’t know that.”

It was the first time YongHo heard of the things the guy who

named himself Won JaeJin spoke.

Development Specialist. Aka DS.

In Shinseki there is a personnel management system called the occupational grouping.

Generalists who have to do everything they were told to do.

Development specialists who specializes in developing.

Other than these, there were many other occupational groups according to jobs.

And the treatment for each occupational group was also different.

“I, is that so?”

“How much did you receive when you came here?”

“...It’s uncomfortable for me to say that.”

Won JaeJin was very direct with his questions.

Each person’s annual salary was officially a secret due to security. It was something that even the employees in the same company

shouldn't speak about.

“30s?”

However, Won JaeJin pressed for answers. Perhaps due to the alcohol, he held nothing back.

YongHo unconsciously nodded his head.

“You know how much a generalist's beginning salary is, right?”

Won JaeJin held up 4 fingers while speaking. It implied 40s.

YongHo silently drank one glass.

“There, you see that guy in the middle?”

He pointed towards Seo JooShin and next to him was a different man from yesterday.

“That person is a generalist, and we're DS's. We're doing the same work but we receive less money.”

After speaking, Won JaeJin drank a glass. He seemed infuriated just thinking about it as he poured out all the frustration piled up inside him until now to YongHo.



The man who Jeong DanBi directly scouted.

The employee who won the NetFlax Prize.

YongHo was treated as a hero amongst the development specialists of Shinseki. And they had expectations that he maybe able to change their positions.

“It’s all complicated, huh.”

It was YongHo’s opinion after listening to Won JaeJin’s explanation.

When YongHo was first scouted by Jeong DanBi, he had a long interview with the human resources team.

The annual salary system of a big company was complication itself.

There was a basic salary, and various extra pays. Holiday extras and incentives according to evaluation... There were more than ten categories on the monthly payslip.

‘So complicated...’

It was YongHo’s opinion after he received his first payslip. It was too complicated that he didn’t even read properly. He just checked whether the total was right or not.

The total was many times higher than when he worked as an intern or when he was offered a job from the ‘escort agency’.

The categories in the payslip that YongHo skimmed over were related to the taxes that a company had to give to the country. As a company had to produce profit, they needed to decrease the cost of labor as much as possible.

Personnel management systems were developed in such way that they tried to decrease labor costs rather than give benefits.

And the result was the birth of development specialists.

The word ‘development specialist’ sounded like they were professionals that specialized in developing, but within the company, they were basically subcontractors.

“We are expecting a lot from you, Mr. YongHo. Everyone here is hoping that we may be able to become generalists.”

When glasses of alcohol went inside him, Won JaeJin’s face started to change into a tinge of red. There was one reason why he wanted to become a generalist.

Salary.

He wanted to receive more money.

“Me?”

“No matter what anyone says, Mr. YongHo is in the closest position with the powers of the company. No matter how much we employees complain, we won’t be able to change anything, but if the owner speaks a word, then everything would change, won’t it? So we’re wondering if Mr.YongHo could tell team leader Jeong DanBi .....

Won JaeJin drank another glass of alcohol. He seemed as if he was trying to melt all the frustration inside him with alcohol.

When Won JaeJin first entered this company, he said he didn’t know what a development specialist was. Even for the others, they were the same. The only thought they had was that they were entering a big company. The human resources team also said that they were specialized in developing programs and they didn’t mention anything about salary.

According to what Won JaeJin said, even after 3 years of being a development specialist, their salary wouldn’t reach up to a generalist newbie.

The most important thing was that nobody knew this before they entered the company.

The inequality of information from the second-hand car market was also happening in the employment market.

The sudden personnel management system, and the people who were harmed due to that when entering. Why does this company only want to exploit the employees... YongHo was bitter when remembered his experience from his intern days and he drank another glass of alcohol.

In a place without the lion, the fox was the king.

This time, another employee from a cooperating company payed the bill on the counter and took Seo JooShin and left.

YongHo, who saw that, drank the a glass for the last time and he returned to his room with Won JaeJin while swearing.

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The main work of Shinseki I&C, a data processing company, was not developing programs.

It was managing programmers.

They were in a similar situation to KO Telecom.

The program developer of the POS program arrived at dawn after receiving the all from Seo JooShin last night.

Of course, it was an employee from a cooperating company.

“We did a test at our company and the problem you have mentioned to us is indeed true. Currently, our company is in the process of fixing it.”

“How long will it take?”

Seo JooShin said as calmly as he possibly could. YongHo, who was next to him, thought that he was a gentleman compared to No JunWoo.

If it was No JunWoo from KO Telecom, he would have called for the president of the cooperating company by now.

“Th, that... We’re doing our best to finish it as soon as possible... but we are unable to tell you anything concretely.”

“Hey, listen here. We’re opening the day after tomorrow, and you think you can say ‘you don’t know when’?”

“The error that’s occurring right now is a special case. Anyway, would the customers do a transaction that makes an error like this.....?”

The person from the cooperating company made an excuse with a mosquito-like-small voice. Seo JooShin seemed frustrated as he raised his voice.

“And if it does occur?”

“Then wouldn’t you need to just change the POS?”

“Sigh... This won’t do... I will call our team leader. I wanted to solve it here, but if you are so uncooperative like this, then I have no choice.”

At Seo JooShin’s reaction, the person from the cooperating company peeked at YongHo.

“Assistant manager, why don’t we smoke for a bit?”

A moment later, Seo JooShin came back with the cooperating company. Then, he looked towards YongHo who was sitting in the office.

“Mr. YongHo. I heard you solved a POS program transaction error when you just entered the company... Can you fix this too?”

The problem came over to YongHo.

Of course, he could fix it. It wasn’t YongHo’s area so he didn’t interfere until now, but when Seo JooShin asked, YongHo quietly nodded.

## Chapter 57: Development Specialist (3)

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“It’s not a problem for me to fix it but do you also use CI(Continuous Integration) framework here?”

At YongHo’s words, whether it was Seo JooShin or the employee from the cooperating company, they couldn’t say anything.

YongHo continued speaking after seeing they were silent.

“Hudson or Jenkins. Don’t you use anything like that?”

Hudson was the most famous of CI frameworks. Hudson was developed as an open source in the beginning, but the open ecosystem died when a global scale DBMS development company bought the company which had the license for Hudson. Later, the program that the developers of Hudson made again was Jenkins.

It automatically does everything from building the program after gathering the source code that other people developed to testing to distribution of the program. In addition, it had a function which left a log of which developers committed the source, built the program and even distributed the program.

“Is that really necessary?”

“Yes. It is definitely necessary.”

YongHo cut it short.

He didn't want to experience the same thing when he first came into society. In order to do that, a CI program was necessary. It left a record of when and who edited the source and built the program so he could find who was wrong, very clearly.

He found this very helpful even when he did the PS System project with Son SeokHo. Son SeokHo was also meticulous in that regard, and he made a separate CI server to take care of building and distribution.

He was considerate to not only program developing but also to the support of program developing.

“W, we don't have one right now.....”

“Our team already made a CI server so you only have to add the project there. We also have environments to not only compile java but other languages that are used a lot in our company such as C or C#.”

“R, really?”

Seo JooShin's right leg was trembling.

The era was where knowledge was power.



At the various tools YongHo talked about, people such as Seo JooShin or the employee from a cooperating company, who knew none of what these tools are, could only be dragged around.

“Well, the CI server also uses the intranet, anyway. So, there would be no problem for your team to use it. I’ll be setting up the environment so, please tell me the address where the source with the problem is.”

At YongHo’s words, this time, it was the employee from the cooperating company who was confused.

“Source...address?”

“You have storage where you store the source, right? SVN or GIT or stuff like that.”

“Oh, we do have SVN. I will tell you via message.”

The expression of the employee, which was turning darker and darker, finally brightened. He seemed to be delighted that a word he knew finally appeared.

This time, YongHo’s expression, who was looking at the two, darkened. It was due to the worry of how much the POS program source would stink.

They say most programs could be implemented with if-statements and for-statements. However, in reality, there are

many more programming principles and functions other than if-statements and for-statements.

Like what YongHo learned from Son SeokHo, one must think that coding was like writing.

It needs to be understandable at a glance by other people and the coder himself when s/he looks at it later.

However, a source with just if-statements and for-statements really appeared in front of YongHo's eyes.

‘Ah.....’

As soon as he opened the source, he had a headache. C# was, like java, an object oriented programming language. However, concepts such as encapsulation and polymorphism couldn't be seen anywhere even after YongHo rubbed his eyes.

‘There's if statments everywhere.’

To process the various possibilities that may happen within the POS program, numerous if-statements were used.

```
if(cashTransaction == true)
```

```
if(cardTransaction == true)
```

```
if(couponTransaction == true)
```

```
if(giftCardTransaction == true)
```

```
if(pointTransaction == true)
```

Just the part YongHo read was made up of 5 branches. If it ended where, then it would be a relief.

There were even some which had ‘false’ and not ‘true’, and the logics that must be processed when each of them was true was all all complicated and tangled.

‘...I’ll just fix the bugs first.’

He felt that it would be endless if he tried to edit it. Moreover, C# was something that was unfamiliar to him. If he did something wrong, then something bad may happen.

Setting the CI server to editing the source... Fortunately, he finished before dinner.

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“How is the guy called Lee YongHo?”

“I think he’s sweating a bit in Busan.”

“Yes, continue as I said... and Son SeokHo?”

“I think team leader Jeong DanBi is barely holding him back from reporting it to the ministry of labor.”

Ta-tap. Ta-tap.

The rhythm of the fingers which were tapping on the desk became faster

Jeong JinHoon looked at the man who was reporting to him.

“If he really does report to the ministry of labor, won’t the image of the company be affected?”

“He’s the one who wants to work for us anyway, so there won’t be any problem. We turned his computer work and if he still wants to work for us, then we can’t stop him.”

“Yes. Don’t even leave a 1% chance. Otherwise, everyone would have a hard time.”

“Yes, sir.”

The man who replied continued speaking before Jeong JinHoon even asked.

“Shinseki Magic Mirror is done setting. Should we alert the media?”

“Let’s do that. We should finally solidify our position now. Although, we had to delay it due to the PS System.”

Tap.

Jeong JinHoon’s fingers, which were tapping the desk, stopped moving. The man who was reporting also quietly left the office.

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“I will report it.”

“Head researcher Son.”

“I can’t endure it anymore.”

The figure who was always smiling with a piece of sweet bean bread in his mouth was gone. Only a strong and stubborn atmosphere was left.

“Then everybody would be in a difficult position. Nobody wants that.”

“Can you see them outside? How many continuous days of overnight work are we doing? Are you telling us to die?”

“We just need to endure this part. To make the PS System work without head researcher Son and Mr. Lee YongHo, we don’t have any choice.”

“But isn’t this too harsh?”

The value of the PS System was proven.

And as a company, it had to avoid as much risks as possible. As the value of the PS System increased, so did the reliability on Son SeokHo and YongHo. While YongHo was away on a business trip, there was more and more overwork now.

However, an order came down from above.

-Make it work automatically without needing a person.

To avoid the risk of personnel, the company chose automation. The automation couldn’t be done in one go so the work they were doing as the first step was the documentation of the operation of the PS System.

The PS System shouldn’t have any problems operating even when an elementary schooler comes.

“Don’t you need to do a take-over documentation anyway? Can’t you do it while doing that?”

“Team leader, it’s not like I’m saying I won’t work. Isn’t the schedule too harsh? To finish it before the opening of the premium outlet in Busan... Does this schedule make any sense?”

At Son SeokHo’s words, Jeong DanBi also seemed to feel stifled as she creased her expression. Then, she lied deep into the seat and closed her eyes.

The managment team checked the document written by the development team. The word ‘elementary schooler’ also implied ‘someone who’s clueless to developing programs’.

Not a person who had experience with programming, but even a clueless person must be able to operate the system after looking at the document.

“I don’t understand this.”

It was Heo JiHoon’s opinion on the document about the PS System operation sent by the development team.

“Please redo this.”

He felt cold as if he wasn’t even in the same team. He was ruthless even with the same team and he abided by the principles.

If he didn't manage to make it work after following the document, then he made them redo it. One strange thing was that he accompanied them without going home when the developers working on the documentation late into the night.

And more so, nobody was able to leave.

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YongHo stood up after he finished his work.

"I will get some fresh air."

"Oh. P, please do."

At YongHo's words, Seo JooShin nodded. Even the cooperating company which developed the program didn't manage to fix the POS program.

However, YongHo was different.

Fortunately, they fixed the problem before the opening. YongHo turned his head towards the cooperating company employee.

I will give you a CI server account so if you have anything to fix in the future please upload it on the CI server and build it. Otherwise, I will consider the files illegal. Assistant manager Seo, I



can do that, right?”

“O, of course.”

At YongHo’s actions, nobody could complain.

Seo JooShin was busy handling the complaints that each of the stores sent to him, and the cooperating company employee seemed as if he still didn’t understand why the bug occurred.

And YongHo’s ability made, whether it was Seo JooShin or the cooperating company employee, them unable to complain.

“Here.”

Won JaeJin handed a can of drink to YongHo after taking it out from the vending machine. Perhaps due to thinking that they were similar development specialists, he talked to YongHo a lot.

“So it wasn’t all just rumors. From the transaction error to the implementation of the PS System... To be honest, I didn’t believe it that much.”

“Well, it’s not anything amazing.”

“Being humble? You won’t have any problems for next year’s work evaluation then.”

“Hahaha. Well.....”

At Won JaeJin’s continuous praise, YongHo could only be pressured.

“But you know that if you are a DS, even if you get an A from work evaluation, your salary won’t become over 40 right?”

YongHo quietly put down the drink he was drinking. He enjoyed programming but he couldn’t ignore matters regarding money.

Although he had the prize money from the NetFlax Prize, if he spent it on a house to live with his parents, then about half would be gone.

And if he thought about marriage too, then it would be insufficient,

“Is it that much?”

“According to what I learnt from the human resources team, and various other places, it’s definitely true. Development specialists will never get a salary of over 40million won ( $\approx 35,000$  USD). If you want to receive over 40million... then you would need to at least work for 4 years.”

“If the company has any brain then it will become different. If not, then... Well, there are plenty of opportunities.”

YongHo's figure, who was drinking from a can, was overflowing with leisure. Already, various opportunities were finding its way over to him.

He had the choice to deny unfair work.

He remembered the words Son SeokHo said to him when he first entered Shinseki.

-If you have the ability, then opportunity will find its way over to you. So please work hard a little bit more.

Those words were becoming reality, one by one.

## Chapter 58: Development Specialist (4)

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Perhaps due to being consistently active, his ranking had leaped in Stack Overfly. When he went to the users noticeboard, there was a number at the bottom.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5.....121391.

There were 36 users on one page so the total number of users went over 4 million. Amidst that, YongHo's name was somewhere on the 300th page.

‘I came quite far.’

Even when he was at Busan, YongHo logged in to the website and solved any problems he could before sleeping.

Thanks to that consistence, he had achieved this result.

‘Shall I have a look at gethub too?’

YongHo accessed the website where the WindowView, an indroid view related source which YongHo made when he entered the company, was.

star 1031.

On the star on the upper right corner of gethub, there was the

number 1031.

This number meant that there were more than 1000 people who were interested in this.

‘That’s quite a lot of people who are interested in this.’

There were lots of functions on gethub, just like Stack Overfly.

‘star’ was something people clicked to register it on their list of interest, and the ‘watch’ function would give an alarm if there was any changes or occurring issues in that source.

‘fork’ meant that the user would just copy and paste the source to use it.

sometimes gethub would select some projects to put on the main page using ‘star’ and ‘watch’ as rating, and YongHo’s source was in the rankings.

‘It looks like people do use indroid a lot.’

NetFlax Prize winner.

Stack Overfly ranker.

Gethub popular source.

And ability that was above others...

YongHo's self-esteem, which was at the bottom of a well, kept rising.

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There was a final test one day before the opening.

The most important work for the data processing team in preparing for the opening of the premium outlet is to make the transaction run smoothly without any hitch.

And on the front line of the transaction were the POS devices. All the support personnel sent to Busan by their respective teams were working on the final test.

"I'm from Shinseki's data processing team."

"Oh, yes. How may I help you?"

"I want to test the POS a bit."

When YongHo said he was from Shinseki's data processing team, the people silently approved of YongHo's actions without saying anything.

“No problems in store no.10.”

YongHo circled on the 10th row on the table he received. Then, he proceeded to the next store.

Befitting the name ‘premium outlet’, the majority of the stores were occupied by famous brands. They boasted of prices that would make anyone widen their eyes even if there was a discount.

“Well, I have the money from the prize so... When I go back, I should buy mother a bag, and father, a suit.”

YongHo murmured while going to the next store. It was a brand store that boasted of rising sales globally. There were especially a lot of people gathered in that store.

“How is it? Any problems?”

“Yes. Nothing abnormal.”

“In the opening tomorrow, the VIPs are all coming so there can’t be any ‘if’s okay?”

Everyone was wearing the employee card of Shinseki, a proof of their identity as a Shinseki employee. YongHo, who also finished testing the POS devices, stuck out his head and looked at it.

“Tell me the product ID.”

“lvO-dg215M.”

One person was standing in various poses in front of the mirror. And when he waved his hand, a lot of clothes could be seen on the screen.

When he opened his hand for about 2 seconds, one of the clothing was selected. Then, the selected clothing was worn by the man reflected on the mirror.

Shinseki Magic Mirror.

It was Jeong JinHoon’s secret card which he prepared for the opening of Busan’s premium outlet. Jeong DanBi increased the sales online through the PS System, but the proportion of offline sales was bigger than online sales for Shinseki.

This was an ambitious project to increase offline sales by a lot.

To reduce the hassle of having to try on the clothes to make the customers try on as many of the clothes as possible to lead them to buying was the clothes was the strategy.

“It matches.”

One person was posing in front of the mirror, and another person



was looking at the laptop monitor.

It was a laptop that that was directly connected to the Magic Mirror. Whenever the man in front of the mirror posed himself, a log came up on the laptop.

The person looking at the monitor seemed as if something was weighing on his mind even while he responded. Perhaps having realized this, a man who was also looking at the monitor from behind him spoke.

“Why are you keep shaking your head, I said I was right.”

“The screen definitely flashed off just now...”

“What flash. Even if it was so, then that’s a problem with the display company. They didn’t install the firmware properly.”

“It’s strange though.....”

“Hey, the opening is tomorrow. Did you check everything else? Let’s just let something minor be.”

“But what if it goes wrong?”

“Hey, researcher Na, I have 10 years of work experience, 10 years. Can’t you just overlook it when I say it? I’m already vexed about changing into a development specialist.”

It was the word YongHo, who was watching from far away, heard.

Development specialist.

‘Seems like that person is in the same occupational group.’

According to Won JaeJin’s words, when creating this occupational group, they received applications from the original members to change.

It was made in pretext of making people, who only wanted to focus on developing, focus on developing in exchange for a small decrease in salary. However, their salary decreased and overtime work was still the same.

The generalists also did developing so there was not much difference. Some people who changed, re-applied back but it wasn’t allowed.

The strange thing was that you could go from being a generalist to a development specialist, but you couldn’t go from being a development specialist to a generalist.

“Then I’ll believe in you, senior researcher.”

“Hey, I didn’t mean it that way, why are you believing in me? I

meant that we have no time so we have to check other things.”

YongHo’s eyes creased. It was an evasion of responsibility no matter who looked at it. The man could only talk with his mind but he didn’t do any work.

The rage of the person with the ‘researcher’ status, who was editing the code, could be felt all the way where YongHo was.

“I understand so please be quiet. You’re distracting me.”

Even when he was told to shut up, the person called senior researcher Park didn’t stop talking.

“Hey, I said you can’t do it like that. Why are you skipping on commenting?”

The hand of the man who was typing on the laptop while sitting tensed.

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Son SeokHo’s endurance reached a limit.

“Please wait a little more.”

“I can’t wait anymore, I will take my leave.”

Son SeokHo said his ultimatum.

He endured and endured.

He didn't enlist in Jeong DanBi's team to endure. Although he was only a temporary employee who had to re-contract every year, the reason why he was together with Jeong DanBi, was because he had an aim.

To use open source maut to create a global-tier recommendation solution.

He had an aim to become a company like 'M' company or 'O' company, which were global scale software solution companies. Jeong DanBi was, in a sense, was born with a 'diamond spoon' which was above 'gold spoon' and 'silver spoon', and was open minded unbefitting of her position. That was why he could work together with her.

But all that ends now.

“Head researcher Son!”

“The office is at the point of giving off a sour smell. When we were preparing for the NetFlax Prize, we at least had an objective, but now? I can only see this as squeezing people out.”

“Sigh... It will end soon. ‘Work’ has an end anyway, it will stabilize soon.”

“No. In my opinion, as long as you, the team leader, are here, it won’t end. The thing I’m the most angry about is that you’re being used meaninglessly in intra-company politics.”

When Son SeokHo said that, Jeong DanBi held her head down and slid her hand down her hair.

She had an expression of resignation.

“I want to leave too.”

“Then why aren’t you leaving?”

It was the thing Son SeokHo understood the least. The first place of NetFlax Prize was already in her hands. Moreover, the PS System was increasing sales as the days went by.

Rich second generation.

The shares she had confirmed from the news alone was over 10 billion won ( $\approx 8.7$ million USD). But why isn’t she leaving?

“I can’t leave.”

“Like I said, why.”

At the loop of question and answer, Son SeokHo’s voice got louder. Jeong DanBi, who looked as if she had given up everything, instead had a calm expression.

“locked. I can’t use it.”

“.....”

There was no subject, but Son SeokHo could understand.

“I haven’t fulfilled the condition.”

“Tell me. If you want to be together, then I think you should.”

Jeong DanBi sipped the tea in front of her. She thought it was her personal problem, so she didn’t see the need to spread it around.

And the condition included ‘unknown by others’.

If Jeong JinHoon knew that condition and helped her, then 100 billion ( $\approx 87$  million USD) would be achieved easily.

Shinseki group’s total sales easily went over 10 trillion ( $\approx 8.7$  billion USD). To transfer some business over to her to raise her sales to over 100 billion on monthly sales, would not be considered

‘work’.

Until that condition is met, Jeong JinHoon must never know of this.

That was one of the conditions of Jeong JinYong’s test on Jeong DanBi.

And so she tried to bear this burden alone, but she now had no choice but to reveal it.

Son SeokHo was important to the point that she could share this risk.

“Would you scroll the blind down please?”

Perhaps having felt that Jeong DanBi was about to say something important, Son SeokHo stood up from his seat and went near the window.

The moment he grabbed the bead chain to scroll the blind down, his eyes met with Heo JiHoon’s eyes, who was walking past.

Excluded.

Heo JiHoon’s eyes seemed to speak as such, but Son SeokHo didn’t mind it that much and scrolled the blind down.

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The wake up time was 5:30 a.m in the morning.

The day of opening at last.

Everyone couldn't hide their tense expressions. The first thing to do on the opening day was checking the POS devices.

They split into groups and finished the final tests.

While they received and solved some complaints from the stores that had some issues with product registration, time flew like an arrow.

When YongHo sat down on a bench for a rest, someone tapped on his shoulders.

“Hey, Mr. Lee YongHo, what are you doing, and not working? I should report this.”

At the familiar voice that came inside his ears, YongHo abruptly turned his head around. There, Son SeokHo, who had the usual sweet bean bread in his mouth, was standing.

“Head researcher!”



“Wow, I worked with blood and sweat in Seoul, and it seems like you were resting on the bench the whole time, eh? Ahh. I should’ve replaced you.”

“What are you doing here?”

At the joy of meeting him, YongHo’s tired expression brightened again. Not even one week had passed but he was joyful even more because of that.

If people didn’t meet each other for a long time, they would instead start forgetting.

Even so, if they saw each other too often, then it would just become the norm, and become boring.

1 week.

The period which maximizes the joy of meeting again.

“Hahaha, I came here to see whether there was anything good to buy since they said a premium outlet was opening today.”

Son SeokHo could also not hide his joyful expression. Now, they didn’t look like they were just superior and subordinate.

Something deeper, and thicker was tying them together.

# Chapter 59: Loyal Person (1)

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There would be large investments in opening stores so even within Shinseki, it was a ‘top tier’ work.

Moreover, the VIPs would all gather at this event. It was tradition for the board members or team leader-level members and above to show their faces if they didn’t have any work.

“Most of the team leader-level staff should have come here.”

Ripping an ice cream off YongHo by using prize money as excuse, Son SeokHo was licking the ice cream as he spoke.

“Then team leader Jeong should be here too.”

“Of course. She should probably be together with the VIPs.”

Son SeokHo’s prediction was accurate. At that time, Joeng DanBi was sitting somewhere within Busan’s premium outlet.

“The PS System is showing its might nowadays?”

“Yes. Team leader Jeong DanBi’s role was big. Even I am jealous of where she got those talented people.”

Listening to Jeong JinHoon’s words, Jeong DanBi sharply threw a line.

“That’s why you’ve done that, huh.”

Not minding Jeong DanBi’s words, Jeong JinYong’s heavy voice continued.

“Yes, you said you prepared something interesting this time?”

“Yes. You will be surprised if you see it. There’s not a single place in the world which uses this. This Busan Premium outlet here would become the first.”

At Jeong JinHoon’s confident words, Jeong JinYong instead expressed his concern.

“By saying ‘not used anywhere’, I think it can also mean it’s that inefficient.”

“Haha, if you see it personally, then that worry should disappear without a trace.”

Jeong JinHoon’s fresh smile was nice to look at. When one stepped back, then it would seem like a nice family. However, if one stepped forward, an ordinary person would be tired in no time from the strange and tiny psychological war that was happening.

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YongHo was running around while carrying a walkie-talkie.

“A request for product registration from store no.153.”

The majority of the products that did transactions on the POS devices would be saved in Shinseki's central server. The way this worked was – as soon as the barcode was read, the product registration number would be sent to the server and the server would send back the information on the product back to the POS.

If a product wasn't registered, then there wouldn't be any product information so the price won't be printed on the POS. If so, then the transaction had to be carried out and noted down by hand.

And so, product registration was important, but there were hundreds of products in each store. It was obvious that some of them would be left out. Each time, a request for the data processing team would be sent.

“Please go to store no.204.”

YongHo had to walk quickly without rest. Even though the opening was over, work wasn't.

At 9:30, the brand stores all finished their opening and started receiving customers.

And at 11 a.m.

Busan's premium store opening event began.

The high class detached houses-like brand stores were gathered in one place to form a village.

And at the fountain in the middle of that village, the Jeong family showed up.

Jeong JinYong.

Jeong JInHoon.

Jeong DanBi.

These three people were seated at the front in that order. Other than them, including Busan's mayor, famous members of the National Assembly all took their seats and the opening event began.

Even at that time, YongHo was running around the stores.

If there was anything wrong with using the POS's they would contact Shinseki's data processing team.

“Nothing wrong with store no. 214.”

After ending the transmission, YongHo sat on the bench for a brief time. It was near the fountain so he could sneak a peek at the opening event.

“That’s fancy.”

There were two reasons why the opening event was carried out near the fountain.

It was the widest area, and it was for watching the fountain show. Engineers from foreign countries controlled the show. The streak of water that rose to the skies fell back down again while dancing.

Bzzt bzzt

There was a transmission again. YongHo stood up from the bench.

The show of brand stores that were gathered together.

Even amidst that, there was one store which was eye catching. Whether it was the size, the scale, or the price tags on the products inside the store, it won over the other stores by a large margin.

It was L company’s store which boasted of the most sold products worldwide.

“It would probably be the largest single scale store within the country.”

Premium outlet Busan branch head lead the VIPs while explaining.

After the opening event, some VIPs were going around the important stores. They couldn't visit every one of them, and so, three or four stores with the highest priority was included in their visits.

Especially, there was one more reason why the L company's store was important.

“This here is the Shinseki's Magic Mirror developed this time.”

There was a 1m wide and 2m tall mirror installed. However, it wasn't an ordinary mirror.

The branch head gripped and opened his fist in front of the mirror as if he was scattering seeds.

Ring, ring

With a sound effect, the products currently inside the stores showed themselves on the mirror. It was one type of motion recognition technology which recognized the user's movements.

“You can select the products while looking through them like this.”

While explaining, the branch head swiped down his hands from right to left.

Ring, ring

The products shown on the screen disappeared one by one, and new ones took places. It was a motion of selecting a product.

“Now then, we selected one so we should wear it, right?”

When he opened his hand for 2 seconds, the branch head inside the mirror was now wearing brand name clothes. It was a product of 3D and augmented reality.

Some people quietly nodded their heads. Jeong JinHoon included.

YongHo, who was entering the store, was stiff for a moment due to the large number of people gathered.

‘Wh, what is this? Why’s there so many people?’

He found out the reason soon. The VIPs were all standing in front of the Shinseki’s Magic Mirror.



‘It’s due to that, huh.’

After looking at the magic mirror for a brief moment, he turned his gaze towards the people. There was someone who caught his eye.

‘She sure is pretty.’

Although he felt it when he met for the first time, she was still beautiful. He felt that his eyes were being purified everytime he saw her.

‘Huh?’

For a moment, his eyes met with Jeong DanBi’s, when she was turning her head.

The branch head’s explanations were continuing.

“This is not the end. If you have selected a product, then you can go straight to the transaction. If you have registered your card on S-pay, then you can immediately carry out the payment using some light touches.”

The branch head clicked on the pay button on the side of the product.

At that moment, the screen initialized. The branch head's face colored in panic.

“Haha. I did some other function since there was a mistake in the process. I will try again.”

While speaking as slowly as possible, he gave an eye signal to the person on the side of the Magic Mirror. The man who met his eyes with the branch head's quickly went inside the curtain behind the magic mirror.

Behind the curtain were about 3 developers sitting down. They were all looking at the laptop with trembling eyes. Two of them were people YongHo saw before.

“What is it. What happened!?”

“That's why I said. That we should check. A certain senior researcher with 10 years of experience said didn't have problems.”

“Researcher Na, it's not the time to be talking about that.”

The oldest looking one amongst them brought the current situation back up. This wasn't a time to shift blames but to solve problems.

“We're looking at the log from the Magic Mirror but I think it

will be hard to fix it quickly.”

“Then what. We can’t proceed with the payment”

“I’m afraid so.”

The person called researcher Na confidently said without any trembling in his voice. Perhaps not liking such figure, the person called senior researcher Na stepped in.

“Get out. I will fix it.”

“Won’t you make the problem bigger?”

“What!?”

When the voices were about to be raised again, this time, the person in charge raised his voice.

“What are you two doing!?”

Finally, it got quiet behind the curtain. Thankfully, the inside situation didn’t leak outside, where it was noisy.

The branch head did the same process again, However, the result was the same: a screen reset.

Looking at that, Jeong DanBi hmphed.

‘I knew this would happen.’

Looking at her side, Jeong JinHoon’s face was all ugly.

‘In your face.’

Her mood, which sank due to the situations before she came to Busan, seemed to get better. YongHo came into her eyes just when she was about to lose interest at the malfunctioning Shinseki Magic Mirror.

‘Maybe.....’

At that moment, YongHo was also looking at Jeong DanBi. Just that they were thinking completely different things.

YongHo stiffened when his eyes met with Jeong DanBi’s. He stepped back at the embarrassment thinking that his thoughts were revealed to her.

‘Wh, what is this? Did I get found out?’

At that moment, Jeong DanBi took a step towards YongHo.

“How does it look to Mr.YongHo who fixed the POS’s just by

looking? Does it seem like the Magic Mirror is having problems?”

The clear voice flew across the store towards YongHo. The noisy store instantly quietened down.

The heads of the people inside the store all turned in the direction Jeong DanBi was looking.

“Oh, that, uhh, I think it will work if you comment out the `lcd.clear();` statement on line 425.”

At the sudden situation, confusion was all YongHo’s.

He was not related in any way with the people at the award ceremony in America so there wasn’t much tension.

However, it wasn’t like that now.

Shinseki’s chairman and president, and the board members below them... They were all people who made YongHo’s body stiff.

He felt as if the commander, the general and all the advisors were looking at him.

The leisure and confidence he got while visiting America were all useless. He didn’t have the skill to endure gazes like these without being flinched.

And that made him say something real.

‘Ah... sh\*t.’

Jeong DanBi, who asked, also seemed dumbfounded as she stuttered.

“R, really? There is such a problem on line 425?”

Jeong DanBi confirmed.

The rest of the VIPs were all demoted into side characters. They just looked at the current situation with curious eyes.

‘This... I can’t say ‘no’ now...’

YongHo’s back instantly got wet from cold sweat.

“Is that true?”

At the unanswering YongHo, Jeong DanBi asked. The store was still quiet. No one, watching the situation, moved, and no one made a sound.

That silence was heavy on YongHo.

“Sorry? Yes. It, it’s probably right.”

“You heard it, right? Please check.”

Jeong DanBi came back to her senses and requested confirmation.

The store was already quiet. So the people behind the curtain could also hear YongHo’s words.

At first, they passed it off as nonsense.

Finally, the person called researcher Na checked the source with the intention of grabbing anything he could.

‘N, no way.’

It was just as YongHo said.

425 : lcd.clear(): //Magic mirror screen initialization.

‘F\*ck, why is this here.’

While swearing, he commented the line and quickly uploaded the source on the machine.

-Activating System-

A moment later, the system finished activating and the branch head did the transaction process again.

And transaction success.

Without a problem, the wanted result came up.

“What is your name again?”

Chairman Jeong JinYong, who was watching the situation until now, opened his mouth. There wasn't a change of expression on his face from beginning to end. It was still the same heavy and serious face.

“I'm Lee YongHo from smart shopping strategy team.”

YongHo also seemed calm now as he didn't stutter his words. Just that, his mind was crazily spinning that he didn't even notice his wet back.

“Hmm.... I see. If everyone's finished, then let's go to the next store.”

When chairman Jeong JinYong started walking, all of them followed out. Jeong DanBi was amongst them.

Wink



At YongHo, who was still standing there stiff, Jeong DanBi winked.

At that moment, YongHo was thinking of something strange.

‘She’s really pretty.’

However, that thought was brief, and worry for his future struck him.

## Chapter 60: Loyal Person (2)

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When he was about to get a hold of himself, other people came up to him.

“Wh, what are you? How did you know that?”

“Sorry?”

“The things you just spoke just now... How did you know there was an error in that part?”

The person in charge behind the curtain came out and demanded answers. YongHo’s head started spinning rapidly.

“Oh...that.....”

When YongHo posed himself, the opponent also became quiet. He couldn’t say the truth that he knew after seeing the bug window, so he barely made an excuse.

“I came here last time due to product registration, and at that time, it seemed like there were some products that weren’t registered.”

“...And so?”

“The transaction won’t work if the product isn’t registered. And

so! I thought it might error if the transaction went on.”

“I’m not asking about that. I’m asking how did you know where the error was without even looking at the source?”

The man who demanded answers from YongHo suddenly turned back and shouted.

“Hey, did you upload the program source anywhere? Or did you show it to this person?”

At the man’s words, researcher Na and senior researcher Park strongly shoot their heads while saying ‘what are you talking about’.

If one leaked sources, then one may be suspected as an industrial spy and be punished. And it also seemed that they saw YongHo for the first time.

“Look. There’s no way the source would leak. Hey, did you perhaps hack the intranet?”

He brought up what he was thinking, but didn’t say out loud. If he excluded all the impossible scenarios then there was one left. Hacking.

“Wh, what are you saying? Hacking? I just saw you people editing the source the whole time yesterday, and I peaked a bit from behind, yes, I saw. You satisfied!?”

It was YongHo who instead, raised his voice. He said it as if to make them feel that he wasn't the one in the wrong, reading the source.

At YongHo's words, the man turned his head again.

"Did you edit the source here yesterday?"

"Th, that... We were sitting here the whole time catching minor bugs."

"Sigh....."

The man sighed deeply. He seemed to be satisfied to an extent with YongHo's answer. To be able to see bugs wasn't even within the scope of his imagination.

If he peeked from behind, then it was, instead, within reason.

The man shouted like thunder after he sighed.

"What were you thinking when you were editing here without considering who might read the source!?"

"Th, there's only the people from the same company anyway....."

Senior researcher Na's excuse instead made the person in charge more angry.

“Don't you know that it's a secret project even within the company!?”

Looking at the angry person in charge, YongHo was thinking something different.

‘If you shout it like that, who wouldn't know?’

His thought, for a moment, calmed down his pounding heart, thinking that safely passed this crisis.

And in front of such YongHo's eyes, a hand abruptly appeared.

“Here, eat one.”

Son SeokHo pushed a sweet bean bread onto him.

‘And how does he find this so well.’

The loosened tension made him want sweet stuff so YongHo quickly ate the sweet bean bread.

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The opening event ended, and the system started stabilizing as time went on. The endless complaints from the opening period also decreased.

When he had enough free time, the fancy items started entering his eyes.

‘Mom doesn’t even have a decent bag.’

There was one bag, but it was a no-name brand and the corners were all worn out. His father was in the same situation.

Although it was brief, YongHo saw it clearly.

When he was resting at home after coming back from America, his father came back from a wedding wearing a suit.

It seemed as if he lost weight unlike when he was young, as his sleeves and pant legs hung on his limbs, and they even looked empty and they were decolored and even seemed floppy.

‘He said his size was 100 and his waist was 34...’ (T/N: Author says 34 but... that’s huge, almost me)

He stopped working for a moment and looked around the stores. When YongHo stepped into a brand store which he heard about, it was full of people.

‘Whoa.’

When he looked at the price tag, one bag was over 1 million won( $\approx$  870USD). The only time he spent more than 1 million won in one go was when he payed for his university tuition.

‘Yes. I should think I’m repaying my parents.’

Someone approached YongHo, who was agonized whether to buy the bag or not.

“What are you doing?”

The sweet scent which attacked his nose made him forget about his labor from the past month, albeit briefly.

When YongHo turned back, there was Jeong DanBi.

“Who? Are you giving it to your girlfriend?”

“Oh, no. What girlfriend.”

YongHo said bitterly.

3-give up generation.

Dating. Marriage. Childbirth – it meant that this generation had given up on these three things. YongHo also had given up these things, but he could see hope now.

“Then your mother?”

At Jeong DanBi’s words, YongHo nodded. She was really quick witted.

“You don’t have any sense for this. Nowadays, mothers don’t like these but something else.”

Jeong DanBi put down the bag YongHo was holding back to the showcase, and she dragged him while grabbing his arm.

The place he lead to on a whim, was another store. And the price range was also different.

‘T, two million won( $\approx$ 1,740USD)?’

When he looked at the price tag attached to the bag Jeong DanBi picked up, YongHo’s eyes widened. However, it indeed looked pretty at a glance.

However, the price was in the two millions even with a discount, and that made him hesitate to pick up.

“This, seems alright.”



After looking around the various items, Jeong DanBi said to the store staff as if she decided.

“Excuse me, please wrap this up for me.”

“T, team Leader.”

YongHo called Jeong DanBi with a surprised expression. He now had leisure to be able to buy it, but it wasn't like his life changed for the better.

Two million was still a lot to him.

Perhaps having read YongHo's such expression, Jeong DanBi smiled brightly and spoke.

“This is an incentive for the business trip to Busan this time, so you don't have to worry about it. We bought mother's... so shall we go look at your father's?”

At Jeong DanBi's bright smile without a single wrinkle, YongHo couldn't say anything.

He didn't want to stop her enjoyment.

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YongHo, who had stuff on both of his hands, including a suit and a bag, looked quite tired.

“This probably will make her look older than she is...”

“Hmm. I’m not satisfied with the color of this.”

“This brand looked alright though...” (T/N: All spoken by JDB, if you haven’t noticed.)

After buying the bag, Jeong DanBi also payed for YongHo’s father’s suit. As a price, YongHo earned exhaustion. Jeong DanBi looked around various stores to buy the suit, and that process was hell for YongHo, who was not used to shopping.

Jeong DanBi’s beautiful figure was also brief. He wanted to stop looking around, and select something random... but Jeong DanBi was resolute.

It wasn’t like she selected a gift for someone else, but for his own parents, so he couldn’t stop her or anything.

In the end, when they looked around for one hour, could they finish shopping.

“Ohh, this is an expensive brand. Are you getting out the prize money now?”

Son SeokHo abruptly appeared from behind YongHo when he was carrying the items back to the office.

“N, no. It’s not me who bought it, but team leader Jeong DanBi, saying it was a present for the business trip to Busan.....”

“Oh, really? I should tell her to buy me something too then.”

“Haha, well. If it’s you, head researcher, then she will probably buy you something more expensive.”

“Alright, let’s leave it at that. Is there 3 days left of the business trip now?”

“Yes.”

“Is that so. Then let’s bomb it when you come back to Seoul.”

“Bomb it?”

“Look forward to it.”

Leaving a suspicious smile, Son SeokHo went back to Seoul. Now, there was only 3 days left of the business trip to Busan.

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After solving the transaction error on the Magic Mirror, YongHo didn't expect that he would converse with so many people.

“What is your identity?”

“What do you mean identity, just a Shinseki employee.”

“Are you really saying that because you don't understand me?”

Researcher Na was blocking YongHo's way. He didn't seem like he would leave until he heard an answer.

“What do you mean.....”

“You may be able to fool someone who's a senior researcher in name only, but it won't go through me.”

The person called researcher Na was urging for an answer with a 'quickly say the truth' attitude.

He didn't seem to believe YongHo's lame excuses. He wouldn't believe even if YongHo said the truth, so YongHo repeated the original declaration with a little more arrogance. He intended for the guy to stop sticking to him by showing his arrogant side.

“Isn't that obvious at a glance? It seems not everyone has eyes for reading sources like me.”

“Wh, what?”

“Isn’t it true? The source isn’t even that long, and if I have a look from behind, then answers come out easily. But why are you so fussed over this.....”

“R, really? This is easy?”

Researcher Na still seemed unbelieving. In fact, it wasn’t a simple source like YongHo said.

They had to recognize what the user’s action was from the image gotten from the machine, and they had to take the data according to the recognized motion.

In addition, there was a transaction module in it. It wasn’t something that could be recognized from a glance from behind and it was also something that shouldn’t be known.

“Yes.”

YongHo said it confidently and assuredly. He had no excuses anymore so this would only get more annoying if this went on.

“A... Sigh....Are all of you in your team like that?”

He had an expression of ‘it can’t be true’ but he also couldn’t not

believe it. Researcher Na sighed repeatedly before biting his lip.

“Do I need to tell you how my team members are?”

“O, of course, you don’t but... Ayy, such a genius. I’m so jelly.”

“Sorry?”

At the sudden use of slang, YongHo flinched. As if a seal was undone, the guy became entirely different starting from his speech. Looking at such YongHo, researcher Na continued speaking.

“If I went to your team, can I be like that too?”

It was getting more and more spectacular. While YongHo was at a loss on what to do, the guy had already made a decision for himself.

“Well, I can just watch from the side. You said you were from the smart shopping strategy team, right? I’m Na DaeBang. Lemme learn that ‘eyes for reading sources’. I considered myself quite capable in my own way... I considered myself the best in the company, in a way, but the world is sure wide.”

“Uhh, hello? What are you talking about?”

Now, YongHo’s loud voice instead became smaller. Looking at

such YongHo, the guy who introduced himself as Na DaeBang held out his hand.

“The areas I’m confident in are Linux kernel, firmware, well, hardware stuff like this... If it’s you, well, I might have something to learn from.”

Then he made a smile that made him look like a mountain bandit. He looked conspicuous from the beginning.

The muscles which made the clothes he was wearing tight, and the bushy beard made YongHo think of the celebrity, Ma DongSeok.

‘What the heck is this guy saying?’

Na DaeBang.

Shinseki Magic Mirror’s core developer.

He was someone who made one wonder if he was able to type on the keyboard with those large hands.

Such a man held his hand out towards YongHo.

## Chapter 61: Loyal Person (3)

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‘Did he mean this by ‘look forward to it’?’

The place YongHo arrived at as soon as he came back to Seoul, was a place Jeong DanBi went to not long ago.

As if they selected employees from their face, a woman with looks that might appear on TV was politely sitting. On the other side, YongHo was politely sitting on a sofa.

“Please follow me.”

After receiving the interphone, the woman stood up.

“inhale”

To relax the tension in his stiff body, he inhaled. He didn’t do anything wrong anyway so YongHo followed the secretary inside.

Ta-tap. Ta-tap.

There was one reason why Jeong JinHoon tapped on the desk. It was because the friction sound from the high-class hardwood furniture made one’s head clear.

“He just entered?”



“Yes. There was a call from the secretary room.”

“If you’re done preparing, send the memo.”

The desk tapping became faster. It was a proof of his nervous mind. The man who was talking to him knew what this meant since he served Jeong JinHoon for a long time, so he hesitated once more before speaking.

“Is this really necessary?”

“What is?”

“The thing you’re doing right now. Team leader Jeong DanBi is also saying she will leave the company continuously... I’m afraid if you’re just making things bigger.”

“They’re continuously producing results. The kind that our chairman likes. And besides, would she be my sister if she can’t even win against this?”

“I understand.”

The man didn’t question any further and lowered his head.

This was a top-command bottom-obey structure which was even stricter than the military. The level of the man’s questions could

also considered going quite overboard.

The fact that Jeong JinHoon even replied proved that he believed in this man.

After the man left, a memo arrived at chairman Jeong JinYong's secretary room.

Tiger face.

It was a word given for people whose face looked similar to a tiger.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say Jeong JinYong's face from up front was exactly like a tiger.

The part he was similar to a tiger wasn't just the face. He had a strong build and his lower body looked solid. Just standing on his two legs would make anyone cower.

“Welcome.”

His voice was imposing.

“G, good day to you, sir.”

“Yes. I called you to see your face for once.”

He didn't say anything special, but YongHo's face lowered just from feeling the imposing voice. Jeong JinYong, who was standing up, sat down first. YongHo, who was standing there awkwardly, also sat down on the leather chair.

"I heard you were an especially chosen talent by Jeong DanBi... I'm relieved."

"....."

"YongHo couldn't easily open his mouth. It wasn't like the chairman asked something so he just stayed quiet. It was one of the habits he got from his military service.

-You will be fine if you're quiet when a superior is talking.

"How's the company life?"

"I'm doing my best."

"Do you have anything you're unsatisfied with?"

"None, sir."

YongHo stiffened his face and answered quickly. The stereotypical conversation was happening. A conversation between a superior and a subordinate was quite obvious.

“Where do you think the problem is in Shinseki?”

“Sorry?”

At that moment, YongHo doubted his ears. His confusion showed up on his face at the sudden question. He never imagined that someone would ask a new recruit like him, who didn't even work in the company for 1 year.

“I'm curious about what the young ones are thinking. So please say all you that you felt.”

After understanding the intention behind the question, YongHo posed himself before he started talking. His tension decreased perhaps due to having seen the chairman once already in Busan.

“In programming, you must decrease codes which do the same things as much as possible. This is to increase efficiency by integrating codes which have similar effects.”

YongHo started talking about the problems he was thinking about by comparing it to programming.

“However, from what I've seen, all the people in Shinseki are doing one type of work.”

Jeong JinYong said with his eyes. ‘Stop beating around the bush

and say it quickly.’

“Managing outsourcing. outsourcing development, outsourcing store management, outsourcing product management, outsourcing even buyers. Every employee is quite passionate about managing outsourcing it seems.”

Jeong JinYong’s expression didn’t show much of a change even after listening to YongHo’s confident words.

YongHo experienced a lot of things while preparing for the store opening in Busan. As the ‘gab’, he ate the food that cooperating company employees bought for him, and he also saw how the subsidiary company employees worked, managing the premium outlet instead of Shinseki’s data processing team.

The common point was – managing outsourcing.

Their work seemed as if they were considering how to slave drive more work onto the people who were from outsourcing at a lower cost. They thought that the profit from that was considered ‘profit’ for the company.

It maybe a naïve thought from a new employee who hadn’t even worked for 1 year. There may be some complicated relations inside the company which YongHo didn’t know.

However, the important thing was that this naïve thought, a problem that nobody cares about, should be discussed and should

be on the surface. No matter how naïve of an idea it is, an atmosphere where things like this are freely talked about, must be made.

Progress is made this way.

Jeong JinYong didn't comment in any way on what YongHo talked about. He just kept listening silently.

“That is it, sir.”

“Hmm... Yes. I heard your story well.”

“No, sir.”

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The interphone went off in the chairman's office. Jeong JinYong stood up from his seat and went towards his desk. Then he put down the phone with a stiff face.

“Let's end the call here.”

Jeong JinYong's figure from the back was emitting an aura of a tiger chasing prey. The calm atmosphere from when he was listening to YongHo was all but gone.

He seemed very angry.

“You, is your salary not enough?”

“Sorry?”

At the out of the blue question, YongHo asked back. However, Jeong JinYong didn't listen to him anymore.

“Please leave.”

The confident voice became cold. His raised voice represented his mood.

The sudden order to leave.

YongHo could only helplessly leave after standing up, as Jeong JinYong said.

Some people were waiting outside the door. It was the people who came to the smart shopping strategy team not long ago.

“Mr. Lee YongHo? We're from the inspection team. Please come with us.”

“Wh, what is it?”

“First, come with us before talking.”

They were in front of chairman Jeong JinYong’s office so it wasn’t the right place to talk. Perhaps having predicted the future, YongHo touched his watch.

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“What did you say?”

“He’s being investigated by the inspection team right now.”

“How could they?”

Jeong DanBi shouted like thunder. The high pitched voice seemed as if it would rip everything apart. The sudden situation made her lose her reason for a little bit.

“This... there are some witnesses who gave it directly to him so... won’t he be dismissed at the very least.....”

“Who is it? That said he saw it?”

“It was an employee from a cooperating company. The company he belongs to mostly receives work related to managing premium outlets and it doesn’t seem that big.”



“I need to confirm with my own eyes.”

Jeong DanBi abruptly stood up from her seat. Then she left the office with hurried steps.

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Someone called YongHo, who was about to get on the elevator. It was Jeong DanBi who was just going to the inspection team.

“Mr. YongHo?”

“Oh, team leader? What are you doing here.....”

This wasn't a place Jeong DanBi should come so YongHo could only be surprised.

“What happened?”

At the question asking what happened, YongHo realized why Jeong DanBi was here.

“I'm not sure what happened, but it's all solved now.”

“All solved?”

Jeong DanBi asked with a worried expectation. Bribery wasn't

simple. If there was even a witness, then YongHo would be punished without being able to do anything.

YongHo raised his arm and pointed at his watch while looking at such Jeong DanBi.

“I got involved in something unbelievably absurd once, so I bought a watch.”

“Sorry?”

Jeong DanBi, who didn't know the specifics, signaled with her eyes to talk more. As such, YongHo tapped his watch he was wearing on his right wrist.

“This little friend solved it.”

YongHo, who was talking, didn't have a good expression. His expression looked bitter rather than happy from the problem being solved.

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Jeong JinHoon, who was receiving the report, seemed surprised as he stopped tapping the desk.

“What?”

“They said the whole situation was recorded. We’re in a situation where we have to punish some other person now.”

“Really? Is that so.....”

He blinked a few times as if he was thinking complicated things.

“What should we do about assistant manager Seo? Shall we carry out the punishment as it is?”

“We should. Show all the company employees an example of what would happen to them if they received bribes.”

“I understand.”

“It seems Jeong DanBi has some luck with people.”

“...What should we do about this Na DaeBang... he keeps insisting he wants to be moved to the smart shopping strategy team.”

“Didn’t you say he was the core developer for Shinseki Magic Mirror? We can’t give him to Jeong DanBi.”

“...This... this Na DaeBang’s father is a third time member for the national assembly.”

“You do know that things are getting more and ugly, right?”

“I, I’m sorry.”

“This will be bad. Whether for you or for me.”

At Jeong JinHoon’s words, the man couldn’t straighten his waist. The man just lowered his head and kept repeating ‘sorry’.

“There’s a favorite line from our chairman Jeong JinYong. ‘Bring me results’. This will be the last opportunity for you.”

Ta-tap. Ta-tap.

Jeong JinHoon’s fingers tapped on the desk again and started producing a clear sound.

\*\*\*

On the grill was a nice looking rib-eye. The worker who was grilling the meat on the side carefully placed the delicious looking rib-eye to the plate placed in front of Jeong DanBi.

“It’s good. Try it.”

Jeong DanBi picked up the meat on her plate with chopsticks and moved it to YongHo’s plate.

“Thank you.”

YongHo ate a piece of meat with a tired expression.

It was definitely delicious.

However, due to the exhaustion given to him by the incidents that happened in the day, he couldn't taste it properly. From interviewing the chairman to an inspection by the inspection team... The day went past without him knowing what happened at all.

“Thank you for your hard work. There definitely won't be another case like this in the future.”

Jeong DanBi said while putting a piece of meat into her mouth. However, YongHo didn't believe that declaration.

Definitely.

Absolutely.

Unconditionally.

He realized again after today's incidents.

The attitude to prepare for everything.

If he just forgot last time's experience, then he might have been in trouble today.

There are countless incidents which people don't account for. He suddenly got the bug window ability, he was conspired against... He didn't know what might happen in the future. Reality was more unbelievable than novels.

'The bug window may disappear too.'

The bug window may disappear too.

'I need to put in more effort.'

This was what YongHo was thinking while eating meat with Jeong DanBi shining prettily in front of him under the bright lighting.

# Chapter 62: Project OH! (1)

---

The company was flipped over from the morning.

Personnel Order.

Assistant manager Seo XX – Reduced wages for 3 months.

Manager Han XX – Suspended for 1 month.

General manager Jeon XX – Suspended for 3 months.

The above 3 will be punished as such due to going against ethical management.

The majority of Shinseki I&C's data processing team, which managed the premium outlet, received punishment. The name was hidden with 'XX' but the people who saw the personnel order on the intra-company groupware, they knew who the punished people were.

“I heard the smart shopping strategy team reported that.”

“That's true... Does he think he's that good?”

“The new guy?”

There was another person who received ‘punishing’ gazes from the others, other than the people who were actually punished.

Lee YongHo.

It was exactly like the situation where the cornered stone met the mason’s chisel. He was favorably looked at by chairman Jeong JinYong, and he reported his colleagues to the human resources team and have them punished.

YongHo got the ‘mudfish clouding the water’ treatment. It wasn’t different even within the team.

Fortunately, due to Son SeokHo’s presence, it wasn’t as apparent.

“Don’t mind it so much.”

“Even if I don’t want to... they’re whispering so much.”

They whispered if YongHo went to eat in the cafeteria. They also whispered if he went to the toilet in the corridor. The people who liked to gossip exaggerated the rumors.

“They’re even saying you’re dating with me.”

Jeong DanBi smiled at YongHo while entering the office. There were rumors about him dating with Jeong DanBi. And so, he could catch Jeong JinYong’s eye, and could keep his position in an



important team in the company – this was their logic.

“Whaat?”

The surprised YongHo’s voice became louder. Dating with Jeong DanBi? He never even imagined such things happening.

However, Jeong DanBi’s reaction was different. She looked as if she enjoyed this. YongHo was like a lump of good fortune. He solved the problems Jeong DanBi faced one by one.

Did someone say a woman should have looks, and a man should have ability?

YongHo’s ability was tickling Jeong DanBi’s heart.

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One hundred billion sales per month. ( $\approx$  870 million USD)

Otherwise known as Project OH(One Hundred Billion).

All the team members inside the conference room widened their eyes with their mouth open.

“O, one hundred billion per month?”

“Yes. 100 billion per month. But it isn’t like we want one trillion ( $\approx 8.7$  billion USD) in one year. We just need to achieve one hundred billion for just one month.”

“The sales from the PS System in the Shinseki Mall is 400 ( $\approx 350$  million USD) billion per year. I think 100 billion per month is too difficult.”

Heo JiHoon was also against Jeong DanBi’s words, which was rare. It was a reasonable opinion. Currently, the monthly sales of the PS System is around 9 billion ( $\approx 7.8$  million USD), so to make it 100 billion, they would need more than 10 times that amount.

And to do that, just the development team themselves would be insufficient.

“And so, the strategy team will go on a state of emergency. Now that the take-over document is ready, please research into how we can increase sales while getting used to the PS System using the document that the development team made.”

“.....”

Son SeokHo, who was sitting on the side, smiled slyly. As ever, he was chewing on a sweet bean bread.

“Oh, and another thing. The sales from selling the PS System to outside the company, or applying it to other services provided by Shinseki. All sales must come from the Shinseki Mall alone.”

At Jeong DanBi's words, the employees inside the office, who were already despairing, changed their faces as if they crossed the Jordan river.

Although Heo JiHoon objected, he was inwardly confident to achieve 100 billion. The conglomerate (Shinseki Group) produces over 10 trillion in sales per year. He thought that if they could apply the PS System to the subsidiary companies, it wouldn't be impossible to achieve 100 billion.

However, the situation became different.

"T, team leader... Isn't that too harsh? It isn't like the PS System was developed just for the Shinseki Mall."

At Heo JiHoon's words, the heads of the people inside the conference room all nodded slightly as if they were of one mind and one will. The PS System was implemented to 'shoot' the customers' 'preferences'.

If it was just applied to Shinseki Mart Mall, then the sales would multiply.

"It's my will to not be satisfied from just the PS System."

Jeong DanBi resolutely cut away the employees' objections. She didn't need to go into detail. Son SeokHo's advice of not telling everything to the employees as to not make them overdrive their

heads, also played its role.

The office became quiet after Jeong DanBi's words which didn't leave any room.

"I know very well that 100 billion is very difficult. And that's why every one of you are gathered in this team. To achieve something difficult. Let's put our strengths together and overcome this. If you have any ideas then send an e-mail to me anytime."

Jeong DanBi looked at the people inside the conference room with a passionate gaze. However, the majority either avoided the gaze or they looked as if they were about to die.

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The team members who were 'bombed' first in the morning, came out of the conference room with loose shoulders.

Some lowered their heads while sighing, and some fiddled with their mobile phones and everyone was acting different but they were all thinking the same thing.

'Ah, just as I thought my life would become easier...'

At the sudden thunder everyone who came out of the conference room turned their heads in one direction in unison.

“Good day to you, sirs! I’m Na DaeBang, who was newly assigned to the Smart Shopping Strategy Team this time!”

At the sudden greeting, no one could answer him and they just stared at Na DaeBang, dumbfounded.

The first one to get a hold of himself was YongHo. He already knew that face from before. With hands as big as cauldron lids and the bandit like outer appearance was unforgettable.

“H, how did Mr. Na DaeBang come.....”

“Didn’t I say? That I wanted to learn from you... You know? I will take action once I decide on something.”

At the low and heavy voice, the other people listened in on the conversation as they just came to themselves.

His voice was deep and low, and the bushy beard reminded them of Dennis Ritchie who invented the C language or James Gosling, who invented Java.

Jeong DanBi, who was watching the whole time, came forward.

“Our team is only selected by me due to a limit in the number of personnel... I don’t understand what you mean by you were assigned to our team?”

Jeong DanBi indirectly said ‘what nonsense are you talking about’. However, even with Jeong DanBi’s words, Na DaeBang didn’t mind.

“Is that so? I haven’t heard that there was a limit in number.....”

Na DaeBang, who pondered for a moment, spoke as if he found a way.

“Then please accept me as an intern. Isn’t it better to have one more person anyway?”

A complete my-pace.

Some of the people who just came out of the conference room, had no choice but to go back in there again.

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“Do you really need to come to our team?”

At Jeong DanBi’s words, Na DaeBang pointed towards YongHo.

“It doesn’t have to be this team. If that person is there, it doesn’t matter where I go.”

Son SeokHo seemed to be amused at this and said.

“Oho? Mr. YongHo, you already have a follower? You’re finally escaping from being the youngest, eh?”

At Son SeokHo’s words, YongHo seemed to have a headache as he pressed his forehead with his hands while looking at Na DaeBang. He looked multiple times but only one word came to his mind.

Bandit.

Whether it was the outer looks, or the voice, it put Im KkeokJeong (T/N: Think Gol. D. Roger, lol, KCDS’s idea) to shame.

“I already told you, but there is a limit to the number of members in our team. We don’t have any room to recruit you, Mr. Na DaeBang.”

Jeong DanBi was at a loss as she already looked in to it. She knew of Na DaeBang’s background.

10 people. No more and no less was allowed. Including the team leader, Jeong DanBi herself, there were and had to be 11 people in the smart shopping strategy team.

For Na DaeBang to enter, someone had to leave.

“I, too, won’t do if it isn’t this team.”

Jeong DanBi and Na DaeBang's gazes clashed in mid air and produced sparks. Daughter of the chairman and the son of a 3rd time member of the national assembly. The two knew that they couldn't underestimate each other so the friction didn't last for long.

Now, Jeong DanBi lied back on her chair with her legs crossed as if she had a headache.

Looking at such Jeong DanBi, Son SeokHo gave out a solution like Solomon. It was a very simple method.

"Can't we just ask if there's anyone who's willing to leave the team?"

"Would there be anyone?"

"I'm not sure but... I think there's quite a few?"

"That can't be....."

Jeong DanBi titled her head as if it wasn't possible to be like that.

It seemed that, although she had eyes for talent, she was insufficient in judging a subordinate's state of mind.

When she saw that the majority of the team members opted to leave, Jeong DanBi laughed bitterly.



“Ha.....”

One of them made an excuse as if he was sorry.

“I, I also like the team very much but I need to get experience from various places. Mr. Na DaeBang wants to come here, too. So I should give up my space here since I have experienced lots of things here. I want to get a more variety of experiences from other teams.”

When one said, another one started appealing himself thinking it might be him who gets to leave.

“I, I also like the team. However, my ability isn’t helping the team at all, so I want to build my ability from another team before coming back.”

Everyone said that they liked the team, but their actions spoke otherwise. There wasn’t just one or two people who wanted to leave, so they had to choose the most fair method.

Drawing lots.

Everyone else other than YongHo and Son SeokHo had about the same level of ability so they drew lots as Son SeokHo suggested.

Then a person who would get to change with Na DaeBang was

called.

“Yay!”

The man who shouted in joy subconsciously, sat back down after feeling awkward.

“Assistant manager Kim is the ‘winner’! If you tell me the team you want to be in, then I will tell them to transfer you there. Mr. Na DaeBang, please take him over.”

At the sarcastic words, the mood seemed as if it would become heavy, but the person called assistant manager Kim seemed as if he couldn’t hide his joy.

The others also, were looking at him with envious gazes.

And so, Na DaeBang was assigned to the smart shopping strategy team.

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“Na DaeBang went to Jeong DanBi’s team?”

“Yes. But there’s something strange.”

“What is it?”

“Team leader Jeong DanBi said there was a limit to the number of people so she transferred someone out.”

“Did she?”

“She could have just accepted him... It’s quite incomprehensible so I gave the report.”

Even with the man having questions, Jeong JinHoon didn’t seem to mind.

“Who knows what my little sister is thinking. Who knows... maybe our chairman gave her a special order.”

Jeong JinHoon’s speculation was quite close to the truth even though he didn’t know the entire circumstances

“Rather than that, the punishment is carried out completely right?”

“Yes. Decreased salary and suspensions are given.”

“Good. Please give those positions to those capable.”

“I understand.”

“However, due to Son SeokHo covering for Lee YongHo, the inside evaluations aren’t having much effect on him. The smart shopping strategy team itself is quite closed, and they don’t even collaborate much with the other teams so the rumors are disappearing quickly.”

“Well, we’re looking to remove the team itself, so it’s not bad if they are isolated. Keep interfering them from coming outside. Oh, and do remember to spice things up every now and then.

“I understand.”

Jeong JinHoon stood up and went near the window. Unlike chairman Jeong JinYong’s, his office overflowed with high-class luxuriousness.

If there was something different, it was that the scenery outside felt closer than the scenery from the chairman’s room. It was an obvious result since this floor was lower.

‘In the end, only I will remain, father.’

The figure of Jeong JinHoon was melting into the shining scenery of the night Seoul.

## Chapter 63: Project OH! (2)

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‘O, one hundred billion, eh... How can we earn 100 billion a month?’

All members of the team were spinning their minds to think up of an idea.

The team member whose idea gets selected would receive an incentive.

This was the reason why YongHo, who was in the development team, was agonized.

All the rights to operating the team was in Jeong DanBi’s hands so of course, she could give out incentives. Moreover, because the team leader was Jeong DanBi, they could go out shopping in department stores when they were working in pretext of ‘idea gathering’.

‘That’s pretty, shall I buy one for mom?’

However, in the end, YongHo stopped thinking. When he bought the house and payed the debt, his bank account was about to run dry.

And perhaps due to that, the leisure from the time his bank account was reassuring, was gone.

The worry from the time he was developing PS System was about to show up again now that he had to think up of an idea. And a voice which added to that anxiety could be heard from next to him.

“How long are you planning to do shopping? Please tell me.”

Na DaeBang, who was standing next to YongHo, spoke threateningly. Just standing still would pressure anyone.

After Na DaeBang came to the smart shopping strategy team, he followed YongHo like a chick following its mother hen. YongHo, who was inconvenienced by that, asked Son SeokHo for help but Na DaeBang refused.

“I didn’t come here to see head researcher Son.”

“You heard that, Mr. YongHo? He says so.”

With that one line from Son SeokHo, Na DaeBang’s senior was decided. YongHo looked resentfully at Son SeokHo. He was not yet ready to become anyone’s senior. He was busy looking after himself.

Son SeokHo didn’t do anything so he had requested help from Jeong DanBi. However, in the end, he had to give up.

“.....”

Perhaps their first meeting was bad, but the air sparked as soon as Jeong DanBi met gazes with him.

The two stared at each other without saying anything. YongHo gave up first since it might turn out to be a fight if he waited any longer.

When YongHo picked clothes without saying anything, Na DaeBang spoke, perhaps thinking that it wasn't good if this continued.

“Who are you giving it to? Girlfriend? Mother?”

“I don't have a girlfriend.”

“Then mother it is... Mr. YongHo was one year older than me so.....”

YongHo who was pushed aside from the hanger, looked at Na DaeBang quietly. He scanned through a few clothing, before he selected one.

“She should be about 50 right now so a marsala colored gingham check style is alright.”

“Sorry, what?”

“You can just buy whatever I say. I know a little fashion myself.

It's done now, right? Let's go."

He put the clothes into YongHo's hands and he lead the way. When YongHo focused, his fashion was indeed not normal.

Unlike ordinary developers, he was wearing a thin shirt, a jacket and even a handkerchief on the breast pocket.

In addition, his shoes were black walkers which reminded of military boots. He was quite different compared to YongHo, who was wearing a T-shirt and trainers.

"Oh, Mr. Na DaeBang."

The placed Na DaeBang walked to was where the store staff was. Then he pulled out a card and payed for everything.

"You reject me so much... Bribe. You received it so let me learn something now."

"What?"

After paying, Na DaeBang turned back and said. YongHo, who found that figure hateful, thought.

'Yes. Let's go.'



Hellish code review.

YongHo smiled thinking that he would use the exact method that Son SeokHo used to train him.

His build reminded of a bear, but it was as if looking at a little rabbit.

“Uh.....”

When he was about to make an excuse, YongHo interfered.

“Each line of the source must have a clear meaning and a definition for using, but what the hell is this? Meaningless comments and unused methods... If you dirty the code like this, who would want to look at it?”

“It’s.....”

“I didn’t have time, I was too busy – I don’t want to hear these excuses.”

YongHo spat out lines like a machine gun.

“It’s not me who.....”

“Isn’t it done by the team? Is it over if you didn’t do it? Can you

call yourself a programmer if you don't have any affection for your program?"

When YongHo's sharp criticisms continued, Na DaeBang kept withering. He never knew that this was the kind of education he would receive. And YongHo's words kept pushing Na DaeBang down the abyss of shock.

"Please edit the parts I told you today. I will see you tomorrow."

"Sorry?"

The rough and unrestrained figure was all but gone. He was at the whim of YongHo's words.

"The 'eyes to see sources', I will educate you thoroughly."

Groan.

It was the words he spoke with his own mouth so he couldn't say any more. He could only groan like a wet rabbit.

Son SeokHo, who was watching from the side, muttered to himself.

"Bravo, my eyes were right."

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Refactoring.

It was the thing Son SeokHo did in his code review with YongHo, when he first entered the company. And now, it was repeating.

“Th, this can’t be... What I was thinking was... not this...”

At Na DaeBang, who was muttering to himself, YongHo asked.

“Sorry? What did you say?”

“N, nothing.”

The confident figure from the beginning couldn’t be found anywhere. The continuous code review made Na DaeBang unable to come to himself.

“Well then, we looked until line 1050 yesterday, so we will start from there.”

“Uh, S, sunbae!”

Na DaeBang abruptly raised his hands and called for YongHo. On the whiteboard, the screen from the computer was projected.

It was the source Na DaeBang worked on while working on the Shinseki's Magic Mirror. He seemed to never want to see this source again so he fixed his gaze on YongHo with blazing eyes.

He looked like he was about to riot if YongHo didn't listen to him.

“Oh, yes. Anything you need?”

“I have a good idea, and I want to talk about it.”

“A good idea?”

“Weren't you agonized about that project OH?”

When he was developing the Shinseki's Magic Mirror, Na DaeBang had a question.

‘Why do people come to offline stores to buy clothes?’

‘Isn't it to try on the clothes?’

‘They're coming offline to try them on. Should there be a need for this machine?’

‘I'd want it online, not offline.’

He had these questions but he was already in the middle of developing this. Moreover, it was a decision from the higher-ups, so Na DaeBang couldn't do anything.

YongHo, who heard this from Na DaeBang, told Son SeokHo, and soon, a conference was held.

“Small online shopping malls, who don't even have money to hire models, there are lots of comments like this.”

-Worn shots please.

It meant that they wanted to see a model who wore the clothes.

“They're buying from the internet, so they at least want to see someone wearing it. The big online shopping malls use these models and upload the worn shots. The beautiful pretty models, however not those models... but if we can see our own selves wearing the clothes?”

At Na DaeBang's words, a few nodded their heads. They approved. Jeong DanBi, who was also listening, seemed to deem that it wasn't a bad idea, and gave out an approving look.

“My thoughts end here. Thanks to YongHo-sunbae here, my head's about to explode.”

Na DaeBang spoke while looking at YongHo. He wanted the 'eyes to see codes' but his expression was one of 'I saw the devil'.

Na DaeBang was referring to the code review. However, other people thought he had a headache thinking up of an idea.

When Na DaeBang finished, Jeong DanBi looked around.

“How is it? It seems fine to me. Trying on the clothes in the online shopping mall? I think it’s quite a fitting idea now that the ratio of online shopping is increasing rapidly. Head researcher Son, is this idea possible technically?”

Son SeokHo swallowed the sweet bean bread in his mouth and licked his lips.

“To do it perfectly, we need to make the 2D image that the users upload into 3D and we need to fuse the clothes with the user... In our team, we don’t have anyone with image processing techniques, and I also have insufficient specialized knowledge in regards to 3D scanning technology. So I think it’s quite doubtful.”

He was full of worries whether it was possible or not. This question from Son SeokHo was perhaps very obvious. Even programming would be specialized when you went deeper into it.

Image related technology, vision related technology, big data processing technology, front-end technology like applications and web... there were many areas.

Na DaeBang spoke confidently after hearing that.

“And that’s why I’m here.”

“.....”

“The things I was in charge of in Shinseki’s Magic Mirror was 3D scanning and resolution technology. In condition, just let me work with this sunbae here.”

Na DaeBang pointed towards YongHo and smiled slyly. However, Son SeokHo still looked at Na DaeBang with worry. It was that hard. If the planning and management team specified the idea, then the work would become even more complicated.

“Are you really confident?”

“Isn’t that obvious? Moreover, Lee-sunbae looked at the source for the Magic Mirror once to see through it and even found bugs. So there should be nothing difficult.”

The look Na DaeBang gave YongHo was like ‘Isn’t it true, sunbae? Didn’t I do well?’ kind of expression.

Na DaeBang’s actions of saying YongHo’s name continuously in the conference was in consideration of YongHo. He tried to make YongHo the important person.

“Then please specify it, planning and management team.”

Jeong DanBi said that and stood up. However, at that moment, YongHo was thinking something completely different.

‘His speech keeps reminding me of No JunWoo. Just wait for the code review.’

The figure of him supporting YongHo reminded him of the past. Without knowing what YongHo was thinking, Na DaeBang showed his white teeth between his bushy beard with a smile.

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“I will go.”

“Why do you suddenly want to go to Korea?”

“I need to see YongHo.”

“Didn’t you use up all your paid holidays?”

“Then I can just rest from work.”

“Like I said, why?”

Jessie looked at Dave with a ‘I give up’ expression. Dave seemed to find Jessie’s stare frightening as he looked away and said shyly.



“It’s not fun here.”

“Dave, who does work for fun?”

Jessie now softly consoled Dave. Consoling Dave into not make him do anything rash had become an important part of her daily life.

“Then why should I live if I don’t have fun?”

“What?”

“Isn’t it true? The place I spend most of my time is the company building. To not find company work interesting is the same as wasting most of my time meaninglessly, isn’t that right? Why should I live a life like that?”

He had his own logic. Jessie spoke without being able to refute him easily.

“How can you only have fun in life? Everybody copes with uninteresting work in their life.”

“Then let us not do that.”

“.....”

If she fought to the end, then she could perhaps persuade Dave. However, Jessie didn't see the necessity to do that. Dave's ability was already very good, and she knew that he wouldn't starve to death anywhere.

And it was the same for her too.

"You will come with me, right?"

"Yes, do whatever you want."

Jessie muttered as if she had given up.

With Jessie's approval, Dave picked up the phone right away.

"James. Let's go!"

As soon as those words ended, James, who was sitting in one side of the office abruptly stood up.

"Who can hold you back..."

Even with words mixed with sighs, Jessie couldn't stop Dave's joy.

# Chapter 64: Algorithm Study (1)

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A complete turnaround.

The person standing in front of the white board where the beam was projected was Na DaeBang, and the person sitting was YongHo.

“Hey, what did I tell you, sunbae? Didn’t I say that, to change a 2D image into a 3D model, we need to know the length of the center? We need to know the length of the center to express it as 3D.”

“.....”

YongHo, who was sitting, couldn’t say anything. The hardest algorithm he learned in his university days was data compression using Huffman algorithm.

He had a hard time even when he was learning the recommendation algorithm from Son SeokHo. In the end, he had to make do with learning how to use the bug window. However, a crisis came upon him again. It wasn’t like it was a kind teacher from then either.

“We need to get the value of epipolar geometry from each of the photos using F-matrix estimation or calibrated 5-point relative pose. Understand?”

Na DaeBang was making a refreshed expression as if he just drank some cider. It seemed as if his embarrassment from the code review had all been washed away.

On the other hand, YongHo was gritting his teeth while looking at Na DaeBang.

‘I will definitely learn this all by studying.’

If you looked at it, YongHo’s such thoughts may have been reckless. The field Na DaeBang was explaining now was called ‘computer vision’ and it was difficult even for the people who majored in this area.

Na DaeBang had finished his postgraduate studies in computer vision and he entered Shinseki via exceptional military service so he had the professional knowledge.

There was no way that YongHo would know when he graduated from SeonMin university, and a graduate at that.

“Please learn it before next time.”

Next turn.

After 2 hours of algorithm lecture, YongHo’s turn came. Code review time, as YongHo’s explanations got longer, this time, it was Na DaeBang who gritted his teeth.

‘I will remember this!’

Did someone say that a compatible competitor made people improve each other? The current YongHo and Na DaeBang was like that.

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There were two eyes which looked at Na Daebang and YongHo who were in the middle of a fierce competition.

“Is it alright to leave them like that?”

“Of course. They’re improving by providing each other’s weak points.”

“Anyway, I wonder if the idea said by Mr. Na DaeBang would bring me 100 billion.....”

“Didn’t the planning team give the OK sign? I also think it’s quite good. There are many cases where people think ‘will this piece of clothing really fit me?’ when they are buying clothes online. And if we fuse the PS System to recommend items to them, then I think it’s possible. If it’s really implemented, even I want to use it.”

“I know that but... I’m quite worried. If this project doesn’t succeed then independence would forever be a dream.....”

Worry couldn't be erased from Jeong DanBi's face. She knew that a 100billion won of sales was not so simple as it looked.

However, she couldn't not do it.

If she kept staying here, then she might have to marry a man she met for the first time and live a life without emotions.

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“They requested a hardware purchase?”

“Yes. They're saying they would use it as an image storing server.”

“Why would they need that?”

“The guy called Na DaeBang brought up an idea to make the people able to try the clothes on online like the Shinseki's Magic Mirror.....”

“Yes. Na DaeBang. He was a capable guy.”

Having finished speaking, Jeong JinHoon looked at the man. The refreshing smile disappeared and an aura of a beast poured out.

He was angry.

“I, I’m sorry.”

“Reaction to the Shinseki’s Magic Mirror?”

“...That, it...”

“How long has it been since you worked with me?”

“A, about 10 years, sir.”

“Then I presume you know how much I believe in you, but I would be forced to make a harsh decision if you keep coming out like this.”

Ta-tap. Ta-tap.

Jeong JinHoon tapped the desk with his fingers. The clear sound tickled his ears.

However, at Jeong JinHoon’s words, the man couldn’t lift his head up. He knew better than anyone why Jeong JinHoon was tapping the desk.

Jeong JinHoon spoke to the man who was staying quiet.

“Are you spicing it up?”

“O, of course.”

“There’s a thorn that’s left but it feels like it won’t come off easily.”

“What should we do about the hardware purchase?”

“Why are you asking the obvious?”

His tone was quiet but it contained an aura that made anyone difficult to come in contact with him.

Even the same words would feel different according to the person saying it. Jeong JinHoon’s words were hitting the listener like a heavy hammer, and not like a light breeze.

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Morning commuting time.

YongHo still had times when he felt unrealistic. When he entered the huge skyscraper with the identity card hung on his neck, shiny marble floor greeted him.

When he walked slowly on top of that, then he could find himself



putting strength into his shoulders.

‘Is this what it feels like to be an employee of a big company?’

Then, that feeling climaxed when he pressed the card onto the gate where only the permanent employees would be able to go past.

Beep.

With that sound, the doors barring YongHo’s way opened.

Yes.

The door blocking his way opened. It allowed YongHo to pass through.

Like the scholars using their identity plaques to enter the palace gates freely in the Joseon Era, YongHo felt that passing through this gate represented his identity.

And someone was approaching such YongHo who put strength into his shoulders.

Grip!

Na DaeBang, who approached from who knows when, gripped

that someone's wrist.

“Hey, what were you doing just now?”

“Aack. Wh, who are you?”

The man who had his wrist gripped cried out in pain. The coffee held in his hands fell on the floor and dirtied the marble floor.

“I'm Na Daebang from the smart shopping strategy team.”

Na DaeBang's thick voice attracted attention from the surroundings. Despite being one year younger than YongHo, if one just looked at his outer appearance, he would be fit to be YongHo's uncle.

“Huh, Mr. Na DaeBang?”

At the sudden commotion, YongHo also turned his head around. Na DaeBang was gripping a man's wrist. It looked as if he was holding lightly, but the pain seen from the man's face told him that it wasn't ordinary.

“I want to hear the reason why you wanted to spill the coffee over here when you were holding it so quietly.”

Na DaeBang pointed towards YongHo and said. At those words, YongHo instantly recognized what the situation was.

YongHo, who didn't want other people to talk any more about this, said to Na DaeBang.

“Let's go up.”

“No, I have something to say to this person. Sunbae, you can go up first.”

Na DaeBang put more strength into gripping that man's wrist. The gripped man's face started turning red. His groans attracted more people.

That figure made YongHo crease his brows. The man's fault wasn't even confirmed but suppressing him with strength made YongHo put more criticism onto Na DaeBang.

YongHo looked at Na DaeBang and said.

“Mr. Na DaeBang, even if you have a background, should you act like this?”

“.....”

“Let's go up. I don't know what it is, but this is enough.”

Tap.

At YongHo's words, Na DaeBang let go of the man's wrist. It seemed the gripping strength was too strong as the man's wrist turned completely red.

Na DaeBang, who let go of the wrist, walked forward with big steps without even looking at YongHo.

A huge bear.

No one blocked that bear's path.

Lunchtime.

YongHo stood up to go out to eat.

"Mr. DaeBang?"

"....."

"You aren't eating?"

"....."

"I am sorry for what I said last time so let's go eat."

Na DaeBang was looking at the monitor without even turning his head. Son SeokHo seemed amused at that figure and spoke.

“It seems like he’s not hungry, so shall we go by ourselves?”

“H, head researcher, even so.”

“If we go too late, the side dishes will be all gone. Let’s go.”

Rumble.

To maintain a huge figure like Na DaeBang, he needed that much energy. The sound from his stomach could be heard.

Lunchtime ended and YongHo bought a sandwich. He considered Na DaeBang’s body size so the sandwich was the biggest size – super large.

He placed the milk and the sandwich carefully on Na DaeBang’s desk.

“I was too harsh with my words last time. I tried to help but... I’m sorry.”

“I don’t have anything like a background.”

“Yes. I’m sorry.”

“Please refrain from saying that from now on.”

He was unexpectedly sensitive. He still didn't turn his head towards YongHo. Unlike the rough actions with his big body, this kind of figure was unsuited to him and YongHo couldn't get used to it.

Son SeokHo abruptly held out his hand.

“Here. Eat a sweet bean bread too.”

Na DaeBang didn't bother rejecting. The super sized sandwich along with the sweet bean bread disappeared to Na DaeBang's stomach in less than 5 minutes.

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Even if one knew one hundred he/she wouldn't necessarily be able to teach all one hundred. Na DaeBang definitely possessed a lot of knowledge, but the information going inside YongHo's head was only about ten.

Moreover, their eye levels were completely different.

Na DaeBang was speaking while looking at the sky, but YongHo was speaking while looking at the ground. It definitely helped, but to talk with Na DaeBang, YongHo's level was too low.

“Sunbae is also a human.”

Na DaeBang honestly expressed his thought. When he met YongHo for the first time, he thought he was a genius.

He couldn't imagine that YongHo could find bugs by just peeking at the code while walking past.

With excitement and expectations of having met a genius, he moved teams and while he spent his time with YongHo, he was slightly disappointed since YongHo didn't live up to his expectations.

However, it was still better than when he was in the previous team. He learned a lot from Son SeokHo, who was an open source committer, and he learned coding from YongHo.

YongHo may be behind him in terms of algorithm knowledge but in terms of coding he was definitely better than Na Daebang.

“Then what did you think I was?”

At Na DaeBang's words, YongHo asked back while smiling. As he kept talking with Na DaeBang, he felt that he need to learn more about algorithms.

The need to study with the people on the same level as him arose

since he was studying with someone who's on a much higher level than him in the company.

‘Should I apply for a study?’

He thought that he might learn algorithms faster if he talked with the people on the same level as him through a study.

And today was the first day.

‘I'm slightly nervous.’

He applied to this place after looking at the internet portal site. Just as he needed, the curriculum was set so that they would go over the algorithms they learnt in college and then they would go a step further to learn more difficult algorithms.

It was the stage by stage learning that YongHo needed.

The study members were all set, and YongHo was the last. The study leader also seemed to have some sense as the ratio of male to female was 4:3.

“Huh?”

YongHo could only be surprised when he opened the door to the study room positioned near Gangnam station.



“Sunbae?”

“Hyung?”

Choi HyeJin, Ji SuMin, and Kang SungGyu were all sitting there.

# Chapter 65: Algorithm Study (2)

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Greetings happened later.

After entering Shinseki, they rarely saw each other so although they were delighted to see each other again, they needed to focus on the study.

The study leader who gathered this study started explaining.

“First, we will go through one book in one month, and we will go on to a harder book. Our objective is to participate in Topcode or Coder Jam later.”

Topcode and Coder Jam was, in a sense, a programming competition.

Coder Jam, which was begun by Koogole for its new employees, now turned into a global festival where programmers from all over the world participated.

Topcode was similar but had differences. In Topcode, award money was given by companies, when the problems they put on there was solved. 150 dollars to 300 dollars, 500 dollars, etc – There were various prizes, and the person with the most efficient code would take the money. And a person’s on-site rankings would go up as more people selected that person’s code.

Other than that, they could to algorithm implementation

training, and there were algorithm competitions.

The final objective of this study was to participate in those.

“It seems some people know each other already, but shall we introduce ourselves?”

At the kind looking study leader’s words, they introduced themselves one by one.

Their ages and places of living were all different. Their commuting companies were all different as well.

After the greetings, they solved a simple problem as a test. The problem the study leader brought was a queue algorithm.

A queue was a data structure with a First in, First out structure where the first one to be inserted into the data would be ejected first.

‘This is quite easy.’

Perhaps due to having experienced only hard questions, YongHo felt that the question was easy. Of course, it was also because he studied a lot in his university days.

When he lifted his head after quickly solving the problem, most of the people were in thought while their hands were placed on

their laptop keyboards.

‘Is it supposed to be hard?’

Looking at other people’s expressions, it seemed that they were having a hard time. SungGyu, who YongHo followed like a god in his university days, also didn’t solve the problem yet.

As he was looking around, he met his eyes coincidentally with Ji SuMin’s. YongHo expressed his greetings by slightly nodding.

Swoosh.

When he saw that Ji SuMin turned her head away quickly, he laughed a little thinking that she was the same as ever.

‘I should treat them to a meal after this.’

Unlike his university days, he now had enough leisure to treat them. He now had enough ability to stop leeching on Kang SungGyu and his juniors.

“Is there someone who would like to explain at the front?”

A freelancer in his early 30s who called himself Jeong JinSup, came forward. Stubbornness could be seen from the eyes behind the horn-rimmed glasses on his just over 170 cm stature.

While explaining, he gave glances from time to time towards Ji SuMin or Choi HyeJin. YongHo remembered that Jeong JinSup emphasized that he didn't have a girlfriend when he introduced himself.

“Any questions? If not, then we will end today's session here.”

Jeong JinSup said to the people who were trying to leave since the study session ended.

“We will study together for quite a time, why don't we have dinner together?”

It was dinner time.

The 7 headed to a meat restaurant.

The seating was naturally divided into 2.

“Hyung, it's been a really long time.”

“Yes. I'm... delighted...to see you...”

After declining the offer from Mirae IT, they never contacted each other again.

YongHo didn't do it, and SungGyu didn't either.

Perhaps due to that incident, SungGyu had an awkward expression.

It was not only that.

The lively figure from university times couldn't be found anywhere. The face that had wrinkles slightly made him look like he aged in a short time. Compared to that, Choi HyeJin's personality was lively unlike her university days.

"Whoa, Seonbae, it's been a really long time. It seems big companies do live up to their name? Your face looks so well."

"Really? You too."

"When I listened to the people who moved to Shinseki from here, they all say it's quite difficult. But when I look at you, it doesn't seem that difficult as they said."

Choi HyeJin spoke while smiling brightly. That figure was good to look at. It was completely different to Kang SungGyu's heavy expression.

"Hey, I do have a hard time, you know?"

"You don't look like that at all... By chance, is there a place there? I want to try going to a big company too."

At her question of ‘is there a place there?’, the people’s gazes all turned towards YongHo. Even Ji SuMin quietly put down the piece of meat she was going to eat.

“They will pick soon.”

At those words, Jeong JinSup interfered.

“Is a big company so good? They were all absorbed in management so their programming skills were all bad though.”

“Haha, well, there are departments like and not like that.”

“I also participated in Shinseki’s project once, but the majority didn’t even know how to make an instance of tomcat.....”

Jeong JinSup quietened down while sneaking a look at YongHo. His pride as a programmer was great.

However, if you say ‘why are you so bad at studying?’ to a person who can’t study well, they would get angry, but if you ask the same question to a person who is smart, then that person wouldn’t care.

That person had leisure and confidence. YongHo was like that.

“Is that so?”

“Are they management personnel or developers? They only know how to scold people. All they know is how to say ‘performance is too bad’, ‘why did you code the query like this?’ while they don’t even know the ‘C’ of coding.... Ha! They’re so absurd.”

Jeong JinSup poured out his grumbles as if he was really annoyed and he drank a glass of beer. Then, he kept complaining as if he had a lot piled up until now. A big company was such and such – The talk which began from there spread to the Korean IT industry as a whole.

However, it didn’t end there. He grandly preached a sermon about the attitude a programmer should have, or how he studied, etc.

YongHo, who wanted to converse more with the people he hadn’t met for a long time, couldn’t listen to that story anymore. He took out his phone, and secretly messaged Kang SungGyu.

-Hyung, if you have time, shall we go for a 2nd round?

-That will be quite difficult.

-Oh, is that so, then there’s no helping it.

At that moment, a message arrived from another person. It was Choi HyeJin.



-Seonbae, I don't want to listen to that person anymore, shall we go for a 2nd round by ourselves?

-Yes, shall we?

A 2nd round without Kang SungGyu started. At YongHo's words of 'you can choose anything', Choi HyeJin rejoiced and YongHo could listen to the various things that happened in Mirae until now.

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The story YongHo heard from Choi HyeJin was sufficient for him to feel that the world change fast.

'Director Kim ManHo was fired, and Kim WonHo also.....'

According to what Choi HyeJin said, Not long after director Kim ManHo was fired, Kim WonHo, who had poor skills anyway, was put into the same situation.

Their actions of treating people as they wanted had boomeranged back at them.

'Times sure did change.'

Choi HyeJin was adapting to company life in her own way. Her ability was starting to get recognized to apparently, a lot of teams

wanted her.

The cute and pure outer appearance also had a part. In contrast, Ji SuMin was starting to lose interest in coding.

According to Choi HyeJin's words, she was considering leaving the company.

The most unpredictable one was Kang SungGyu.

‘SungGyu-hyung is the problem...’

He commuted to the company quietly without doing anything big but not too small either. This kind of situation would be unimaginable in his university days when he was recognized by everyone.

‘The work of men is sure unpredictable...’

When he thought of the events that happened until now, he could only say ‘how did something like this happen?’.

But even so, he was living a satisfying life due to his hard efforts.

‘I sleep on a bed like this too.’

There was not enough space for a bed so he didn't even think

about buying one. However with the prize money from the NetFlax Prize, YongHo now had a bed in his room after his family moved houses.

A more comfortable life was beginning.

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The estimated price for the server that the planning team calculated was around 30 million won ( $\approx 26,000$ USD). Considering tens of millions people as customers, they set the minimum image storage as 2 megabytes.

Just the hard disk required 20 terabytes at least. If they considered a backup, then it would be 40 terabytes.

A tera was  $1024 \times 1024$  times bigger than a mega.

It was a huge amount of data.

If they considered a server to provide the service, they would need a lot more than 20 million ( $\approx 17,400$ USD) so they requested for 30 million.

However the result was denial.

“It still wasn’t approved?”

“Yes. It was denied with the reason that the price for the server was too much.”

“Welp, everything’s not going as expected.....”

Jeong DanBi sighed and said. Every time she tried to do something, nothing went smoothly. Either there was an interference from the company or there was a problem with personnel.

“Why don’t we use an outside CDN(Contents Delivery Network) service?”

Heo JiHoon put out an idea in his own way. However, Jeong DanBi disagreed right away.

“If we use an outside service when we have an IT subsidiary... Bad rumors will spread inside the company. We need to use inside resources as much as possible.”

Jeong DanBi never considered using outside resources.

“Then I will look for a place where I can buy it at a cheaper price.”

“I want to just buy it with my own money...”

“...Of course, team leader has that ability but I’m not sure if the

company would allow that.”

“Yes. Please look into lower prices.”

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Three foreigners were lost and were looking around in Incheon International Airport. Their exceptional figures attracted the surrounding people’s gazes.

The woman amongst them, who boasted of blond hair and white skin, seemed dissatisfied with the current situation as she had a creased face.

“Where are you planning to go?”

“We need to go to YongHo.”

“Did you contact him beforehand?”

“Friends know each other’s hearts. YongHo should be waiting for me.”

Dave said with an exaggerated expression. Jessie creased her face as she thought that such a figure was so disappointing and asked blankly.

“So, did you contact him?”

“No, I even lost the contact info.”

“...Hey, you f\*cker. WHY ARE YOU SAYING THAT NOW!”

In the end, Jessie shouted in the middle of the airport. James on the side, was smiling at the new environment known as Korea.

Dave asked James without minding the shouting Jessie.

“How is it? Isn’t it heart-pounding?”

At Dave’s words, James nodded his head. Unbefitting of the muscles which covered his entire body, he had a naïve face.

“Well then, shall we go?”

“Sigh... where are you going?”

“We can go to Shinseki. Let’s go!”

Dave confidently walked forward. Jessie followed Dave as if she had given up.

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In the end, Jeong DanBi went to the finance team herself. Even though she decreased the request by 10%, the funding wasn't approved.

Their hardware was cheaper than the hardware at the same level that other teams used.

“Why are you saying you can't approve it?”

“We're short on money.”

“What?”

“Producing the Shinseki's Magic Mirror took most of the funds so we can't approve of hardware purchase requests.”

The neatly parted hair showed the personality of this finance team leader. Even though Jeong DanBi, the direct descent of the chairman, was speaking, this man didn't even twitch his eyebrows.

“So, how low is possible?”

“If it's around 50% of what it is now, then it's possible.”

“I'm not joking.”

“What a coincidence. I hate jokes too. Or you can wait until next year for the funding.”

Jeong DanBi's breathing became rough. Then she spoke words that she should have never said.

“Why, did president Jeong JinHoon tell you to do this?”

“No.Way.It.Isn't.Like.That.”

The finance team leader broke his words.

“Then it doesn't make sense that we aren't even allocated 30 million!”

Jeong DanBi couldn't control her emotions and she let it all out. The people's gazes inside the room all turned towards Jeong DanBi.

“Are you keep going to do this?”

Jeong DanBi then realized her mistake. She was in the middle of attention. She judged that any more conversation was meaningless. Then she left the office.

‘How should I tell them about this...’



Chaos would probably ensue if she talked to Son SeokHo about it. The trust in a team leader who couldn't even get 30 million won funds would also plummet in the hearts of the team members.

‘Sigh... It’s not like I can hide it either.’

Jeong DanBi’s agony became deeper.

# Chapter 66: The Developer Who Cut Off His Lung (1)

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“YongHo, YongHo is here?”

Dave asked the information desk with the stuttering Korean he learned a little.

“Sorry?”

“Lee YongHo. Me, look, for him.”

Finally, the staff seemed to have understood and started looking through the register. Dave’s trio, who were completely clad in tourist clothes, were enough to attract people’s attention.

Lunch time.

The people who were coming back from lunch all directed their gazes to the 3 foreigners who had blue eyes.

Jessie’s voice had become sharp as she couldn’t bear it anymore.

“Hey, you can only do this?”

“There’s no other solution. This person will find him soon enough.”

Dave spoke while pointing at the staff. The staff's mind was also chaotic after receiving Dave's questions. He couldn't understand the majority of the English conversation happening in front of him.

His head was full of thoughts to send them somewhere after solving the problem quickly.

When YongHo came back to the company after eating lunch, a few familiar people appeared in his eyes.

“Eh? Isn't that Dave?”

At YongHo's words, Son SeokHo also narrowed his eyes and looked towards the information desk.

“That's true. Why is he here?”

Na DaeBang was only confused at the names he heard for the first time. YongHo saw that so he briefly explained about Dave.

Na DaeBang, who heard the explanation, couldn't help but be surprised. He didn't know about the NetFlax Prize, but he knew very well about the company called NetFlax.

He didn't seem to believe that the person who took first place in competition held by that very company was YongHo, who was

right next to him.

“If you have that much ability, then do you really need to commute to this company? And why didn’t the company say anything about this? If it’s that big of an achievement, the company would have used it for publicity...”

Na DaeBang asked YongHo as if he was really curious. YongHo also didn’t know why the company stayed silent about it.

Before he met Son SeokHo, he didn’t even know about the NetFlax Prize, so he only thought that it was a competition known by programming mania, and people who had interest in recommendation algorithms amongst those mania too.

“Well, they must have their reasons.....”

YongHo passed it without thinking much.

Should I go overseas? He already thought a lot about this. He considered this while talking with An ByungHoon while in Mirae, and also while he didn’t even have a chance for interview after he was fired.

It wasn’t like he had no thoughts of going overseas.

Poor English skills.

The worry that the bug window may disappear without warning.

And the responsibility as a sole child – these made him hesitate in his choice.

Just in time, Jessie, who was in front of the information desk, found YongHo after looking around for a while. Then she strongly waved her hands as if she became alive.

“What are you doing all the way here?”

YongHo asked without being able to hide his surprise. He felt more odd than delightful thinking why they were here.

It wasn't only YongHo. Son SeokHo was the same.

“I just wanted to meet you. I was bored too.”

Dave shrugged his shoulders as if it was nothing at all. It seemed that he himself was the only one here who didn't feel that this was absolutely a big shock.

“Then why didn't you contact me beforehand?”

“That... I lost your contact info.”

YongHo had a surge of emotion and his eyes turned red after

looking at Dave's figure who was scratching the back of his head in embarrassment.

Would anyone take a 10 hour flight journey to see him without the contact information? YongHo was thankful to Dave for coming to look for him.

“Who am I for you to come looking for me?”

“We're friends.”

YongHo had another surge of emotion when he heard Dave saying 'friends' so confidently.

It wasn't like they could communicate perfectly either. They also couldn't communicate when they met in the NetFlax Prize. Now, thanks to YongHo regularly studying English after the competition, he could spit out some words using a simple combination of words that he knew.

Even now, Son SeokHo translated between them.

Even when they couldn't communicate properly, Dave came looking for him.

Friends.

Perhaps due to the recent reality of SungGyu becoming distanced

from him, even though he received a lot of help from him, he was thankful that Dave called him 'friend' even though they only met for a short period of time.

The things the NetFlax Prize gave him wasn't only prize money. Perhaps it left him a friend, bigger than just money.

While YongHo was submerged in his emotions, Na DaeBang also couldn't hide his surprise.

Na DaeBang was pointing James with his fingers. The tip of his fingers were trembling as if he had autism.

“Uh? Aren't you James Polo?”

“.....?”

James pointed at himself and said with his body. At that, Jessie repeated his words.

Smash

She didn't forget to smash James' back. Her meaning was to stop being embarrassed.

“He said if you know him.”

“I know, I do! He’s really famous amongst infra engineers!”

Na DaeBang spoke with fluent English. His pronunciation was better than Son SeokHo’s.

Infra engineers.

They were people who suggested plans on how to buy which hardware to construct what type of server.

At that moment, YongHo was thinking something completely different.

‘Only my.... English skills are crap.’

YongHo fell into self loathing at Na DaeBang’s English skills.

A brief time later, Son SeokHo’s phone started ringing. It was Jeong DanBi. Son SeokHo asked the people while looking at them after ending the call.

“She said for us to meet in the conference room... If you have time, would you like to have a look around our office?”

“Good.”

Dave coolly agreed to Son SeokHo’s words. If Dave agreed, James



and Jessie followed so he didn't even need to ask them.

The reason Son SeokHo invited Dave & Co. to the office was due to his expectation that he may hear something good from them. They were senior data engineers from the biggest global online shopping mall, 'Jungle'.

He was curious about what their opinions were after they had a look at how Korean people worked.

And like that, they moved to where the smart shopping strategy team was located.

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“...Who?”

Jeong DanBi asked the people who were entering the conference room. It wasn't only Jeong DanBi, everyone was curious of their identities.

Their gazes were directed towards 3 people – Jessie, Dave and James – of the people who entered the room.

The one who answered was Son SeokHo.

“They are senior developers from 'Jungle' we met from the NetFlax Prize.”

At Son SeokHo's words, the majority showed the same reaction.

Surprise.

Jungle's annual sales boasted of multiple times that of Shinseki. The weight of the positions – 'senior developers' – weren't light at all.

"Wh, why would people like that be....."

"I brought them here to see if they would advise us on anything after looking at how we work. They were also curious about how Korean people worked too."

At Son SeokHo's confidence, some people nodded their heads unintentionally in agreement. They thought if they were from Jungle, there wouldn't be any problems with them listening.

However, Jeong DanBi wasn't the same.

"Even so... I don't think it's appropriate to show the inner works of our company to outsiders like this."

Son SeokHo shook his head after looking at Jeong DanBi speaking carefully.

"If you gathered us like this so suddenly, then there must be a

problem. A problem would only be solved if we meet our heads together, it won't be solved at all if we keep hiding it."

At Son SeokHo's stubbornness, Jeong DanBi had to take a step back. It was as he said: a conference due to an unexpected problem.

She judged that this problem wouldn't become any trouble even if outsiders heard it.

After hearing Jeong DanBi's words, some people inside the room sighed.

They were tackled in whatever they were doing. They used any method possible to be selected by team leader Jeong DanBi, but the reality wasn't as they imagined.

Regret.

This was the emotion which covered everyone's moods other than Son SeokHo, YongHo, Na DaeBang and Heo JiHoon. At the base of that regret was distrust in Jeong DanBi.

The crumbling mood of the team.

This became a bigger problem than not being able to purchase a server now.

From time to time, Na DaeBang volunteered to translate and he

explained towards the Dave trio. He wanted to look good in front of James.

After hearing the story, Dave looked at the people as if it was absurd.

No problem.

“What’s the problem? You just need to decrease it by 50%.”

Even the people who couldn’t speak English understood words like ‘No problem’. However, the words after that weren’t understood by them. YongHo was the same.

“We also looked into it, but it’s not that simple.”

Jeong DanBi spoke politely, in her own way. Her pride was hurt when they said like it was so simple but she did her best to be polite.

Very simple.

“It’s very simple for us though?”

They also understood the words ‘Very simple’.

“James, isn’t it true?”

At Dave's question, James nodded his head. Na DaeBang made an expression as if it was expected.

James Polo.

He was the owner of a blog which was treated like a holy land amongst infra engineers.

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“So you're saying we should buy second-hand ones from ebay or alibaba?”

James nodded instead of answering. Unlike his appearance, he was very shy. He was embarrassed with a figure that was comparable to Na DaeBang who had muscles all over his body.

Instead of James, Jessie continued.

“We can get the CPU, RAM, storage and the rack mounted server (a type of server). According to what I heard, I think you're trying to construct a CDN server... There will be no problems if we buy in large quantities to make up for the products being second hand.”

At Jessie's words, Dave smiled while looking at the people as if it was obvious.

“See? James here is a guy who joined during the initial stages of Jungle when they were constructing the server. He’s very credible so you don’t have to worry.”

At Dave’s confident tone, no one could talk back. Na DaeBang, who was translating on the side suddenly raised his hand.

“Me!”

“Yes?”

“I will assist sir James in constructing the server!”

Na DaeBang acted as if it was already decided that James was going to construct the server. Jeong DanBi shook her head and spoke.

“Even so, it’s not appropriate to leave it to outsiders...”

At Jeong DanBi’s words, Son SeokHo stepped out. His strong will to accomplish this could be seen from his face.

“Then why don’t we contract them like we do with outsourcing? Is it alright with you, Dave?”

“Of course. We came on a leave of absence anyway. So we’re good if you want to give us work.”

When Dave agreed, Jeong DanBi had no choice but to take a step back. They needed this to work anyway.

“Then, please give me your estimation.”

Jeong DanBi spoke as if she couldn't help it. As soon as those words were said, James started sorting out various hardware specifications needed for the server construction on Excel and the main job of the smart shopping strategy team became purchasing equipment from ebay and alibaba.

# Chapter 67: The Developer Who Cut Off His Lung (2)

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The biggest difference between an ordinary desktop and a CPU for server use was the existence of MP(Multiprocessor). Firstly, a desktop has one CPU but there maybe several for a server.

Also, there is the point that the connection between these CPUs are supported. Other than that, there are points such as the usable size of the memory, and the supportability of ECC(Error Correcting Code).

Like that, there were many things to consider so a hardware specialist was created. However, James had an incredible amount of knowledge, not losing out to specialists.

The work the smart shopping strategy team had to do now was to buy hardware that James specified on the Excel sheet.

And they had to listen to his explanations without dozing off – That was all.

‘How much do we need know.....?’

YongHo, who was listening to James’ explanations, felt a little fear rising in his heart at the endless programming world.

He thought that it would be fine knowing java or C, but databases



became very important.

When he was about to grasp databases, algorithms popped out, and before he learnt those algorithms properly, now it was hardware.

‘It’s an endless chain of studying.’

And even while he was straying in his thoughts, James’ server construction seminar was continuing.

“YongHo, what was an HBA card again?”

“As a device that communicates between the server and the backup storage, it’s a device for interface, in a sense.”

“Wow. I thought you were straying.”

Dave laughed naughtily. He wasn’t as good as James, but he had considerable knowledge on hardware. Not only that, he also had a plenty of practice so YongHo felt that he was looking at a monster when he saw Dave.

‘As expected. Only monsters like them can work in a company like NetFlax.’

However, it was only YongHo’s misunderstanding. Dave or James were all top tier developers even within their company.

Most other developers only specialized in their own areas, but they weren't proficient several areas.

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50% decrease in funds.

Something that seemed impossible was achieved.

When the finance team leader saw the purchase list, he approved of the request as if he had no choice.

To decrease the price, they had to connect several equipments parallel rather than buying one hardware with high specs. And it was inevitable that the number of servers increased, and a lot of space was needed in the data center.

Today was when the meeting to discuss that took place. Most of the developing team headed to Gasan Digital Complex where the data center was located.

“Is this the Korean Silicon Valley?”

Dave asked while looking at YongHo. The high rise buildings were boasting their forms.

“Well, you, you can think that way.”

There was one reason while YongHo stuttered. It was because he knew of the banquet of extortion and lies that happened inside those buildings.

“Silicon Valley? Dave, this is no Silicon Valley. It’s a Death Valley”

Death Valley. The land of death.

Son SeokHo on the side answered instead of YongHo, who was trying to evade the topic. Dave laughed for a long time as if he considered it as a joke.

“Nice to meet you.”

The person in charge, Son SeokHo, offered his hand. It was one of the server management personnel in the data center, Yu JaeMan.

Perhaps his coughing was bad, but he offered his hand while covering his mouth with the other.

“Yes. I’m called Yu JaeMan. I heard the story.”

“Is there a place to put the server?”

“I did look for one... Would you like to come inside and see it for yourselves?”

As if his body was bad, he kept coughing. His face looked worse than when YongHo was staying overnight at work a lot of the time.

At such figure of Yu JaeMan, Dave asked YongHo.

“That person, doesn’t he need to rest?”

“I think so too.”

As he lead the way, his figure looked more fragile than ever.

Data centers is divided into ranks according to usability.

Something called the TIA(Telecommunications Industry Association) divided data centers into a total of 4 ranks according to the standardized grouping.

As the number became higher, sudden power outages or the suspension of the center management due to external factors such as anti-temperature and ant-moisture could be said to be lower.

Shinseki’s data center was rank 3, and from the figure of the man, who was explaining while going into the room, pride could be felt.

“It’s already been about 3 years since I started working here.”

Yu JaeMan was proud of the fact that he entered the company in his late 20s and continued working until he was in his early 30s. It wasn't that he disdained other people or was being arrogant. He seemed purely proud of the fact that he had established this data center.

“This way.”

The insides of the center was full of machine noises. It was to the point that they wouldn't be able to hear anything properly if they didn't concentrate. YongHo coughed within minutes after he entered as if the dust in the place wasn't managed properly. His ears becoming numb was a bonus.

Yu JaeMan's coughing became worse, as he lead the way.

As soon as he came outside, YongHo panted. Even though the air conditioning system was running inside the server room, the air was so stale to the point that the young YongHo couldn't endure it.

It wasn't only YongHo, everyone else was coughing. Someone was waiting for them, who were all coughing.

It was the team leader of the server management team.

A project driven by Jeong DanBi was in the interest of all the company employees. There was no employee who wouldn't be interested in a project that was run by the direct descent of the

Chairman.

After looking at the man, Yu JaeMan introduced him to YongHo & co.

“Khm. This is our team leader.”

As if he had some phlegm in his throat, Yu JaeMan cleared his throat. Even after doing so, he kept coughing as if his throat was itchy.

The team leader approached YongHo & co.

“I’m Son SeokHo from the smart shopping strategy team.”

When Son SeokHo greeted, Yu JaeMan stepped backwards. YongHo asked Yu JaeMan, who kept coughing.

“Are you alright?”

He couldn’t not worry since his face was turning bright red. Yu JaeMan gestured that he was alright and YongHo didn’t need to be worried, but he didn’t look fine at all.

“I think you need to go to the hospital.....”

Na DaeBang on the side also thought that it was serious and he

spoke with a worried voice.

Even during that, the coughing continued. Now, he started hitting his left chest as it was stuffy.

“Are you alright?”

The server management team leader also looked at Yu JaeMan. At that moment, Yu JaeMan inhaled a big breath.

Huup.

Without even exhaling the inhaled breath, Yu JaeMan fell flat on the ground.

Bang.

The blood flowing from his mouth, and the blood flowing from his scratched forehead combined and flowed into the gaps between the tiles on the floor.

While everyone was dumbfounded, the first one to come to his senses was Son SeokHo.

“Hey! Hold on! Hey!”

When Yu JaeMan didn't respond no matter how he raised his

voice, Son SeokHo called on YongHo.

“Call 119 quickly!” (119 = 911)

“I, I understand.”

YongHo took out his phone and just when he was about to call, the server management team leader stopped him.

“First, we need to follow the company procedures and call the situation room.”

“What nonsense are you speaking when a person is dying!? Lee YongHo! What are you doing and not calling!?”

Son SeokHo who shouted like thunder started emergency treatment while placing Yu JaeMan on the ground. YongHo hesitated for a brief moment when the team leader interfered, but he still started calling.

“Hey. The situation room comes first! Call 119 later!”

The team leader tried to stop YongHo again, but YongHo didn't mind that and continued calling.

When YongHo stopped listening, the team leader tried to take the phone away by force.



“Ehem, nope!”

Na DaeBang blocked his way.

It felt like a siren could be heard from far away. It was the second ambulance sound YongHo heard in work.

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Dave & co were sent to their lodging first. There was a limit to how many people could board the ambulance so na DaeBang was also sent to the company to tell them of the situation.

Outside the emergency room of the hospital, YongHo and Son SeokHo were sitting side by side.

“Sigh.....”

YongHo sighed while covering his face with both hands. It didn't feel that realistic to him when he heard that a manager he knew went to the hospital due to a heart attack when he was in Mirae. It was as if he was looking at African children who were dying of hunger on TV.

However, it wasn't like that now.

A person collapsed right in front of him, bleeding. Although they weren't close at all, the collapsed figure bleeding was shock itself.

“Are you alright?”

“Oh, yes. I’m alright.”

“What a bolt in blue when we were out for server construction.....”

Son SeokHo also sighed.

“Will that person be alright?”

“They said there wasn’t any danger to his life, so we can only wait.”

Time passed and Son SeokHo’s voice also became normal as his agitated emotions calmed down. He was even calm when he was explaining the situation to Yu JaeMan’s guardians who arrived after hearing what happened.

YongHo felt that Son SeokHo was amazing, seeing him so calm.

The ability of an open source committer.

And the heart to be considerate towards his juniors.

On top of that, his emergency treatment abilities and the calm

attitude towards the crying guardians made YongHo exclaim in amazement.

After the surgery ended, time pointed towards dawn. A bed for patients came out of the surgery room, carrying Yu JaeMan.

There was no danger to his life.

However, his lung had to be cut off.

The doctor said that he would never be able to exercise again in his life, such as running.

All sounds died in YongHo's heart.

Yu JaeMan's guardians lost their reason and cried. Perhaps due to the surgery, the close eyes didn't open.

“It seems like he had a lot of fatigue. It's an illness when the body's immunity goes down.....”

“.....”

Son SeokHo couldn't say anything at the doctor's words. YongHo was the same.

They could only listen quietly – both to the cries of the guardians

and to the doctor's explanations.

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Yu JaeMan coughed and finished preparing to go to work.

“Son, I said go to the hospital.”

“It seems they will let me off on Saturday so I will go the.”

“How long has it been since you said you'll go? That damn company won't even let you leave work, do they say they can't do without you?”

“Big companies are all like that.”

He tied his shoelaces and pulled himself up.

Ping.

At that moment, he fell back on the wall as if his head ached. Yu JaeMan's mother, hurriedly supported him in shock.

“Let's go to the hospital right now!”

She raised her voice thinking it wasn't good like this. Yu JaeMan, who was hesitating for a moment, said with all his strength.

“...I, I’m alright. Today, there’s an especially important work, so I will go to the hospital after this is over.”

Yu JaeMan now also thought that he should go to the hospital. With this work as the last one, he resolved that he would go to the hospital even if he had to apply for a leave.

Of all teams, he had a meeting with Jeong DanBi’s team.

Jeong DanBi. Jeong JinHoon’s little sister and chairman Jeong JinYong’s youngest child. He didn’t want to be marked due to the sudden cancellation of the meeting.

Just if this work finishes.

He wanted to go to the hospital, but he didn’t have the time.

He worked 4000 hours in the last year. It was a work hour only possible with 1 or 2 days of rest per month.

Work intensity which wouldn’t be possible without commuting early to work and leaving work late. He still endured.

Just if this work finishes.

I will rest. I will go to the hospital. I will go out with my family and my friends – He thought.

When Yu JaeMan's headache became a little better, he opened the front door. When the bright sunlight of early morning shone on him, he could feel his body becoming better.

# Chapter 68: The Developer Who Cut Off His Lung (3)

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One man didn't come to work.

However, the company went on as usual as if nothing had happened. YongHo had to interview with the human resources team about what happened then.

Inside YongHo's head, the scene kept repeating. It was a man who he didn't know before. It was a man who he met for the first time. The only common thing between them that they were colleagues in the same company.

“YongHo. Tell me whenever you change your mind. I will write you a recommendation.”

Dave carefully spoke to YongHo, who was down. YongHo gave a forced smile as he was thankful for Dave's thoughts.

“I'm always thankful. I will remember.”

The server construction proceeded smoothly, and after passing most of it over to Na DaeBang, Dave & co left Korea.

Although there was that their leave was short, Dave also seemed to have received shock due to that incident. However, it wasn't as much as YongHo.

Regret.

‘Why go to a company?’ – such a regret enveloped YongHo.

And so he focused.

He became absorbed in work to forget all of it. If he worked for success until now, now, it was to forget.

He heard about the man from time to time.

Applied for an industrial accident.

And rejected.

Yu JaeMan applied for an industrial accident while saying he worked for 4000 hours a year. He asked his colleagues around for help, but that didn’t work well either.

-We’re sorry but we need to live too so please understand us.

The man was isolated between the organized interference from the company and the negligence of his colleagues. YongHo heard that a lawsuit began.

Every single person in the company expected for him to lose.



Whenever he heard the bits of news about him, YongHo got even more absorbed in work.

He couldn't help it since there was not a single good news about him. If he lived well after that, then it might have been easy to forget. He couldn't do that so YongHo put himself through more work.

Burnout syndrome.

It was burnout syndrome which found its way over to YongHo. This was an illness that referred to a state where a person was enveloped by powerlessness due to consuming all of his/her energy on a specific work.

“Mr. YongHo.”

“Yes. Team leader.”

“Is there something nowadays?”

“No, there's nothing.”

YongHo's tone of voice was stiff. Vexation was all over his face due to the uncomfortableness and the fatigue of both his body and mind.

“I’m saying this because it doesn’t look like that. Do you know that your work efficiency is clearly dropping compared to the past?”

Jeong DanBi was saying this because of worry. However, YongHo was only displeased to hear that.

On the CI server, it was recorded who committed how many lines of codes. Son SeokHo implemented this to measure the abilities of each developers when they first enter.

The amount of codes that YongHo committed had dropped considerably.

Jeong DanBi was speaking from her heart. She was full of worry for YongHo. Even something that seemed impossible was easily solved in the hands of YongHo, who had more passion than anyone.

Jeong DanBi accepted the test paper that Jeong JinYong gave her thinking it was the last struggle.

She couldn’t answer a single question until now, but she now saw hope to finish the paper thanks to YongHo.

However, that spark of hope was dying down.

“...What happened to Mr. Yu JaeMan?”

“From what I know, the company is treating him as he deserves but why.....”

“I’ll be thrown away too if I become useless, right?”

The reason for the burnout syndrome flowed out from YongHo’s mouth. Jeong DanBi’s expression was full of confusion when she heard YongHo’s hostility-filled words. Nobody could speak at that moment.

“.....”

“Sorry for asking you a difficult question.”

YongHo apologized immediately and lowered his head. Jeong DanBi hurriedly said towards that YongHo.

“Th, then you can always be useful. Your ability is not going anywhere, and, didn’t you do well until now?”

“Ability... can disappear suddenly.”

YongHo laughed bitterly.

The bug window – the reason why other people thought of him as a genius – Like it appeared suddenly it may disappear suddenly too.

And so, until now, YongHo acted considering that the bug may disappear all of a sudden.

However, Jeong DanBi interpreted YongHo's actions differently. She thought that he may leave this company when he said 'disappear'. She thought that the reason for YongHo's inner struggles was the treatment according to ability.

"Team leader... I promise you the position of a team leader. If we achieve the sales of 100 billion, I will leave the company and start a company together with head researcher Son. I want you to be the team leader in that company."

"Pardon?"

"The CTO will be head researcher Son. So please help me a little more."

YongHo was confused at Jeong DanBi being flustered but he nodded. He didn't have any thoughts to leave the company right now, and he thought he would be alright with anywhere if it had Son SeokHo in it.

He had that much trust in Son SeokHo. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that the entire reason for his nodding was due to Son SeokHo joining her as the CTO.

Perhaps thinking that just talking with YongHo wasn't good

enough, Jeong DanBi looked for Son SeokHo.

“Is it alright to leave him as he is?”

“It will be a lot of help to him just by knowing that someone is watching over him.”

Son SeokHo seemed to know what YongHo was going through right now. He was thinking that it wasn't anything big and he didn't worry that much.

“He worked like a madman and now he's sitting there powerless.....”

In contrast, Jeong DanBi was full of worries. The figure of YongHo seen from Jeong DanBi's room was comparable to an homeless man in Seoul station. The empty eyes and the meaningless body movement – A useless atmosphere permeated the air.

“It's a growth pain that everyone goes through. It usually comes in about 2 or 3 years after working... but in YongHo's case, it came slightly early.”

Son SeokHo was composedly looking at YongHo. His calm look contained warmth.

His care for YongHo flowed out subconsciously.

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No matter what happens, time flows.

When weekdays pass, the weekend comes.

When company workers officially don't have to go to work. While YongHo was lying down due to the powerlessness, the time for the study was approaching.

A little more, just a little bit more – it has been 30 minutes since he first thought that.

His family moved to Nonhyun-dong from Gaepo-dong. He would arrive at Gangnam station if he walked for 20 minutes. It would take him 10 minutes if he took the bus.

However, the biggest reason why YongHo couldn't stand up was powerlessness. In the end, he opened the message app.

And he wrote word by word.

Lee YongHo : I think I won't be able to participate today due to being sick.

Due to powerlessness, his body felt like a sponge dipped in water. When he sent the message on the group talk replies started

popping up quickly.

Choi HyeJin consoled him with words filled with worry. However there also was a person who wasn't like that.

Sup's : But isn't it Mr. Lee YongHo's turn today? If I remember correctly, it was about hashing(A type of algorithm)

Study Leader : That's true. Today's Mr. YongHo's presentation day... Now... what do we do today...

YongHo also had forgotten.

He wasn't even doing his work properly. There was no way he could remember what he did in the study.

Lee YongHo : I'm really sorry...

Sup's : This is the problem with studies. There are always leeches. A sudden problem popped up at work. I'm sick. And it's always the day of their presentation.

Study Leader : Oh, well. If you're sick... There's no helping it.

Sup's : Why don't we set some rules? Let's ban someone if he/she doesn't come for a few times. How is it?

Jeong JinSup's messages kept touching YongHo's nerves. His anger started welling up while lying down.

Sup's : Well, the presenter is away so why don't we just gather for some fun today? It's been quite a while since the study started and it's not bad to get to know each other better.

Study Leader : Well, that's also a good idea. What are your opinions?

Sup's : Let's do that. Looking at the time, everyone must have left their homes by now. If Mr. YongHo told me yesterday, I would've prepared it myself, but too bad.

There was less than 20 minutes till the study started. The other people had all left their houses.

YongHo, who was looking at those messages forcefully stood himself up. It was clearly his fault. He had no excuses.

When he arrived, it was him who arrived first. Everyone was a little late.

"Y, you came?"

"I was sick so I couldn't prepare a PPT specially, so can I explain hashing while coding?"



“P, please do.”

At YongHo’s energy, the study leader said with a dazed face.

Explanations ended in about 30 minutes.

Nobody could find a fault in the explanation. Some questions were thrown but they could only nod their heads at the detailed explanation.

And a little bit of resting time.

Of course, the topic was Shinseki.

Choi HyeJin took this chance to ask YongHo.

“Seonbae, is your body alright? I heard a person collapsed in your company... It seems like they give you a lot of work. Seonbae’s body is bad like this too...”

The story about Yu JaeMan was also spread here. The topic of him having to cut off one of his lungs due to over exhaustion was too stimulating so internet media all dished out articles.

Perhaps due to the strength of the company known as Shinseki, the central media didn’t talk about it a lot, but amongst the developer community, it was a hot issue.

“They do give you a lot of work...”

YongHo cringed when he thought up of that memory. Choi HyeJin continuously spat out exclamation in surprise.

“Whoa, it’s really no joke.”

At that moment, YongHo could hear some words which touched his nerves.

“That’s why developers need to to put in effort in self development. They don’t develop themselves so they always collapse after nights of overtime work.”

“.....”

YongHo’s lips twitched.

A change was occurring to the air of powerlessness about him.

“You say ‘Yes’ ‘I will do my best’ since you don’t have any ability. It’s not that ‘you have to do your best’ but ‘you have to do well’. In that point, Miss SuMin or Miss HyeJin is doing well. Considering that they don’t even play on the weekend and come to the study. If you miss due to the excuse of ‘being sick’ or ‘work’, you will be in big trouble later.”

Twitch.

YongHo's hand twitched. Jeong JinSup's words became a spear and a hammer and smashed the membrane that covered YongHo.

The one who replied to Jeong JinSup's words was Choi HyeJin. She knew more details as if she was interested in this incident.

"I looked at the news and they said it was due to working overtime a lot due to the launching of the S Mall....."

"Like I said, he works overnight because he doesn't have the ability. If it were me, I definitely won't do that."

Scrape.

At Jeong JinSup's words, YongHo suddenly stood up. Then he shot a glare at Jeong JinSup with cold eyes. Perhaps surprised due to that, Jeong JinSup stuttered his words.

"Wh, what is it?"

A volatile situation.

Fortunately, Choi HyeJin, on YongHo's side, pulled YongHo's arm, so the situation didn't explode.

"I will see how much ability you have. I will take my leave first since I'm not well."

While bringing cold wind, YongHo stood up from his seat. The membrane of powerlessness that enveloped YongHo tightly was also punctured.

# Chapter 69: The Developer Who Cut Off His Lung (4)

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Morning rush hour.

Even within the company, it was all advertisements about the launching of the S Mall. Matching the launching, the company gave all its employees a 50,000 won worth of points to induce them to use the S Mall.

The team in charge of the S Mall e-mailed the entire company to contact them if they found any bugs. However, that wasn't really necessary.

First day of launching.

Shinseki Customer Service was paralyzed due to the complaint calls of the customers.

“And so, I think Mr. YongHo needs to go support them.”

“Me?”

“It's along with the consultation about attaching the PS System.”

Jeong DanBi looked for YongHo from morning. Na DaeBang was in charge of a core role in the project OH, so he couldn't be sent.

Moreover, he was also the main personnel for server construction so even 10 of him was insufficient.

And it wasn't like she could send Son SeokHo. YongHo, who had no important work right now, was the best choice.

“If you say go, then I have to go, no?”

YongHo answered cynically.

It was a trait he acquired after that incident. Being cynical and the negative attitude were emitted.

“It's about 2 weeks so you can commute there. You know where the data center building is in Gasan, right?”

“.....”

It was that building again.

There were two pairs of eyes looking at YongHo working. Jeong DanBi was looking at him with eyes full of worry. In contrast, Son SeokHo's eyes were cold. The playful attitude was all but gone.

“Will he be alright?”

“It’s not a problem that other people can help him with.”

“Even so... I heard that person’s family was protesting there.....”

Jeong DanBi’s voice was full of worry. The more worried she was, Son SeokHo was more resolute.

“We can’t leave him alone like this when he’s ruining the present because of his past.”

It was so cold that, it instead showed how much worry he showed for YongHo.

The education of lions.

It was the method Son SeokHo used on YongHo.

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4000 work hour per year.

Why no industrial accident.

Work rather than people.

Result rather than work.

YongHo, who was going to the data center in Gasn for work, couldn't move for a while and he stood there dazed.

A middle-aged woman with a feeble body to the point that the picket hung on her neck blocked her entire body was standing there.

The fragile body looked as if it would collapse at any moment. From that figure, YongHo saw his own mother's figure. If he became like that too, wouldn't his mother be like that as well?

However, the reaction of the people were cold.

A treatment worse than flyers on the ground. People ignored the sign and walked inside the building.

The office was full with people. He felt like it had been a while since he had moved from a comfortable place like the smart shopping strategy team, to a place with a loud crowd of developers like this.

The manager in charge of the S Mall guided YongHo to his seat.

"Oh, Mr. Lee YongHo? I heard a lot about you."

"Yes."



“First, the synchronization of the PS System no the S Mall is, as you know, delayed due to the circumstances of the S Mall. You can test the system here and if you find a problem you can fix, then you can confirm with assistant manager Yang and solve it.”

After he spoke what he needed, the man left quickly as if he had a lot to do. Assistant manager Yang also didn't heed him any mind as he was busy.

YongHo first turned on the computer and accessed the S Mall. Countless items were boasting their aura.

Although they said the Shinseki Mall and Shin Mart was integrated into one, they were separated by tabs, and there wasn't anything different.

And when he clicked the Shinseki Mall tab, bugs started popping up on the bug window.

Title : Input(A characteristic used in web documents) object cannot be found.

Title : an invalid css(A type of script language created to supplement web design) tag was used.

Title : The data type of jquery(A library of javascript) ajax was used wrong.

The errors varied and were wide range. Not only the client on the

screen, but there were errors occurring from the server.

When he looked at those problems, he laughed emptily.

‘The situation is similar everywhere, eh.’

He remembered the time when solved errors like a madman, not too long ago. However, he didn’t have as much motivation as then.

He was already recognized in the company, and the dry sand known as regret extinguished the burning passion.

He sat there dazed for the entire day. When he went outside to get some wind while grabbing his head due to a headache, a scene was happening in front of him with the security guards and the woman he saw in the morning.

“I said look for another way.”

“Go where! What are you going to do about my son! MY SON!”

Even with the security guards’ cold words, the middle aged woman didn’t step back. Instead, she even raised her voice.

“You made him like that! My son, my son who’s lying in the hospital!”

The mountain like guards surrounded the howling middle aged woman with a feeble body.

She was shouting and screaming but nobody paid attention to her.

Frustration.

Ignorance.

They were all emotions that YongHo experienced.

The emotions engraved in his bones when he heard that he was blacklisted, and he had to wander around looking for a job, were boiling up again.

He sympathized more than anyone.

Not this!

Snap!

A string snapped inside YongHo's head. He slowly approached the scene. The guards seemed to have felt it and looked behind.

A guard spoke after confirming the identity card hung on YongHo's next.

“I think you’re an employee so please go inside and work.”

“Excuse me, I think this is not good.”

“If you don’t want to blow this up then please go inside quietly.”

The guard growled with a low voice. It was a threatening attitude, but YongHo was not afraid at all for some reason.

The middle aged woman thought that support had arrived and her voice became louder.

“What are you going to do about my son lying in the hospital!? You bastards!”

When YongHo took another step forward, one of the guards slightly pushed YongHo’s chest at the same time. YongHo’s body was just a typical programmer.

As the guard’s body stature was big, even though he pushed only a little bit, YongHo took multiple steps back.

He was pushed when pushed, and he swayed when shaken. He had a center but no weight. He was pushed around too easily by other people’s hands.

This is reality.

True.

He had no power, or influence. YongHo was just an employee and a developer. YongHo stepped back multiple times but he stepped forward once again. The membrane of powerlessness was breaking.

When YongHo approached again, the guard pushed YongHo harder.

Plop.

He ended up falling on his butt this time. Now that he was sitting, the situation came more clearly to him

A middle aged woman was fighting back with difficulty, and a giant wall surrounded her.

At that moment, The inside of YongHo's head became white in rage. The frustration of the incidents that happened after he graduated, and his own powerlessness exploded when he saw the persecuted middle aged woman. However, as if a ghost possessed him, his head was still cold.

“I understand very well.”

YongHo brushed off his butt and stood up. YongHo's eyes, while

going back, had a tinge of wrathful killing intent.

When he left his body to the wrath, liveliness started filling YongHo's mentality. He focused on work using that energy.

It was a figure that anybody around him would say that he's a madman.

On one side of YongHo's desk, sandwiches and fizzy drinks were piled up. And it kept piling up. It was proof that he worked without even standing up.

And he fixed the bugs that appeared on the S Mall like a madman.

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"Hey, Mr. YongHo. Rest for a while, will ya?"

"....."

The surrounding colleagues all said something while passing by. The atmosphere of talking behind his back had disappeared.

He came to work earlier than anyone, and he left later than anyone.

And he fixed the most bugs than anyone. Naturally, the

importance of YongHo could only get bigger in the S Mall integration project.

“Your face looks so unwell. Don’t you need to rest?”

“It’s alright, not yet. I still have things to fix.”

YongHo answered as if it was nothing. Fixing bugs was a simple problem to YongHo, who had the bug window, but it wasn’t at all easy for ordinary programmers.

Debugging.

And the debugging process of other people’s codes at that was, in no way, easy. However, YongHo solved those too easily. As time passed, the complaints of the customers also decreased.

And the general structure of the S Mall website was also changed.

The basic structure was kept as it is – MVC(Model-View-Controller : One type of pattern in computer architecture).

However, the dependency between the classes became deeper.

It was a method that had to be avoided when programming.

It was because when a program became dependent, rather than

independent, the impact of changing one thing would make a lot of difference.

As the ratio of the program YongHo edited became larger, the part that other people could touch easily became smaller.

It was because the impact would be too big if they touched anything.

“Mr. YongHo, please have a look at this too.”

“I understand.”

YongHo answered enthusiastically. This attitude made everyone believe in YongHo. How could anyone not believe someone who was enthusiastic and solved the occurring problems immediately?

Moreover, he showed effort that he kept working on his seat.

Thanks to that, other people became comfortable and the amount of overtime work they did also decreased. And the more they did that, the more the dependency on YongHo increased.

“I will leave first so, Mr YongHo should leave early too, okay?”

As if showing his kindness, the manager wore his blazer and spoke.



“Yes.”

YongHo answered with a calm face. However, he was thinking something completely different in his heart.

‘I cannot be pushed around anymore.’

Until now, YongHo put in effort to solve something when a situation occurred.

He didn’t think of creating such a situation.

However, it will be different from now on.

‘I will create the situation from now on.’

YongHo frighteningly typed on the keyboard.

# Chapter 70: The Developer Who Cut Off His Lung (5)

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Dependency, in other words, degree of dependence.

When eating, one can use any spoon to eat. Meaning – there is no dependency.

However, if one makes a spoon that only that person can use, that means there is a dependency.

However, not only the spoon, but if the bowl, table, chopsticks – all of them were created for one person's use, dependency increases rapidly. And naturally, the cost increases as well.

Programming is similar to this. If one does not use B, C and D to implement A, but make it belong solely to A, then dependency increases.

It was something to be avoided when programming.

This was the most important point YongHo learned while doing the code review with Son SeokHo after having entered Shinseki.

However, right now, he was coding the exact opposite way that Son SeokHo told him to.

‘Construct a user class inside the order class and construct an

order class inside the user class and make it reference each other... then if I construct again a send class inside the user class.....’

YongHo was coding in the exact opposite direction to the one he studied. He was increasing the complexity to make the program only editable by him

As time passed, the bugs on the S Mall website decreased. However, the program complexity multiplied.

The complaints of the customers decreased by 50%. Instead, the dependency of the S Mall website, which was created by integrating Shinseki Mall and Shinseki Mart into one, on YongHo, increased by 50%.

With the continuous overtime work, YongHo’s health was also running at the lowest. It was to the point that the people passing by were shocked at the tension YongHo kept up since the beginning even with a zombie-like figure.

“Are you alright? You don’t look good at all.”

The manager who first guided YongHo to work approached him and asked with a worried voice. YongHo wasn’t too bothered with his current state, as he experienced it a few times before, but the people around him thought it was serious.

A big incident had already happened so everyone was clearly sensitive to their own health.

YongHo's coughing from time to time were enough to make the people in charge of the S Mall nervous.

“Apply for an early leave today and go rest at home. You’ve done enough.”

The manager tapped his shoulders while helping him up. YongHo was also now thinking that he should sleep. And he predicted that this was also enough.

“I understand.”

After eating lunch, YongHo went back home. Only YongHo went back home.

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Ring ring.

Click.

“Yes, Shinseki Mall Customer Service.”

“You can’t confirm the item you’ve paid for? Yes. We will check on it immediately.”

The calls to the customer service center was rising rapidly again due to the complaints of the customers. There were even various types of complaints.

The important thing was that the trend was increasing rapidly.

“Yes, ma’am. You didn’t receive the points?”

“Yes, sir.....”

The employees were answering each of them with a headset with a microphone attached on their heads, but they were insufficient to process all the complaints.

The head of the center, who came here to have a look at the situation, paled in fright when he looked at the chaotic customer service center.

“What’s happening?”

“From morning, we keep receiving complaints as if there are some problems with the S Mall.”

The head of the center turned his gaze and looked at the electronic display in the middle. On the electronic display, the waiting calls were updating real-time.

**40.**

**70.**

**100.**

Although they were processing them, but the processed ones paled in comparison to the new ones, so the waiting calls didn't seem like it will decrease at all.

The head of the center suppressed his anger and asked.

“What did the development team say?”

“They say they're solving it right now.....”

“Call the development team leader right now.”

A storm was raging from the morning.

The man who was called lowered his head and and kept repeating the word 'sorry'. In front of him a slightly younger man was waiting anxiously.

His face was ashen as he expected a storm that would come

towards him after that call ended.

“Yes, yes. I’m sorry.”

“I understand.”

“I will fix it as soon as possible.”

While the man was receiving the call, the manager who gave YongHo an early leave kept calling somewhere.

Ring ring. Ring ring.

However, he put down the phone while sweating cold sweat as the call didn’t connect in the end. It seems as the man in front of the manager ended his call as he put down the phone and asked.

“He’s not answering?”

“M, maybe he’s sleeping.....”

“Phew... You can’t work without Lee YongHo! And who told you to give him a vacation!?”

The man sighed loudly and shouted like thunder.

At the angry voice, a few people inside the office stiffened. They

seemed worried that they would get caught as collateral damage.

There was a nameplate on the desk that the man was sitting in front of. His position was general manager. He was the person in charge of the S Mall.

“I, I’m sorry.”

This time, the word ‘sorry’ came out of the manager’s mouth reflexively. YongHo who applied for an early leave applied for another day of absence with the excuse that the hospital diagnosed that he needed a rest.

Now that YongHo wasn’t here, there were various accidents happening as if there were fireworks exploding from the morning.

“Is that it? Just sorry? Either call Lee YongHo right here right now and fix the problem or you guys fix it!”

At the loudly ringing voice, the atmosphere of the office instantly tightened. They all seemed tense as all their shoulders were stiff and meaningless keyboard sounds rang out.

“I, I will fix it right now.”

The manager who gave YongHo a vacation lowered his head and went back to his seat. And he kept looking at the monitor, but his ‘I’m about to die’ face didn’t disappear at all.



The head of the center screamed when he looked at the electronic display which only rose.

“Keep pushing the development team!”

“I, I understand.”

“Are you going to take responsibility if the other channels aren’t covered due to the S Mall complaints?”

“I, I’m sorry.”

While looking at the man lowering his head, the head of the center sighed. He also knew. That nothing would be solved even if he got angry at the man in front of him.

However, he needed to vent the anger.

In a blink of an eye, the waiting calls were rising over 500.

If the matter became worse and somehow leaks to the mass media, then he might have had to retire without even being at the age of retirement. Shinseki’s public opinions weren’t good in the first place.

There were a limited places on the board, and there were countless who vied for promotion.

“Call the S Mall development team right now, and tell them that if the problems don’t get fixed in one hour, we won’t receive any more calls.”

The head of the center gave out his ultimatum.

Due to the request from the S Mall development team, they had multiplied the people in charge of the S Mall customer service team. Even so, they couldn’t properly solve any of the complaint calls that were increasing rapidly.

A situation where they might have to close the S Mall was approaching.

Bad cycle.

A problem occurs and a complaint is received by the customer service center.

The customer service center then request the solving of the problem to the development team.

The developer who receive the request edit the source to fix the problem.

And a side effect (an action that occurs when a change occurs due to accessing an object while the programming is running) occurs.

For example, there is an equation of  $x = y + 3$ . If  $y = 1$ ,  $x$  becomes 4. If  $y = 2$ , then  $x$  becomes 5. There are two side effects.

If another developer edits  $y$ , then  $x$  needs editing along with that. However, it was very difficult to find  $x$ .

High dependency means that there are many such 'x's that needs editing.

In other words, the possibility of errors occurring rises.

Bad cycle.

As the source kept getting edited, the errors increased, and the source is edited again, and even more errors occurred.

The developers tried their best to fix the problems, but it wasn't at all easy.

"I, I think we need Mr. Lee YongHo."

The developers shouted the same thing with different mouths. If they had time, they could fix the problems.

However, they didn't have such time. The coding that YongHo did meticulously ignored readability. Moreover, landmines known as hard coding(Coding that has no expandability nor flexibility)

were hiding themselves.

The developers inside the office put all their efforts, but the landmines only exploded and was never removed.

15 Missed Calls.

It was the number on his phone when YongHo woke up in the afternoon after sleeping to replenish the insufficient sleep.

‘They seem quite desperate.’

While smiling, he looked at the phone for a little more while before it started ringing again. However, it wasn’t time to answer the call yet.

‘I’m slightly sorry but... Well, everyone only thought about themselves anyway.....’

YongHo took the taxi to the hospital after changing his clothes.

“What the heck is that bastard doing and not receiving his call!!?”

“.....”

“Did you call his house?”

“I, I did but it says that the number doesn’t exist.”

The manager who gave YongHo a vacation replied vaguely. After moving houses, the contact info wasn’t updated yet. YongHo’s home phone number in the company was the number from when he still lived in Gaepo-dong.

“And so? What are you going to do about it?”

“I, I will fix it.”

“And from how many hours ago did you keep saying that!? What will happen if the website has to close?”

The general manager’s voice became more frequent. He was as quiet as the eye of the storm. He didn’t know when it would explode so the manager became even more careful.

“I, I will try contacting him another way.”

And the place he called was the smart shopping strategy team. And the receiver was Jeong DanBi.

“Head researcher Son, can you contact Mr. YongHo right now?”

“I didn’t call him recently... Wasn’t he at Gasan?”

“Gasán’s side called this side since they also can’t contact him.”

Even at Jeong DanBi’s words, Son SeokHo looked calm. He didn’t treat it seriously at all. However, Jeong DanBi was different.

“There is a serious problem in the ordering and sending in the S Mall, and it seems that they need Mr. YongHo desperately.”

“As expected. Our YongHo gets recognized wherever he goes.”

Son SeokHo’s voice contained pride for YongHo. And Jeong DanBi’s face stiffened the more he was.

“Head researcher. It’s not time to play around. There might be a fatal effect on the image of the company.”

At Jeong DanBi’s hard words, Son SeokHo also reacted coldly.

“I also don’t know where he is.”

“...\*Sigh\*.”

Jeong DanBi’s sighs became deeper

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“Mr. YongHo? Where are you right now? Why aren’t you receiving your call!?”

As soon as YongHo answered the phone the manager poured out bullets of words. However, YongHo was calm. He wasn’t flustered at all.

“I’m unwell so I’m at the hospital. You know SooSung Hospital, right?”

“.....”

For a moment, silence flowed.

SooSung Hospital.

It was the hospital where Yu JaeMan was currently hospitalized at. The work they were doing when Yu JaeMan collapsed was the integration of S Mall. Many engineers are invested in order to complete one project.

DB, infra, software, tuning specailst, etc... And among those, Yu JaeMan was a server management personnel and he helped YongHo’s team by leaving out some time.

One person, lots of work.

‘This work’ never finishes. (T/N: ‘This work’ as in “I will go to

the hospital after ‘this work’ finishes”). YongHo’s leisurely voice could be heard over the phone amidst the silence.

“Do you know what happened at the company? We’re urgent so please come to the company immediately. I will give you a vacation after this work finishes.”

After this work finishes. (T/N: Again, the same ‘This work’)

However, that didn’t work on YongHo. If he had intended to go back to the company, he wouldn’t have come to the hospital in the first place.

“Right now? My body is so unwell so I don’t think I can do that... What will I do if I become like Mr. Yu JaeMan?”

“...M, Mr. YongHo. The company is really urgent. Please help us out.”

The manager now begged YongHo. However it didn’t work.

“I’m sorry but I need to live too can’t you understand my situation?”

“.....”

I’m sorry, but we need to live too so please understand us.



The words that the manager said to Yu JaeMan at the hospital.  
The words once again replayed through YongHo's mouth.  
YongHo's eyes were glistening in a blue light.

# Chapter 71: The Developer Who Cut Off His Lung (6)

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-Shinseki's S Mall lots of complaints

-S Mall flooded with complaints of customers, no countermeasure

-Current state of the big company's service.

A news article that popped up on an internet media, that prioritizes consumers' rights and interests, spread rapidly through SNS.

Few consumers, who have received damage, hyperlinked the news article on various places of the internet and the whole thing boiled up with comments and replies to comments.

Most of the problem was errors in the program.

The S Mall development team located in Gasan put their efforts day and night, but looking at the unextinguishing fire, they were about to give up.

"I, I'm sorry. I will fix it right away."

The general manager, who scolded the manager, kept lowering his head. A member of the board above the general manager had

called.

However, even that person had to lower his head eventually. Calls from above that person, and even above that person continued, and eventually, chairman Jeong JinYong called for a meeting himself.

“What is the problem?”

Chairman Jeong JinYong asked with short words but with power.

“The S Mall itself opened when it was incomplete, and now that we’re editing the program while it’s open, we’re behind schedule and more bugs seem to be occurring.”

One of the board members answered Jeong JinYong’s question. However, his answer only raised Jeong JinYon’s question.

“According to what I heard, it was all fixed?”

Jeong JinYong asked again as if he didn’t understand. The members of the board couldn’t say anything. The bugs which occurred before YongHo was sent there was mostly solved by Yongho. This was the latest story that Jeong JinYong knew.

While YongHo applied for a leave and went to the hospital, the bugs bursted out again. The dam that YongHo piled up had collapsed.

Side effects were endlessly creating more bugs. When he didn't hear an answer, Jeong JinYong continued speaking.

“And? Solution?”

The heavy voice filled the conference room. It was quiet. It was a wonder that even with so many people in the conference room, the conference room could be so quiet.

As this was an important topic, even the front-line workers were participating.

Jeong JinYong looked at the general manager who was in charge of the S Mall development team.

“Th, there is a developer called Lee YongHo... and if he comes, I think the program will recover in a short time.”

The general manager, who was so confident in front of the manager, couldn't do anything in front of the chairman. He stuttered and cold sweat flowed from his forehead.

“Lee YongHo, Lee YongHo. I hear that name a lot these days. Then what are you doing and not solving it?”

At the scolding words, the general manager replied with difficulty.

“H, he is hospitalized due to over exhaustion.....”

“What, hospitalized?”

Jeong JinYong looked at the general manager as if he didn't understand. The general manager was only guilty for speaking the truth. Due to that sin, he had to receive sharp glares from the members of the board and the chairman himself.

In a 6-man ward, YongHo was lying down and was immersed in thought.

‘It sure is good to play around.’

His face was full of comfort.

He had repeated the life of company -> home; and company -> home again. Money piled up in his bank account but there was no time to use them. It wasn't bad to take a rest like this.

‘It must be chaos everywhere right now.’

YongHo looked at the phone on the table.

He ended the call with the excuse of being unwell. However, even after he ended the call, the phone kept ringing like mad.

He had predicted this, but he didn't know it would be so soon. There was one more reason why coming to the hospital was good.

‘To think I was under burnout syndrome...’

YongHo took a medical examination while he was at the hospital. Results were that his body was mostly unwell.

The powerlessness he experienced recently also had a name.

Burnout syndrome.

However, he was recovering now.

‘It's about time.....’

As soon as he thought that, two people entered the ward.

It was Son SeokHo and Jeong DanBi.

Son SeokHo was calmly looking at Yongho. The empty eyes had changed. He knew that something had changed in that time.

“How's your body?”

“Now that I’m lying down, I think I can survive.”

“I brought some sweet bean bread, so eat and cheer up.”

Son SeokHo placed a box of sweet bean bread on the table. Jeong DanBi seemed overwhelmed and shook her head.

“What did the doctors say? How long do they say you need to be in the hospital?”

“They say I was under burnout syndrome. And so it’s better the more I rest... It seems like something happened at the company?”

YongHo replied pretending to not know anything. Jeong DanBi thought YongHo was nasty and her words became coquettish.

“I don’t know what you’ve done until now but the S Mall development team says that they need you, Mr. YongHo.”

“Me? What ability do I have?... The doctor said that I need to rest.....”

At Jeong DanBi’s words, YongHo replied slyly. Jeong DanBi seemed to have recognized that YongHo changed as she laughed.

“I sent you to Gasan, and you came back as a snake.”

“Well, there were a lot of things.”

YongHo replied. Jeong DanBi seemed to have judged that playing around was enough as she brought a chair and sat next to YongHo. And asked with crossed arms.

“I think you can work when I look at your state now, so, what do you need for you to get up?”

“Haha, a company employee gets up when he’s told to, what condition is needed? It’s just that the doctor says I’ll be in big trouble if I exert myself anymore.....”

Jeong DanBi cut short YongHo’s words which were about to get long. And finally, the words YongHo wanted came out of Jeong DanBi’s mouth.

“I heard everything before coming. I heard you mentioned Mr. Yu JaeMan, is that right?”

“Did I? Maybe I did that.”

While looking at YongHo coming out like that, Jeong DanBi was inwardly surprised. She marvelled that people could change in such a short time.

However, that was Jeong DanBi’s misunderstanding. YongHo could sleep in his underwear in the clubroom in the middle of summer.



His actions until now was because he thought himself as a footsoldier. It was just that it's different now.

“Why are you so concerned about him? Aren't you strangers anyway?”

There was a question mark on Jeong DanBi's face. It was the same for Son SeokHo. They had difficulty finding the connection between YongHo's actions until now and the changes that occurred.

The YongHo that Jeong DanBi and Son SeokHo knew was an employee who was passionate about programming. There was only that he had distinguishing ability from others. They didn't think that he was so altruistic.

At Jeong DanBi's question, YongHo spoke slowly with a saddened face.

“Strangers... We are indeed strangers, alright. But I want to ask back. Does team leader not care whether a stranger dies or not? Are you a person who would ignore even if a person collapsed right in front of your eyes? I couldn't do that. I looked at a person who collapsed in front of me and .... Bang! Lightning flashed in my head.”

YongHo's empty and blank eyes were sparkling. His words also contained power. Jeong DanBi sat there quietly as she lost her words for a bit.

“I don’t know the law that well, but I consider myself quite capable at programming. A person collapsed in front of my eyes, and I can do some programming. And so I thought. ‘Ah, I don’t want to see this dogshit again.’ ‘I can’t handle it anymore.’”

YongHo’s use of vulgar words made Jeong DanBi even more surprised. She had never heard him use such words until now.

In YongHo’s opinion, only manager-level personnel and above had ‘power’. He thought that only people at the manager-level position could do whatever they want.

However, it wasn’t like that now.

Starting now.

Clap clap clap.

Son SeokHo was clapping.

“Now you’ve finally gotten your self-confidence. I like this you the most since the first time I saw you.”

Only Jeong DanBi was confused. She was confused as to how to receive this situation.

Yu JaeMan’s compensation, which was dragged out for so long,

was processed quickly as soon as YongHo got up from the ward.

Losses occurring from the S Mall currently was incomparably bigger than the compensation they had to give to Yu JaeMan.

As Shinseki was result-focused, the process was quick.

YongHo who was put again into the S Mall started overtime work again. And within one day, he had produced a result of fixing bugs.

The complaint calls to the customer service center also decreased by 20%.

And the day he came back.

YongHo had to witness a horrible scene.

“Seon...bae...”

Na Daebang called YongHo with a voice full of resentment. The puffed up muscles were dried up, and the fast food remnants were piled up on his desk in a tower.

“Ah, M, Mr DaeBang.”

“You...can't....go anywhere ok.....?”

At Na DaeBang's words, YongHo could only nod his head. If he didn't, he didn't know what he had to face. The bloodshot red eyes and the limping body reminded him of a zombie.

And that zombie was saying it will eat him if he didn't reply as it wanted.

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When the situation with the S Mall finished with YongHo put into it, YongHo's name was firmly engraved again in chairman Jeong JinYong's mind.

This was the second time already.

To get an employee's name get known by the chairman was unprecedented.

Perhaps due to that, Jeong JinHoon was standing in a neat posture in front of chairman Jeong JinYong.

"It seems Mr. LeeYongHo is a great programmer."

"It seems so."

"But you know... The company known as Shinseki is run by a system, not by a person."

“I have taken it to heart.”

Jeong JinHoon replied while lowering his head. However, Jeong JinYong wasn't looking at him. He was looking at the setting sun outside the window.

“Then please take another thing to heart. The sun can set like that.”

The red sunset was shining through the window and illuminated the chairman's office. It was an evening where such a beautiful light seemed bloody to a certain person.

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With this as the trigger, the way YongHo lived his life changed. If he had lived passively until now, it changed to living actively.

A life that is not lived but a life that he lives.

To live actively, the first thing he did was to find his 'original intention'. Achieving the objectives that he thought of when he first set foot into this industry.

I will become the world's best programmer.

His objective was clear, but the process was blurred. Moreover, there was no clear standard for being the 'world's best'. Who

would be entitled, and who would entitle, etc... There was such things.

‘Let’s set a standard in my own way. First...Let’s put Stack Overfly first.....’

YongHo started writing a more specified list of objectives in his notepad.

‘I’ll have to achieve first in Topcode that we’re preparing in the algorithm study.’

Topcode first.

Coder Jam first.

Stack Overfly first.

The owner of the open source project that the most people in the world uses.

Developing a programming language that gets most used.

YongHo wrote down the thing he was thinking. Although it may not become reality, just writing things like this, one by one, made his heart pound. The hand that was writing the list trembled.

‘To think I can set objective like these.....’

It was only one year ago when he had to suppress his rage while signing the work contract. At that time, he couldn't even think about these objectives. With anxiety, the only thing he could think about was getting employed.

However, that all changed now.

He had confidence in his own ability.

He thought that he could do anything when he set his mind to it.

Now that he decided to live actively, confidence was boiling in the depths of his heart. He knew better than anyone that he didn't live in vain until now.

This was the biggest source of his confidence.

‘Now that I've set my objectives, it's the methods now.....’

With a nervous mind, YongHo couldn't sleep for a long time.

# Chapter 72: One Hundred Billion Achieved

## (1)

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There was a person who already achieved one of the objective YongHo set. Despite not being the most used open source, he ascended to the position of a committer.

Son SeokHo.

YongHo asked Son SeokHo as soon as he came to work.

“Head researcher, how can one become an open source committer?”

It was yesterday night when he set those objectives. Perhaps the excitement from then was still left inside him as he held his head out towards Son SeokHo and asked recklessly from the morning. Son SeokHo seemed to have found YongHo’s such actions uncomfortable as he gestured for him to stay far away.

“Why so sudden?”

“Didn’t you say so? That we won’t get pushed around if we have the ability, if a person is a committer, doesn’t that means he has the ability?”

“NetFlax Prize Winners also have enough ability.”



Son SeokHo shuddered. However, YongHo was serious. He wanted to achieve something without the help of the bug window this time. He wanted to solely increase his abilities.

YongHo put strength into his eyes and didn't leave.

In the end, Son SeokHo took YongHo out as if he understood. Perhaps the talk went on for a long time, but they didn't come back even after 1 hour had passed.

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Meanwhile, Shinseki design team.

The designers sitting in their seats had sunken cheeks. From their figures, one would be able to estimate just how much suffering they had been through.

“An app design that fits the concept of the S Mall, is there so little?”

The team leader of the design team, Yu SoHyun, looked at the team members and asked. However, no one replied easily.

“Can we even release the S Mall app like this?”

At the continuous harsh words, one of the designers raised a hand.

“H, how about this?”

A video was playing on the monitor that the designer was watching. The video showed how the indroid view was working on an app. Shattering glass-like effects from the touched part – this was WindowView, uploaded by YongHo.

Yu SoHyun, who watched the video while biting her thumb, spoke after pondering a bit.

“It looks alright. Can you edit it a bit?”

“I think we need to look into that. There is no clear license mark.....”

The woman who was looking at the monitor scrolled down and tilted her head. There was no license mark on the said project. If it was for personal use, there would be no problems, but on a public app like this, they might get caught up in copyright problems and things would become complicated.

“If the source is open anyway, can’t our developers make it too?”

“Then I’ll try asking the development team.”

“Don’t ask them vaguely and clearly say that we need the exact same effect. If there’s an e-mail address, do send an e-mail to the

developer too.”

Yu SoHyun played the video several times after having finished speaking.

“It is indeed pretty. I think it’ll be better if a few things are added.....”

Black Widow. (T/N: Raws is ‘Poisonous Spider’, and guess what, Black Widow is a type of poisonous spider too.)

This was another nickname for Yu SoHyun.

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Even while YongHo was wandering around, the company was working regularly. Project OH was also progressing despite being slow. However, no matter which work, it wasn’t something that was solvable by just one person.

“A consultation with the design team is necessary?”

YongHo thought what nonsense this was. At the serious faces of the people, he soon knew that this was in no way, a joke.

Shinseki design team.

For the success of the S Mall website and the S Mall app, a professional invited from outside took the position of the team leader. She was famous for being single-minded and non-compromising when it came to ‘beauty’.

It wasn’t the design that had to go with the others, but the others that had to match the design. The design team leader had drew the line saying that the S Mall project doesn’t have the necessary screen for project OH.

“And it’s being a pain in the back.”

Jeong DanBi’s face creased to the point that it made people worry that she may get wrinkles. Son SeokHo had the care-free expression as ever. Na DaeBang hadn’t escaped being a zombie. It made YongHo pity for him.

“I heard a lot about the design team.....”

YongHo muttered to himself quietly. He vaguely remembered the rumors he heard when he was sent to the S Mall development team in Gasan.

“The situation here is that that team leader is rejecting while saying that project OH wasn’t considered while drafting the design for the S Mall and if they want to put such considerations in, they need to redesign the entire website.”

Son SeokHo added details. YongHo, who didn’t know anything

about design, could only listen quietly.

However, he still hadn't let go of one thought.

'I won't get dragged around.'

"And so, a consultation with the design team about the OH screen is necessary, is that what you're saying?"

"Yes. Head researcher Son and Mr. Na DaeBang is busy so I think Mr. YongHo need to go persuade them along with Mr. JiHoon and I from the strategy team.... How is it?"

Jeong DanBi called out YongHo and spoke. Now she looked for him first when something happened.

"I understand."

Son SeokHo looked at YongHo with lights in his eyes. Enthusiasm. His powerlessness from a few days ago couldn't be found anywhere. The glistening eyes made him remember the interview for entering the company.

However, it was strangely different from then.

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“Team leader is busy so... I’m sorry.”

“.....”

Jeong DanBi’s face stiffened. There was no one who didn’t know of her inside the company. The reason that she accepted the rough actions of Son SeokHo was implicitly based on the fact that she had scouted him, amongst other reasons.

However, the design team leader wasn’t like that. No members of the board could refuse a meeting with Jeong DanBi, even if they could reject her proposal.

It was a strong enemy.

The atmosphere inside the conference room became nervous just because the team leader wasn’t there. Heo JiHoon who came along also couldn’t say anything.

“I know what you’re trying to say. You can just speak to me.”

At those words, YongHo, who was looking at the atmosphere also stepped out.

“Then why don’t you leave team leader? I will talk to them.”

YongHo’s position was an employee. He wasn’t in a position to stand out like this. A few from the design team had faces of being

absurd.

Without being pressured by those gazes, YongHo continued speaking.

“No, the design team leader didn’t come, so I think there is no need for team leader to be here either.”

“.....”

This time, the design team’s side became silent. When the situation progressed in a strange direction, Jeong DanBi seemed to have decided on something as she stood up.

“Then I’m busy too, I’ll take my leave. Please have a good talk.”

In the end, a talk without the team leader from both sides had begun.

“So you’re saying that it doesn’t go with the initial design?”

“Yes. I already have talked to you about it.”

The woman who replied raised her voice. Her actions of frowning clearly spoke that she didn’t want to go over something she had already said before.

“I don’t understand how it’s so difficult to add some screens to the initial design.”

At the continuous questions, the woman seemed annoyed as she grabbed the desk with both hands to stand up.

“A UX only finishes when the whole feels like one. If another one is added on top of it, that’s the same as painting on top of a picture. Don’t the developers always say this? That adding anymore is difficult. Design is the same. Adding anymore is difficult.”

The woman’s reaction in the meeting was picky. Perhaps she had a lot of experience working with developers as she rejected while using programmers as comparison.

At the thorny reactions of the developer, YongHo was also in a difficult position. He started generously but it wasn’t easy.

He felt that fixing bugs was 100 times easier.

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The sharp voice wasn’t only heard inside the conference room YongHo was in. The high pitched voice was also endless inside the design team.

“What did the development team say?”



“They said that they already have many things piled up so they can’t accept new requests.....”

The woman, who had a slightly aged face, reported with a snail-like voice.

“It’s been a long time since I requested and they still can’t... This won’t do.”

Yu SoHyun crossed her arms and spoke. The chests that were emphasized the moment she crossed her arms was impressive.

“The team leader from that team said that you don’t need to come any more.....”

The woman’s final words made Yu SoHyun crease her forehead more.

The most important aspect of the design concept that Yu SoHyun pursued was reactive design. There had to be some kind of event on every click or touch.

And all of them had to be connected meaningfully and organically.

To match that design concept, they needed full cooperation from the development team. It was because the ones who implement such designs made by the design team was in the end, in the development team’s hands.

“Hmph! Let’s see who wins if we take this to the end.”

Yu SoHyun, who said coyly, had her eyes blazing. She had a strong personality that wouldn’t put even team leader Jeong DanBi to her mind. It seemed that sounds that lengthened the work hours of the development team could be heard.

The team leader of the S Mall development team turned deathly pale. He thought that it was time for fortune to arrive after that misfortune, but a storm was coming.

“What? They’ll come again?”

“Yes, team leader.....”

“They need to know whose fault it was that we became like this... Sigh.’

The team leader sighed a deep breath. The man who was reporting also didn’t have a good face at all.

The design team was also partially responsible for the countless errors occurred from the S Mall. The design team leader who had full support from the company, and one of the ideology of the company being design business – under the name of ‘design’ the development team just turned into their arms and legs.

The design changes under the motto of ‘More beautifully and prettily’ made the development team change the S Mall screen all the time.

“We can’t accept any more edit requests... We already have too much work in stabilizing the incident from last time.”

“Who doesn’t know that?”

At the reporting man’s words, the team leader also seemed stifled as he shouted. The number of edit request easily went over 2 digits.

The button is off by 3mm.

The scrolling speed is too slow.

The background color is not the background color requested.

The position of the table is wrong.

Etc. – there were many trivial requests but editing those 1mm and 2mm wasn’t done in 1 or 2 minutes.

If they edited the button as such, then the entire screen ration became ruined. And everything was difficult when it came to the last 2%. The design team requested the incomplete 2%, no, even 0.1%.

“Anyway, if they come looking for me, say that I’m not here.”

“B, but even so, it’s the person that the president trusts.....”

“If you want to do overnight work, then sure.”

“Oh, I understand.”

At the team leader’s words, the man complied instantly. After one developer collapsed, the team’s atmosphere wasn’t the same as before.

I take care of my own body.

However it wasn’t at all easy.

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Yu SoHyun had a slightly husky voice. The huskiness was charming. When Yu SoHyun stood up from her seat, the tight fitting one-piece befitting a designer exuded a more fatal charm along with her voice.

“What? Not there?”

“Yes. They said even if you come, there’s no point.....”

“How many were there that didn’t fit our designs again?”

“Until now, about 198.”

“So 200 soon.”

The quiet words contained anger. Then, she fell into thought while crossing her arms.

YongHo’s eyes glistened after he left the conference room without coming to an agreement.

‘I think that’s the team leader.’

With one look, one could tell that a person with a raised face who was looking down at the people with lowered heads was the highest person.

The woman who was in the conference with him also sneaked a peek and this told him that she was worried whether she had lied and it was found out.

‘Well, an answer wouldn’t come out this way, so I need to clash head on.’

If it was in the past, he would have thought about it, but wouldn’t have put it into action.

However, it was different now.

Although he had the position of an employee, his thinking was that of a president's.

The direction YongHo headed to after coming out of the conference room was where the design team leader, Yu SoHyun, was.

# Chapter 73: One Hundred Billion Achieved

## (2)

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He already knew of the infamy of the design team from the rumors.

There was one thing that every single developer at Gasan S Mall team dreaded about.

Too strict.

Not even 1mm of difference was allowed.

If it was off even a little bit from the over 100 pages of the design guide, a request for edit was sent.

It was a wonder how they saw the countless screens, as the request increased faster than the edit.

At the core, there was the team leader named Yu SoHyun.

‘It’s that person.’

He did hear that she was pretty. And he also knew her other nickname.

Black Widow.

This was the name that the developers tagged on Yu SoHyun. It was because she was pretty but gave off the feeling of being dangerous. As she strived for perfection and didn't allow even a 0.1mm of a mistake, if she bit once, even developers who prided themselves in ability were wiped out.

As she sometimes flipped the development team herself, the developers all knew of her face and name. Perhaps due to the fatal charm, there were some people who said that they will die with no regrets if they could date her once.

‘...Amazing in many ways.’

The more he neared, the better he knew that the development team members' rumors weren't at all exaggerated.

All their conversations ended with obscene topics. He understood why the developers talked about obscene things behind her back.

YongHo came to himself and took a step forward. At that moment, there was a hand that grabbed YongHo's arm.

“Mr. YongHo. Don't do something you can't take responsibility for and let's go back.”

Heo JiHoon grabbed YongHo's arms and spoke. They were already within Yu SoHyun's vision, however, it seemed that she hadn't seen YongHo yet.



“Manager, go back first. I won’t go just yet.”

YongHo shook off Heo JiHoon’s hands. And walked towards the front of Yu SoHyun. Heo JiHoon’s face mercilessly creased after he was left behind. He was glaring at YongHo with the expression that’s about to chew him to death.

When he neared, YongHo realized that it became awkward to put his eyes anywhere. Yu SoHyun’s dress made YongHo’s heart pound. He barely calmed himself and greeted.

“Good day to you, team leader, I’m called Lee YongHo from the smart shopping strategy team.”

Yu SoHyun pretended that she didn’t even see YongHo, who was lowering his head, and continued speaking. (T/N: continued, as in, towards the team members, not MC)

“Please tell the development team that if there is no contact by tomorrow, I will report to the president.”

Then she went back to her seat. She treated YongHo as if he didn’t exist at all. Perhaps she was used to it, but the woman who reported didn’t mind at all.

A complete invisible man treatment.

‘This woman... Is picking a fight with me, right?’

At Yu SoHyun’s reaction, YongHo felt that he needed to bring out a reaction using whatever means possible. He needed provocative words.

“I wondered what kind of people were in Shinseki’s design team... but they all don’t have any respect, and ability-wise... I can tell from the S Mall. I understand why the S Mall doesn’t have many users.”

He pretended to mutter to himself, but it was a quiet office. There was no one who didn’t hear.

In that instant, everyone inside the office stiffened. YongHo’s such provocation didn’t seem to work as Yu SoHyun cited with a calm voice.

“Call the guards.”

The husky voice came inside YongHo’s ears. He seemed to understand why the developers called her the Black Widow.

They knew that she was poisonous, but they still wanted to get caught in her web. The slightly hoarse voice was very close to him very stickily. (T/N: ?? I don’t understand how a voice can be ‘sticky’)

YongHo shook his head twice as if he was clearing his head, and

raised his voice by a level.

“Ha! When was it that you were looking for me, and you want me to go back? Designers are allowed to do this?”

Yu SoHyun took YongHo’s words as nonsense. She did say for him to go back, but she didn’t say for him to come. He was a new face.

“Didn’t you hear me say to call the guards?”

At Yu SoHyun’s voice, which was becoming fiercer, nobody could talk back. The sharp attitudes collided and they were one step before exploding.

“Team leader. Didn’t you e-mail me saying that you want to use the WindowView?”

At the words which gestured him to get out, YongHo shouted. At that moment, Yu SoHyun couldn’t say anything to YongHo’s words. It was a video that Yu SoHyun herself played multiple times so she remembered clearly.

And she also knew that she ordered to send that person an e-mail. To forget those, Yu SoHyun’s memory was too good.

A meeting was held again. This time, there were various tea and snacks prepared. Their situations were messed up so nobody could say they were above the other.

“You were the one to develop WindowView?”

“Didn’t you e-mail me at lovec@eaver.com? Should I show you the e-mail?”

Befitting of the reputation of Black Widow, Yu SoHyun seemed unflustered at the situation. However, some of them coughed dryly. They were embarrassed at YongHo’s words.

“That’s good. We are planning to apply the said view to the S Mall app, and we have some request for edits.”

Yu SoHyun was confident. Her confidence was not at all awkward. However, YongHo didn’t come here to listen to Yu SoHyun’s request. Instead, it was the opposite.

“If I remember correctly, it’s not just one or two requests that the design team sent to the development team... Am I right?”

While ignoring Yu SoHyun’s words, YongHo said something completely different. If he only answered the opponent’s words, then he would be dragged along their pace. YongHo willed that he was going to be a person who was asking the question and not the one answering.

Yu SoHyun seemed to have seen through YongHo’s intention as she didn’t reply easily. The answer came from the one working for her.

“There are many, but it has no relations to Mr. YongHo anyway. The one we’re requesting of you is the editing of WindowView.”

YongHo didn’t spare a glance at the woman who just spoke now and he kept staring at Yu SoHyun.

People say that when one had a near-death experience, then that person would change. Although he himself wasn’t the one to experience it, he had a side that he didn’t feel much about the world’s happenings after he indirectly experienced death.

Without even bothering on the woman’s words, YongHo continued speaking.

“Team leader Yu SoHyun. I have a proposal for you. I will edit not only the WindowView, but the S Mall editing requests that you sent to the development team currently. For that, make a design for the project we’re doing at my team.”

At YongHo’s words, Heo JiHoon gripped his fist. It wasn’t once or twice that he was excluded in the process of the project. He felt that his position was weakening as time went on.

Now was the same.

All the people in the conference room paid attention to YongHo. It was the same for Yu SoHyun.

“What ability do you have to say those words? Even the development team themselves are not doing this properly... What will you do if I asked you and you don't fulfill it?”

“Instead, I will ask back. What will you do if I do fulfill it?”

It was as if seeing how Son SeokHo treated Jeong DanBi. He was confident in his ability, and was unrestrained with his words and actions.

It may look arrogant.

Yu SoHyun's and YongHo's gazes met in mid-air. An illusion as if sparks were happening in empty space could be seen.

It was a scene that wouldn't be strange even if it turned violent any moment now.

An ordinary employee was going against a team leader. Even if YongHo was dragged out, he would have no excuses.

Yu SoHyun was the first one to withdraw her gaze from YongHo.

“I will decide after seeing how the editing with the WindowView goes first.”

“No. I will complete  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the requests you have of WindowView within one week. Is that good with you?”

A continuous provocation.

Yu SoHyun's endurance was also nearing its limit. Even the S Mall development team, which had several tens of members, were stuck in work and the requests were piling up.

She felt that YongHo, who said he will solve all of them by himself, was acting like a newborn puppy not fearing a tiger. However, his eyes spoke differently.

The clear eyes showed confidence that he could do it.

The eyes were the window to one's heart.

Yu SoHyun saw the self-belief inside YongHo's eyes. That was the reason she couldn't leave the place easily.

"Solve half the requests I have on the S Mall in 2 weeks. Then, I will consider the system for the smart shopping strategy team."

At Yu SoHyun's reaction, YongHo's expression brightened. It was the first positive reaction. YongHo nodded his head and a successful transaction was held.

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There was not much to bother on the request to edit

WindowView. Thanks to the code review of hell he did with Son SeokHo, WindowView was organized neatly.

Most of the developers tended to not remember properly his/her own code when some time passed.

Due to that, comments were necessary, and clear variable names and method names, and design patterns were important.

In that regard, WindowView was perfect.

‘It’s just putting more details into the shattering effect so that will be solved easily if I just increased the number of shattered fragments.’

He already considered expandability in various regard. The problem was the errors occurring in S Mall.

‘There are too many.’

To fix those within 2 weeks, there were too many.

The requests piled up now was over 300. To solve half of that, which was 150, he had to fix about 10 things per day.

Most of the requests were problems that had to edit the html or css and such scripts a little bit. The real problem occurred when he edited.



Side effect.

There was a high possibility that other UI objects would be affected if he moved a button 1mm to the right.

‘However, if it’s me, there’s no problem.’

YongHo started fixing the simpler problems first.

‘There are loads of typos.’

YongHo muttered while looking at the bug window.

It was the most common mistake made by countless developers.

Typo.

Other than that, problems where an object wasn’t constructed properly in javascript.

CSS typos.

Editing html attributes.

And passionate coding.

Son SeokHo looked at YongHo's such figure while smiling proudly.

Now, it seemed like he had returned to his original state. Not only that, he advanced, and grew inwardly

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Yu SoHyun was sitting with crossed legs. The thin legs that could be seen above the one piece attracted charm.

“Was it you, president?”

In the direction that the husky voice was directed to, Jeong JinHoon was sitting there. His face didn't change at all at Yu SoHyun's question.

“.....”

“I came here to work, and you get me caught up in politics?”

“Miss SoHyun can just work on the design.

Ta-tap. Ta-tap.

Jeong JinHoon still had the same habit. He sat on a comfortable

chair and tapped his fingers.

“Then why didn’t you say that I had to consider what team leader Jeong DanBi was doing?”

Yu SoHyun glared at Jeong JinHoon and spoke. Her attitude was no different from the one she had towards Jeong DanBi.

A slightly piercing glare, and the pickiness added to Yu SoHyun’s charm.

“It seems like there was a mistake.”

The same reaction.

Yu SoHyun instinctively felt that only her mouth would get sore if she spoke anymore.

“I don’t want this to happen again.”

Even while speaking, Yu SoHyun couldn’t hide her bitterness. In the end, she knew very well that Jeong JinHoon wouldn’t listen to her anyway.

# Chapter 74: One Hundred Billion Achieved

## (3)

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The office was awakening due to the clear keyboard typing sounds.

A brand name keyboard amongst mechanical keyboards. Happy Hacking.

It was the keyboard YongHo was using.

At his side, Na DaeBang was typing.

Was it due to the keyboard being a brand name? Or was it because the programmers typing were brand name? The sounds coming from the keyboard sounded like a piano melody.

Ta-ta-tap. Ta-tap. Ta-ta-ta-tap. Ta-tap.

Both of them coded while looking at the monitor as if they were slightly drunk. They found out that the sun has risen after the night thanks to the cleaner lady coming.

‘I think this is about done.’

YongHo stretched his arms and stood up from his seat first. When he looked to his side, Na DaeBang was immersed in typing.

It was marvelous every time he looked at it. If he put both of his hands on top of the keyboard, the keyboard wouldn't be seen. It was worrying that the keyboard would break.

‘He’s amazing the more I look at him.’

“Mr. DaeBang. Mr. Na DaeBang.”

YongHo put his hands on Na DaeBang’s shoulders. Which boasted of a wider shoulder than your typical health trainer.

“Let’s grab some coffee.”

Finally, Na DaeBang raised his head and looked at YongHo. YongHo posed as he was drinking.

YongHo meant to drink coffee but Na DaeBang seemed to have taken it differently as he stood up delightedly.

When YongHo brought some coffee, Na DaeBang expressed his disappointment straight away.

“Nooo. What’s this?”

“I meant to drink coffee, you mean, you want to drink some alcohol?”

“How could you live without some wine in this tough life accompanied by computers?”

Na DaeBang sipped the cup of coffee and he creased his face as if he drank some alcohol. He drank some alcohol while having dinner the day before yesterday. Yesterday being the same. YongHo could only be amazed at the fact that Na DaeBang wanted to drink again despite that.

“Do you like alcohol so much?”

“Isn’t there some saying? ‘You can’t live without being drunk’.”

At Na DaeBang’s words, YongHo just turned his head away. He judged that he didn’t need to listen to nonsense said by a lunatic.

“Hey, seonbae. I’m not that much of a lunatic.”

Na DaeBang was quick as he caught YongHo’s expression.

“Don’t you want to date someone?”

At YongHO’s question, Na DaeBang suddenly started drinking coffee like alcohol.

“Even though I look like this, I’m really kind. But the women... the women.....”

YongHo easily figured out what he was going to say afterwards. They were probably shocked at the bandit-like outer appearance. He would only be popular in some cliques.

Not only Na DaeBang, YongHo also thought about a girlfriend. He was still in his 20s. He dated someone once during college and after that, there was neither time nor opportunity for it.

“Then should I introduce you to someone?”

YongHo thought up of Choi HyeJin while saying this. She always said that she liked people like Ma DongSeok and whenever she spoke of this to YongHo, he thought of Na DaeBang.

They were struck by work until now so he couldn't find an opportunity but now there was a nice one. If it's the level of ability, appearance, and personality that Choi HyeJin had, he judged that he wouldn't be insulted even if he introduced her.

And just like that, a meeting was held that day. It was a lonely morning for YongHo.

\*\*\*

A week ended and a new Monday morning had started. The people who won against Monday disease came to work.

Amongst them were Yu SoHyun and Jeong DanBi.

Every time, the elevator was full with people. It was no exception that day.

A full elevator where everyone's shoulders touched each other's. However, it was too quiet.

An atmosphere where no one should speak.

Yu SoHyun, aka Black Widow, and Jeong DanBi, the direct descent of the chairman, was in the same elevator.

The first one to speak was Jeong DanBi.

“It seems like the position of the design team leader is quite busy. I can't see your face so easily. How can we even work together like this?”

“Because I'm busying myself like that, I can take charge of the design team at my age. I'm unlike a certain someone, who is sitting in this seat due to her background.”

At Yu SoHyun's direct words, Jeong DanBi bit her lips. The inside of the elevator became cold as if an ice storm went by.

Yu SoHyun, who finished speaking, stepped out of the elevator without even greeting. Compared to the other employees greeting



Jeong DanBi even slightly, it wouldn't be exaggerated to say that she was rude.

Bang!

Jeong DanBi, who came in to the office, shut the door and came in side. And when she opened the door again, she looked for YongHo.

“Mr. YongHo, please come in for a sec.”

The angry voice was enough for him to figure out that her mood was bad.

Jeong DanBi, who went inside, took off her coat and hung it. The blouse couldn't show off her curves.

‘It's definitely different to team leader Yu SoHyun, alright.’

While YongHo was thinking something different, Jeong DanBi sat down while saying.

“You said it was today, right?”

“Yes. It's today.”

“Go flatten their noses. This is an order as the team leader. An

order!”

Jeong DanBi shouted. There weren't many times when she explicitly ordered someone. YongHo could only guess that she heard something unpleasant.

“I understand.”

Today.

Was the deadline for the promise with Yu SoHyun.

Coincidentally, Yu SoHyun was also checking the schedule.

‘It’s today.’

Honestly, she didn't have a lot of expectations. They were in a situation where even the development team couldn't edit properly. She thought that what one person could do was extremely limited.

‘It will be good if he edits the WindowView source.’

She also inwardly disdained YongHo. She had never met a Korean developer who she deemed as ‘having ability’ until now.

Especially, when she came to Shinseki, her thoughts solidified.

Employees who were all urgent to meet the schedule and were busy defending themselves – Even the word ‘programmer’ was wasted on them.

In Yu SoHyun’s eyes, they were embarrassing to be even called technicians. They were just ordinary employees, no different from other office workers.

‘I will know soon.’

Yu SoHyun took off her coat and hung it. A sense of volume in a different dimension to Jeong DanBi, showed it self. The team leaders around her also looked at her with envious gazes from time to time.

Yu SoHyun seemed already used to such gazes as she just focused on work.

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./startup

And Enter.

YongHo fixed the last bug and ran the web application which was uploaded on the test server.

‘Good, there’s no problem.’

Now, he only had to meet Yu SoHyun.

Clack Clack.

Several high heels were going past the marble corridor. It was the people from the design team. At the front was Yu SoHyun.

“This way.”

In the room, YongHo was already waiting. Jeong DanBi seemed to think that YongHo alone was worrying as he sent Heo JiHoon along with him.

“Then can we start?”

“Yes.”

The designers tested the S Mall on the laptops they brought. Passion to not miss out 1mm of error boiled inside the conference room.

In contrast, YongHo had a leisurely face. And he threw more work to the designers.

“I had some time left while editing so... I solved all the requestsso take your time to see it.”

A slightly arrogant tone. After speaking, YongHo left while saying he will visit the toilet. However, Yu SoHyun didn't believe YongHo's words. The lie would be revealed soon enough so she only thought that her evaluation of a 'crazy guy' fit him perfectly.

That thought was shattered in less than one hour.

"T, team leader."

"What is it?"

"We have checked half until now... but there aren't any problems."

"....."

Yu SoHyun sat in front of her laptop herself. Then she tested some of the edits that weren't confirmed yet.

'D, don't tell me he really.....'

She checked 5 or 6 more after that but they were edited perfectly.

'No way.'

That 'no way' had become reality.

The closed mouth indicated that she still didn't believe the current situation.

However, it was a reality that had already happened. She checked multiples of times, but it didn't change.

“Then can we now talk about how the project OH from our team will fit inside the S Mall?”

Yu SoHyun could only still glare at YongHo. Her eyes indicated for him to tell the truth.

It was a strong gaze, but YongHo didn't have anything to say to her. And so, he silently gazed at Yu SoHyun.

‘Why’s she looking at me like that.....’

Yu SoHyun was glaring at him so strongly so YongHo felt slightly uncomfortable. However, there was a reason for it.

Yu SoHyun didn't easily answer YongHo's question. This was something that couldn't be accepted within common knowledge.

If it was something simple that could be fixed in 2 weeks like this, then why did the S Mall development team have such a hard time until now?

She was full of suspicions that this was all planned beforehand. It was very possible if she thought how people had acted on her way up the ladder.

Moreover, Jeong DanBi was Shinseki chairman's daughter. It may all be a plan to look good in front of the chairman's direct descent.

‘Quickly speak the truth!’

Yu SoHyun spoke with a stronger gaze. However, YongHo had nothing to speak about. He could only receive her gaze.

There was no one who spoke inside the conference room so only silence took place. While everyone was thinking different things, Yu SoHyun finally opened her mouth.

Despite the fact that she may not get the correct answer, she wanted to ask.

“Did team leader Jeong DanBi order you to do this?”

Yu SoHyun was asking – ‘On team leader Jeong DanBi's orders, did you plan all of this beforehand?’

She thought that they purposely interfered the design team's work, and use that to their own project.

She wouldn't regret even if she was fired due to this question.

Jeong JinHoon was already interfering with Joeng DanBI's work. It was a reasonable judgement to think that Jeong DanBi used a scheme like this.

“What should I do to make you believe me? Should I do a coding show right here?”

YongHo spat out the words as if he stifled. Determining truth or lies was simple. Check whether it was YongHo's ability or not. Yu SoHyun turned the laptop monitor towards YongHo.

“If it's truly Mr. YongHo's ability, then have a look at this.”

On the monitor that Yu SoHyun was showing him, there were some UI screens designed. It was a type that YongHo had never seen before while using his smartphone.

“Wh, what is this?”

“You already know that Koogole announced a new design concept called ‘Material Design’, right? This is a design which we have made for the S Mall app. However, the S Mall development team said that they couldn't do it. If it was truly Mr. YongHo who edited all the requests, then make this. Then I will believe you.”

Yu SoHyun looked at YongHo with a hot gaze. Yu SoHyun's area of interest was work. Her biggest suffering was that the design she



prepared ambitiously couldn't be shown to the world due to the chains known as development.

She thought that if this man's ability was real, then he would be able to free from that suffering.

‘Hey, I think I stepped on a landmine.....’

From YongHo's perspective, he already had a lot of work to do, and now he was about to add another one on top of it. Cold sweat flowed down from YongHo's back.

# Chapter 74.5: Yongho And His Colleagues' Snack Session (1)

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Topic of the Snack Session : Dependency and its bad cycle.

YongHo : Huh? Even you came, Head researcher?

Son SeokHo : He wanted me to participate.

Dave : I'm here too! If YongHo's here, then I should be here too!

YongHo : So you're my dependency.

Son SeokHo : M... maybe... So is this session over now?

YongHo : Maybe... Someone wants that.

Dependency. In other words, degree of dependence.

If YongHo goes, Dave follows.

If the girlfriend leads, the boyfriend follows.

Between YongHo and Dave

Between girlfriend and boyfriend

It could be said that there's a dependency.

Like this, programming words have close relations to reality.

Son SeokHo : Did someone speak just now?

YongHo : I think I know who it is. It's probably the guy who couldn't explain properly and is now making us do it.

Dave : Really? I will go defeat him.

Jessie : I wondered where you were and you were here, eh.

Dave : J, Jessie.....

Jessie : Come here!

YongHo : Jessie on top of Dave... it seems like I've influenced a lot of people.

Son SeokHo : It seems like there's a considerable 'dependency' on you.

K... Khm.

Can you understand a bit now? (T/N: I sure don't)

YongHo : Huh? I think someone spoke again just now.

Son SeokHo : Me too. Why did he call us to do this kind of thing... Let's go back. We're busy anyway.

Jeong DanBi : Head researcher Son! What are you doing here! How can you play around like this now!

YongHo : Even team leader Jeong... Team leader is probably the dependency of the head researcher.....

# Chapter 75: One Hundred Billion Achieved

## (4)

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A developer's community called Coolien. (T/N: Parody of a Korean developer's community called Clien.)

A sage from there once said this.

I have something I realized while I worked as a programmer.

The maths we know is wrong.

One plus one does not equal to two, but overtime work. (T/N: A pun, 'One' sounds the same as 'Work' in Korean, so 'work' + 'work' = 'overtime work').

It should've been a joke but YongHo was viciously sympathizing with the sage's words.

"Mr. YongHo, the speed of the buttons coming up when sliding down the screen is too fast. Please slow it down a little more."

Tremble.

YongHo's body trembled while looking at the monitor. He was requested to speed it up a bit just a few minutes ago.

But the next moment, he was requested to slow it down.

“Don’t you think the disappearing effect of the recommended item is slightly awkward?”

Yu SoHyun’s voice was very excited. The designs she had thought of in her ordinary life were being implemented on the app. What only existed inside her head came out to the world and danced.

How couldn’t she not be excited?

It could be said that it was solely thanks to YongHo.

Using the original indroid libraries and making customized view were in completely different orbits in difficulty.

YongHo also had experience in making WindowView in the past, but that didn’t mean that he knew perfectly about indroid.

“Then you should do it at this opportunity.”

These were Yu SoHyun’s words after checking some of the screens that YongHo made.

There were various UIs designed in the laptop.

Even YongHo didn’t have the confidence to do it so he promised

that he would do it after trying out a few things.

As a result, YongHo was dispatched to the design team.

Busan, Gasan and now, the design team.

‘I’m always dispatched...’

It wasn’t that bad.

A perfect flower field, and the sole male amongst them.

And looking at the brightly blooming smiles weren’t that bad.

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Screen storyboard.

The thing that most of the developers refer to when they make the screen, called clients, that the users look at, is the screen storyboard. They develop according to the screen storyboard that the designer and the planner makes.

Usually, when designing the screen, the developers also participate and exchange opinions.

It was to discuss together how screen will be developed in reality,



and whether they were making pointlessly high difficulty screens.

According to the scale of the company, there were many cases where the developers themselves made the storyboard.

The development team were participating in the storyboard specifications along with YongHo and Heo JiHoon, who was the planner of project OH.

“I will explain to you about screen number S-12. This is the last screen. We’ve paid attention to the strongest aspect of project OH, which is that an online avatar similar to real life can wear the clothes.”

Yu SoHyun was doing the presentation herself.

Project OH.

Yu SoHyun didn’t know the existence of the project itself. There was a miscommunication of information somewhere.

Even after she knew of the existence of the project, she just considered it as the direct descent of the rich playing around. However, after listening to its functions, her attitude became different.

Enthusiasm.

“And so, the one we thought up of is the operating mode you can see on the screen. What about we reduce the amount of inputs made by the users by recognizing just with the uploaded photographs rather than the users inputting the values themselves?”

Yu SoYun’s eyes were shining. Now, she was planning to stick her nose into planning and not just designing.

For Heo JiHoon, it was a situation where he might crease his face.

“Regards to that, it’s an already settled matter. We’ve decided to not pursue it due to the development load.”

“Hmm, then we’ll exclude this part... That’s it from me.”

Yu SoHyun’s presentation ended. Now, all that was left was for YongHo to develop the app screen as Yu SoHyun presented.

The cutting-edge UIs that Yu SoHyun designed were included for project OH without a single exception.

There were piles of images that he received from the designers.

‘There’s a pile today too...’

He had to add the images that he received at the right place. An

indroid view was able to be added using xml documents, and coding one by one.

All of this process occurred in the developer's hands. What the designers gave him was materials such the color code or the necessary images.

YongHo put up the UI guide on one monitor, and put up a programming development tool on the other and started developing.

They were in an urgent situation.

YongHo who was looking at the monitor was ripping off his hair.

'I definitely did it correctly.'

On YongHo's desk, there were two mobile phones that the most people used nowadays.

A peculiar point was that the same source was uploaded but the screens differed slightly.

'Why is the image corrupt only on this phone.....'

If image was corrupt on both phones, then he would have thought that the designers were responsible. However, the button image was normally printed on one of the phones.

‘There are no problems even on the bug window.....’

The design guide document was also perfect. If there was a problem, then there should’ve been a bug, but there was nothing on the bug window.

‘Well, let’s first fix the other things.’

After checking ‘unfinished’, YongHo started making other screens first. There were mountains of work he had yet to do. He couldn’t drag this out any longer.

Yu SoHyun approached YongHo. One of her most important schedules of the day, the progress report, happened while she looked at the smartphone.

“How far did you make?”

“I’ve finished doing until S-4 currently.”

He handed the smartphone with the developed source uploaded on it to Yu SoHyun. Yu SoHyun who was testing mentioned a few trivial things.

Yu SoHyun would know soon anyway. So YongHo spoke first about the unfinished part.

“But one of the buttons in S-3 becomes broken.”

YongHo put his hand on the smartphone that Yu SoHyun was sliding. Their fingers brushed each other's. YongHo wasn't conscious of it but their fingers definitely touched each other's.

“If you look here, the button appears correctly in this one... but when you run it on the O5, the button is broken. I need to fix this but.....”

“Oh, why is this.....”

It was strange even in Yu SoHyun's view. Two phones, and two different states of the images. However, the problem was solved too easily.

Yu SoHyun, who fell into thought for a brief moment, eventually called the designer who gave the image.

“Miss Juri, did you really process this with ninepatch?”

Ninepatch.

It was one of the methods to apply the images, such as buttons, which have a fixed pattern, onto different resolutions.

At Yu SoHyun's words, the designer seemed panicked for a moment.

“Y, yes.”

“Then there’s no reason to break... Mr. YongHo, can I have a look at the original image file?”

This time, Yu SoHyun lowered her head towards YongHo. Yu SoHyun’s wavy hair ticked YongHo’s cheek. Yu SoHyun didn’t notice but YongHo felt slightly dizzy for a moment due to the thick rose fragrance. (T/N: AUTHOR STOP BEING A TROLL DAMN YOU!)

The method to check ninepatch was simple. The number 9 had to be inside the file name.

YongHo opened the resource folder and showed her the list of files.

The number 9 wasn’t written on the image file name. The designer had made a mistake. They thought that checking the problem just now was a waste of time, but they couldn’t show it on the surface.

“I’m sorry.”

“Oh, no, don’t be.”

YongHo never imagined that Yu SoHyun would say sorry. Was it

because he only saw her fierce side until now? It was instead awkward now that she apologized for he team member's mistake.

“I think we’ve made a mistake due to having so much work these days. We will send you another one soon.”

“Okay. I will apply it as soon as I receive it.”

At YongHo’s positive attitude, Yu SoHyun also seemed surprised.

“You’re quite different to my first impression.”

“You too, team leader.”

At YongHo’s words, Yu SoHyun burst out laughing. She also knew what other people thought of her.

“I will take that as a compliment.”

Perhaps due to the laughter, they seemed much closer than when they first met. No, it’s not that they seemed, but they were much closer.

The table-width distance became an arms distance.

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Jeong DanBi came to the design team office from the morning. As she looked very angry, it seemed like something had happened.

“Team Leader Yu.So.Hyun.”

Her words, while cutting down the syllable of Yu SoHyun’s name, were full of hostility. Yu SoHyun, who was sitting down, looked at Jeong DanBi.

“What is your reason for coming here, team leader?”

“I saw you requested the extension of Mr. YongHo’s dispatch.”

“Yes, his ability was better than I thought.”

YongHo, who was working in some corner, could only be confused. He had unknowingly created something.

When he listened in for a bit, it was about the extension of his stay in the design team.

“Mr. YongHo, here, is a core talent of our team’s project. You should know that we’re barely managing to lend him to you now.”

“You probably already know from the notice, but we’re planning to submit the S Mall app that launches soon, to the Koogole company’s design award. To do that, Mr. YongHo is necessary. Isn’t it good for the smart shopping strategy team if we receive the



reward? Downloads would increase if the S Mall becomes famous.”

Koogle’s design award.

The point was that they were trying to catch both designs and developers.

No matter what the design, they had to be runnable in all the mobile phones that existed currently.

That meant that although the design was important, the optimization during development was important as well. They had to have the same movement speed and reaction whether it was the latest phone model or one from 10 years ago.

Only peak level designers and developers could receive Koogle’s design award.

This was the final objective that Yu SoHyun was thinking of. To do that, YongHo was definitely necessary. If it was him, she thought that he maybe able to take her to her destination.

However, Jeong DanBi expressed her rejection. Even the thing they were developing at their team was overloaded. Even though YongHo was away from the core, that meant that he wasn’t the core of the core, not that YongHo’s importance decreased.

“Anyway, Mr. YongHo’s no good.”

“Then why don’t we ask the person in question?” (T/N: Catfight! Go!)

Yu SoHyun now looked towards YongHo. At that moment, Jeong DanBi also looked towards him.

Rights to manpower primarily belonged to the team leader but Jeong DanBi respected freedom rather than such power. If YongHo really wanted, then she would accept the extension.

But ‘no way that could happen’ expression was clearly written on her face.

‘Wha, what is this.’

YongHo’s panic multiplied due to the sudden situation. It was different to Jeong JinHoon’s proposition. It wasn’t that they wanted him permanently and he even enjoyed the cooperation with the design team. Moreover, he also thought that it wouldn’t be bad to participate in the thing called the design award.

Although his ability may be exceptional, he was a rookie developer without even 2 years of experience. He thought that experiencing various things wasn’t bad at all.

When an answer didn’t come out straight away, Yu SoHyun’s expression became more and more smug.

In contrast, Jeong DanBi seemed to become more and more nervous. The nervousness also came out from her question to YongHo.

“Mr. YongHo?”

Coincidentally, Son SeokHo, who he relied on and trusted, wasn't there. YongHo honestly voiced his opinions.

“...It's right to follow the team leader Jeong's opinion as I belong to the smart shopping strategy team, but I think it's alright to help with the design team's work if it's a short period of time.”

There was a condition attached, but YongHo's positive signal was sufficient to make Yu SoHyun smile.

# Chapter 76: One Hundred Billion Achieved (5)

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Shinseki playboy Lee YongHo.

Selects Yu SoHyun.

Those word the words YongHo heard as soon as he arrived at the smart shopping strategy team, where he hadn't been for quite a long time.

“Hey, really, head researcher!”

When YongHo shouted, Son SeokHo covered his ears and spoke.

“Do you know how difficult we've had it thanks to you, Mr. YongHo? If you do, then you won't say that.”

While saying, Son SeokHo pointed towards the room where Jeong DanBi was in. Then he poked upwards with his index finger. Meaning she was very angry.

“I meant that it would be fine if it was for a short period of time... Do you think she's very angry?”

Son SeokHo lowered his head and put his mouth near YongHo's ears. Then he spoke with a secretive and careful voice.

“Hm, rather than angry, the expression ‘sulking’ fits more. Go in quickly.”

When he went inside Jeong DanBi’s office, he felt a clearly different atmosphere from before. A guilt hard to explain logically, he was sorry emotionally and not rationally.

“Team leader.”

“...Do you really want to stay in the design team?”

“As I said before, it’s not that I want to stay there permanently but... if it’s temporarily, I think it would be a good experience personally to stay and cooperate a bit more.”

YongHo calmly explained himself. No one in the world could do all work by oneself. Also, no matter what the work, there does not exist a work where it was doable alone without communication.

The cooperation with the design team helped YongHo out in regards to not only increasing his interpersonal skills but also in regards to recognizing design.

“If Mr. YongHo thinks so... then I understand. It’s a bit disappointing, but I will believe that you would comeback after growing a bit.”

“Yes, I understand.”

YongHo replied with a thick and short answer. Jeong DanBi also seemed to have read such meaning behind his words as she loosened her creased face a bit.

It was true that Son SeokHo gave Yongho countless opportunities.

Jeong DanBi was the one who gave the first opportunity to grab those countless opportunities. YongHo wanted to help her if he could.

Such meaning was being understood.

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Befitting a designer, Yu SoHyun put a lot of effort into fashion as well.

‘This makes me look too old.’

After pressing the blouse on her upper body a few times, Yu SoHyun took out other clothes from her closet. It seemed as if she tried on many different pieces of clothing as the traces were there on her bed.

‘Do I need to buy some new clothes?’

Yu SoHyun didn't seem to like the clothes at all. She tried a few more after that. However, as commuting time neared, she barely managed to choose one.

‘Sigh.....’

The ones she chose at the end were skinny jeans, white shirt, and a jacket. She put effort into her dressing normally, but lately, even more time was needed for her to choose the clothes

Rumble.

Yu SoHyun emptied the phones in her shopping bag into the box. These were the phones she collected until now.

“Wha, what is all this?”

“These are the phones I collected until now. The program needs to run normally in all of these phones.”

She seemed to have prepared from the past as there were many different kinds of phones ready.

There were some phones that made one doubt if it would still work, here and there.

“It needs to work on all of these?”

“Yes. The standard Koogle gives out is like that. It won’t just end with beauty but it is also important for the designs to run realistically in most of the phones. This is also why a peak level developer is needed.”

Koogle company’s app design award.

All though they did aim to award a skillful designer, the also intended to give a skilled developer to such designers.

-Just the design being good is no good. To make the design useful, it needs to work on all phones. So skilled developers and skillful designers should meet each other.

This was the message that Koogle gave out through the competition. The app that won the competition would be advertised on the Koogle company’s app store’s front page for one week, and it was also a large scale competition with the total award reaching 500 million won ( $\approx 435,000$  USD).

‘This won’t be easy.....’

It wasn’t just ‘not easy’. He had to port (upload) the sources onto the phones one by one, and he needed to test whether it works properly.

According to Yu SoHyun’s words, there were about 2 months left of the competition. It was a wonder if he could even finish the app



There wasn't just one problem either. He needed to edit the server and not just the app. The type of data that would be expressed while the screen's changing also needed edits.

And following that a process to redefine the protocol between the app and the server was needed, and according to those, there was a need to look at the server API called by the app.

However, there was a lack of manpower.

“We need to edit the server, and currently there aren't enough people in the S Mall?”

“Yes, The S Mall development team said that it is impossible for them to send personnel in the stabilization period for such a large scale update.”

“For me to edit the even the server... is realistically impossible.”

YongHo's expression also became serious. The project stopped due to a hurdle. The app needed to be released for project OH, which was inside it, to see light. The strategy was to apply it on the web after looking at the reaction from the app.

“Then we don't have a choice. We'll outsource it.”

These were the words from Heo JiHoon who watched the

situation from the beginning. However, Heo JiHoon's words were immediately stopped by Yu SoHyun.

“The higher-ups said outsourcing is no good.”

Yu SoHyun sharply rejected it. It was already a difficult situation, everybody became very sensitive.

“Then why not pick some people according to experience?”

“If that was easy, then we would've done so already.”

Yu SoHyun also tried to pick some people.

However, she failed. There were a few big problems but the biggest problem was the specifications for the developer.

- Good with java, html, css, jquery, and other web languages.

- Used to inrdroid, GOS and such mobile platforms.

- A minimum of 3 customized view creation experience.

- Experienced with clients to servers.

- Have to be able to optimize one's own source (It must work the same from O2 to O6)

-Professional knowledge on hardware are welcome.

Just looking at the contents, it required an almighty developer. Finding a developer like this in Korea was picking a star from the skies. It was no different in other countries as well.

Like that, the level of developer Yu SoHyun wanted was high up in the skies. It happened because she was a designer, and didn't know about development.

“Mr. YongHo will become the main programmer, and 3 supports – won't this do?”

“...One will work on the server and another one will do the testing, and another one look at the client as a support... If we do it like that, then it might be possible.....”

YongHo, who was calculating inside his head, also agreed to Heo JiHoon's words. If there were about 3 people, then he thought that he may be able to do it within the 2 months left.

\*\*\*

Heo JiHoon was talking with Jeong DanBi alone. He did seem to have a lot to speak about, but he didn't commute the company for long for nothing.

“So we’re trying to pick some people.”

“Yu SoHyun doesn’t act any way strange?”

“Yes. She doesn’t speak about things other than work.”

“Hm.....”

“Do we need to put our mind into this this much?”

Heo JiHoon asked Jeong DanBi as he didn’t understand her actions. He didn’t understand why she would mind so much about an employee-level programmer. There were many people who could make programs and do coding.

Even calling now would enable her to find several tens of developers.

Good ability?

It was the same with developers with good ability. High level developers ranked by KOSA(Korea software industry association) standards also couldn’t find work.

“From now on, please prevent the design team from approaching Mr. YongHo.”

The reason why Heo JiHoon was sent to the design team had a relation to YongHo. Of course there were also reasons such as explaining the concept of project OH and the direction; and participating in the design, but YongHo was also a reason.

“.....”

“You know the design team leader, right? She’s a person who president Jeong JinHoon brought. We don’t know what she may be thinking.”

Jeong DanBi spoke quietly.

The design team leader was brought by Jeong JinHoon. She couldn’t help but feel worried.

\*\*\*

Heo JiHoon passed an envelope to YongHo. Heo JiHoon, who had a grip on the outsourcing companies, brought 50 résumés in an instant. The thick envelope made one estimate how many sheets of paper were in it.

“You will be the one to work together so please have a look.”

YongHo, who received the envelope had mixed emotions. His memories from the time he submitted résumés to the time he checked them, passed by in his mind like a film.

“Yes, I will have a look.”

YongHo took out the résumés one by one. Various people with various experiences came into his eyes.

One by one, he read them slowly, but he couldn't choose easily.

‘Eh?’

At the end of a few names on the résumés, there was a red X. It wasn't all of them though.

‘Just 3 of them.’

Amongst the 52 résumés that Heo JiHoon gave him, only 3 had a red X. He didn't feel good about it...

Coincidentally, he needed 3.

YongHo took out those 3.

“Manager Heo, I've picked out the résumés.”

Immediately after YongHo handed the résumés, Heo JiHoon whisked away the résumés he gave him. Then, without any words, he put those into the shredder.

Girk. Giiiiirk. The shredder swallowed the résumés greedily.

“What are you doing!?”

“Please look for other people.”

Unlike YongHo, who raised his voice, Heo JiHoon was calm. There was not a single ripple on him. It seemed as if he did what he should have done

“I said what were you doing!?”

“I am different from team leader Jeong. Where do you think this is? An employee that shouts to the manager, what are you doing?”

YongHo’s eyes were on the shredder. The countless résumés he submitted probably ended up in the shredder as well.

No, it probably didn’t even get printed and get trashed inside the computer and deleted permanently.

YongHo, who had experience receiving kiss-ass, and résumés, now realistically realized the position he was in again.

“.....”

“They don’t even have the ability nor skill. There are many other than these people so have a look at other people.”

YongHo definitely resolved himself.

That he wouldn’t get dragged around by unreasonable situations he could not accept.

Now, he had enough ability to do it.

If he didn’t then why would the design team leader, or team leader Jeong DanBi – a direct descent of the chairman – look for him so much?

YongHo grabbed all the résumés on the desk. Then, like Heo JiHoon, he put all of them inside the shredder.

Giirk. Girk. Giiiirk.

Perhaps it was difficult for it to digest 50 at a time, the shredder spat out horrible shrieks. It took time, but the 50 résumés YongHo received disappeared into the shredder.



# Chapter 77: One Hundred Billion Achieved (6)

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Heo JiHoon's gaze towards YongHo was threatening. His tightly gripped right hand twitched as if it would move at any moment.

"I'm sorry, but I don't have any time to look at the others."

"...There are no more résumés."

"Then, why don't you bring those three?"

"I should have told you that I'm different to team leader Jeong. Did you not hear what I said?"

"....."

"I definitely gave you the résumés, and you threw it away, so do you're on your own, now."

As though absurd, Heo JiHoon said while smiling.

'You think I can't?'

He clearly knew he was going to suffer but he wasn't going to lose.

\*\*\*

The designers helped with the tests. Editing the server was also a problem that was solved if the API was added to the already implemented server so although it was hard, it was doable.

The biggest problem was optimization.

Simple touches or sliding didn't show a lot of difference, but it had to have the concept of 'material design', which was the minimum requirement that the apps should have to be submitted.

The core of material design was that a flat design had to be perceived as a realistic space to the users. For this, effects, such as lighting effects and shadow effects, also needed to be shown on the UI to give off a feeling of texture.

As these effects were added, it made the app heavy. Especially, the combination with the developer was evaluated highly as the UI became more magnificent.

'To think it has to work on O1 too.....'

O1 was a product that showed a big difference in RAM to CPU compared to O6. To make it work on both phones at the same speed, it wasn't easy at all.

'Well, let's implement it first.'

Even though it maybe slow, he had to make it first. If it wasn't even implemented, then it couldn't even be released so YongHo first set his focus on implementing it and developed it.

The designer who tested a few of the completed screens muttered quietly.

“It's too slow.....”

The face looking at the phone was completely stiff. The expected problem had occurred.

The UI that works smoothly on the O6 was completely broken on the O1. From the touch to the movement... It wasn't to the point that it was difficult to use, but there was a clear difference even to the eyes.

“.....”

YongHo had a look at the bug window.

It definitely showed if there was an inefficiency in performance so he somewhat had expectations.

However, the empty bug window didn't show anything.

‘The documentation is clearly there too.’

There was also no problem with the specification document of the UI program.

‘Does that mean the code is already optimized?’

He pondered a few times but his conclusion was ‘no’. He had heard of a story from NASA.

-The specs of the computer on the Voyager space probe was: 4KB of RAM, 6KB of ROM, a CPU of 1.6MHz, and an 8-computer. With this, it managed its orbit, positioning, fixing errors, managing schedules, photographing, recording, communicating, etc – a lot of things.

The boss of optimization.

The end of optimization.

The king of optimization.

And such, there was a precedent from NASA that was described with countless descriptive words. These shouldn’t be the end of it. The specs of O1 topped that with a RAM of 512MB, and a CPU of over 1GHz. It had a spec that was hundreds times better in hardware.

‘There must be a way.’

As always, he could only spend time searching, trying, then searching again.

Every time Yu SoHyun saw YongHo, she thought up of her past.

A tenacious hard-worker.

How many times did she have to greet the night dew until she was chosen as a team leader?

Sleeping was only possible in dreams, and romance was a luxury.

She ran until now only thinking of design. And due to a coincidental opportunity, she became the design team leader due to Jeong JinHoon's recommendation.

“Are you alright?”

YongHo had his head flicked backwards and was blocking his nose. A blood drop that he couldn't block colored the black keyboard red.

“I'm still alright.”

“I don't know if I'm pushing a too hard of a work...”

“It also helps me. If it didn’t, then even I won’t have done it.”

When the blood from his nose was about to soak the entire tissue, Yu SoHyun took out a handkerchief. There were many pretty patterns on the handkerchief

“It’s going to overflow. Here.....”

“Oh, thank you.”

Perhaps due to the fragrance from the handkerchief, YongHo’s nose showed signs of stabilizing. And work started again.

NDK.

This was the keyword that YongHo found at the end of his search. Perhaps because there was no mention of it in the specification document, he couldn’t get any help from the bug window. A java source changes into the native source through the virtual machine to be run.

The principle was that a source made with NDK runs without the virtual machine so the performance would be better.

‘I found it!’

From YongHo’s two eyes, delight could be seen. He didn’t know whether he would achieve the wanted result, but he had found a

direction.

While having one side of his nose blocked with a tissue, YongHo started typing on the keyboard with passion again.

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Will you upload the APK?

Confirm. Cancel.

“Press it quickly.”

YongHo moved the mouse and clicked confirm. Not long after the progress bar appeared, the app was uploaded.

Koogle design award.

And he uploaded it on the store at the same time. With this, YongHo’s dispatch to the design team had ended.

“Do we only need to wait for the results now?”

“Yes.”

Heo JiHoon was already back at the smart shopping strategy team. YongHo also had moved his belongings, other than his

laptop, to go back when this finished.

“Thank you for your work until now.”

“You did the work, Mr. YongHo.”

As a representative, he shook hands with Yu SoHyun. As always, the thick rose fragrance was stimulating.

“Then tell me when the results are out.”

“Yes.”

“Then, I will take my leave.”

YongHo packed his laptop and stood up from his seat.

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## O1.

This was the early model that had the indroid OS uploaded, made by Osung of Korea. Now, it wouldn't even be found in the market.

“A design that covers the O1?”



O1 was in a sense, a symbolic item, as it was sold world wide with a storm and not only in Korea. Currently, the series was continued and the O6 was released.

“Yes. The judges are also bewildered and can’t take their eyes off it.”

“Just who in the world made it run on something like that?”

“I had a look and it seems the person came from Korea. They kindly sent the phone as well.”

“Ok, let’s confirm it.”

Sundar Pich. (T/N: Not a mistake. Author wrote that. It’s his horrible naming sense acting up.)

Koogle’s vice-ceo.

It was the man’s name who said he will confirm.

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Jeong JinYong was looking at a pamphlet. It was one that had a huge amount of explanation about an app, and there were the update records of the S Mall.

The explanation with the most emphasis was project OH, a new function.

“Yes, so the app was released?”

“Yes. Chairman.”

“What’s its online market share currently?”

“10th... sir.”

“How is it? Do you think the project that team leader Jeong DanBi is working on will succeed?”

Jeong JinHoon couldn’t respond as if it was difficult.

“Well, we’ll know soon.”

The app was released and it was time to leave everything to the heavens.

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“Thank you for your work until now.”

“No, it was nothing.”

“How much is the current sales?”

“Just from our system, it’s about 40 billion ( $\approx$  35 million USD)? Even so, it’s increased by at least 10 times.”

Jeong DanBi spoke as though a bit disappointed. There was a reaction after the app was released. Just the sales from the OH System increased by 10 times.

“It should at least increase by 3 times more.”

“Now, it’s about marketing and the power of the product. Until now, the development team had worked hard, so it’s the planning team’s turn now.”

As she knew how hard YongHo had worked until now, Jeong DanBi wanted to lessen the burden on him.

“Thank you for coming back.”

“...Of course I should come back.”

Jeong DanBi felt more and more worried. She felt that YongHo would leave and fly far away.

He had sufficient ability to do that. And when YongHo showed his ability, places that wanted him increased.

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“Now a design that runs on the G1 came out?”

Sundar Pich muttered as if shocked. G1 was a phone that was used when indroid was announced to the world. It was an even older model than the O1. The screen-shattering UI that YongHo made didn't even run properly if it was uploaded there.

The hardware itself was lacking in performance, and it was a phone that was released when there were many bugs on the OS.

“Yes. I was also surprised when I looked at it.”

“Isn't it that the design is simple?”

“Well, it's curious that it's not like that. The screen divides into four, and the the divided parts dissolves in each area... You'll know if you have a look, but it's very magnificent.”

“What is that person called?”

“The designer's name is Jonathan Hive, the developer's name is Jeff Done... Have you perhaps heard of these people?”

“No, it’s the first time I heard of them... So is the ranking set?”

“Yes. Please do the final check.”

“I understand.”

The man passed an A4 paper. On there, the awardees of the Koogole design award was written in order.

From morning, Yu SoHyun came to the office where the smart shopping strategy team was.

“Mr. YongHo!”

The face full of delight seemed nothing like a ‘Black Widow’ but a bloomed rose.

YongHo, who was at his seat, also looked towards Yu SoHyun.

“Did you check?”

“Sorry?”

“Did you check the winners of the design award from Koogole?”

“N, no.”

Yu SoHyun couldn't seem to control her emotions as she spread her arms wide and hugged YongHo.

‘Uk.....’

The thick rose fragrance that Yu SoHyun always used attacked him.

It was thrilling.

Yu SoHyun spoke while hugging YongHo.

“We’re the runner-ups! The runner-up prize!”

All the people inside the office listened to what Yu SoHyun said. The voice rang out loud that they had no choice but to listen.

‘I, is she that happy?’

YongHo truthfully didn't understand why Yu SoHyun was so delighted. Although she was young, Yu SoHyun was capable to the point that she was in Shinseki as the design team leader.

Even though Koogole was one of the biggest businesses in the world, he didn't understand why the runner-up prize, not the grand prize, was something to be that happy about.

“Thank you, Thank you so much.”

Sob.

Yu SoHyun lowered her head and started crying suddenly. YongHo, who was at her front, didn't know what to do and could only just stand there while hugging Yu SoHyun.

29 years of age.

The position of the design team leader.

It wasn't in any way easy.

If it wasn't for Jeong JinHoon's will, it wouldn't have even happened.

Yu SoHyun was an inner change of Shinseki that occurred in pretext of revolution.

Like Jeong DanBi had scouted Son SeokHo, Jeong JinHoon was also interested in talents. And while looking, he had scouted Yu SoHyun for design.

At first, Yu SoHyun had an ambitious dream.

To show off beautiful design in Shinseki as the design team leader.

However, the reality wasn't that easy.

The secretive opposition from the team members that were older than her, and the conservative decision system made Yu SoHyun fall into doubt.

The proposed design had changed due to the board's breaths, and not the opinions of a professional, and her pride as a designer kept falling.

As her inner self became rotten, her outer self only became more sensitive.

Black Widow.

Yu SoHyun now harbored poison, not for the design, but to survive in the company.

And amidst of that, she met YongHo.

“Haha, d, don't cry.”

YongHo awkwardly laughed and tapped Yu SoHyun's back. He could only be curious why she overreacted like this.



However, it wasn't something that YongHo could know. Yu SoHyun, who had her head lowered, raised her head slowly.

The big eyes resembled a deer's

“Let's go together.”

“Sorry?”

YongHo's face, which was already tinged slightly red due to the awkwardness, became apple-red.

“The award ceremony is in California.”

“Oh.....”

He had already been there once. The place he went because of the NetFlax Prize. Now he had to go again.

Jeong DanBi's expression., who was looking from the back, looked somewhat complicated.

# Chapter 78: One Hundred Billion Achieved

## (7)

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Jeong JinYong was receiving a report. Whilst being serious, he was smiling as if something good had happened.

“The design team sure has done it.”

“Yes. They said that they’re going to America next week for the award ceremony.”

“I heard that Lee YongHo’s role was not small.”

“The design award competition held by Koogle also sees the practicality of the design. The practicality is judged according to how low of a hardware performance it can run in. so the developers are also to attend the ceremony.”

“Yes. Everyone’s worked hard.”

Jeong JinYong nodded his head while reading the report. Then he calmly called the head secretary.

“Head secretary.”

“Yes, sir.”

“But why wasn’t I told that Lee YongHo had won the NetFlax Prize?”

For a moment, the head secretary’s face paled as if his breath stopped. His tightly shut lips looked as if predicting the future.

“How many years have you worked now?”

“...8, 8 years, sir.”

“Thank you for your work. Tell the human resources team to put all the secretaries on the waiting list on your way out.”

“.....”

When the head secretary didn’t leave, Jeong JinYong stared at the head secretary calmly after taking his eyes off the report.

At Jeong JinYong’s gaze, the head secretary barely managed to stop his legs from trembling.

“I...It was on my orders.”

“Didn’t you hear me saying to get out?”

The next day, the secretaries numbering 50 were put into waiting lists with ‘Negligence during duty’ as the pretext.

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While somebody was leaving the company, YongHo also had left Korea and was stepping onto the land of California.

At the time he received the NetFlax Prize, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that it was solely due to his bug window. However, it wasn't like that now.

There was the ability from the bug window, but YongHo's own ability had played a big role in receiving the prize. He put effort into not using the bug window, and although a little, it was showing its results.

'The bug window may disappear anytime.'

While YongHo was in his thoughts, Yu SoHyun, who was sitting on the same table as him, looked towards YongHo.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Oh... I thought that team leader is so pretty today." (T/N: No, author! Don't make MC a gigolo, please...)

YongHo exaggerated his body movements while speaking as if he really admired her. It was the truth as well. Yu SoHyun put on her best clothes for the award ceremony.

She called everyone's attention to herself with her smooth legs peeking out from the deep plunged, flowing dress.

“R, really?”

At Yu SoHyun, who blushed a little, YongHo just smiled and looked at her – thinking that she was a girl no matter how grand she acted, and how cold she looked.

The award ceremony started soon.

As YongHo had already experienced this kind of thing once, he wasn't that nervous. Moreover, he could understand more English than last time.

Although... he was quite awkward when he couldn't understand the jokes that people talked about...

‘Is it just me who's not finding it funny.....?’

What was more depressing that even Yu SoHyun, next to him, was laughing as if she understood those jokes.

‘My English is lacking... a lot.’

However, he could figure out the names of the people that he was talking to.

Jeff Done.

The person who achieved optimization on the G1.

The item which received the grand prize was shocking.

The sense of dimension that the design produced made one's mouth open in shock. However, what was more miraculous that such a design was running on the G1.

While developing, he had never even considered G1. He uploaded his own app on the G1 in the venue.

-An unknown error has occurred.

And it crashed.

‘Just how much optimization did he do?’

At the shock, he couldn't take his eyes off Jeff Done. He had a horse-like long face. His chin was shaved neatly. And next to him was a bald man.

“That person is Jonathan Hive.”

Yu SoHyun was looking with an admiring gaze. He may be a

famous person within the design world but YongHo didn't know him,

The two grand prize winners went up to the stage and showed their bright smiles

'I should greet them.'

World's best programmer.

In YongHo's eyes, he looked greater than Son SeokHo.

YongHo approached first to greet. Jeff Done also seemed to know about YongHo who received the runner-up prize.

"It was impressive."

Yu SoHyun didn't know to separate from Jonathan Hive. Jeff Done spoke a lot but YongHo couldn't understand most of it.

He barely managed to hear that it was impressive.

As Jeff Done was surrounded by a lot of people, there was no more time nor opportunity to talk more.

YongHo had to be satisfied adding him on Fadebook. (T/N: that's... new...)

Yu SoHyun still seemed to be unable to let go of the excitement.

“I still can’t believe it. Haa... No way.”

“I, is it that much?”

At YongHo’s words, Yu SoHyun shook her index finger.

“It’s not just ‘that much’. He’s a Shakespeare-level person in the design world.”

“...Anyway, what are you going to do, now that the official schedule is over? I have a friend to meet.”

YongHo scheduled to meet with Dave now that he was here. Moreover, this time, when he said that he received Koogole’s design award, Dave showed even more excitement than YongHo.

“You can’t even speak English very well... Can you go alone?”

At Yu SoHyun’s worried words, YongHo was embarrassed. What Yu SoHyun was surprised at when she arrived in America, wasn’t just meeting Jonathan Hive.

YongHo had shown an English ability below her expectations.



As he had exceptional ability that was better than anyone she knew, she thought that he would also have good English.

However, he didn't.

Instead, it was below her expectations.

“If you come with me, then that's good for me.”

And so the two headed to the restaurant in the city where they promised to meet.

“YongHo!”

A handsome white man ran into YongHo.

Dave.

YongHo seemed to suffocate as he tried to pull Dave's arms, which were clinging around YongHo's neck.

However, just the height differed by about 10 cm. There was no choice but to keep that situation for some time.

“Is the one on your side your girlfriend?”

Dave looked at Yu SoHyun with a curious gaze. Jessie and James,

who followed him like pencil and paper, also had lights in their eyes.

“N, no.”

YongHo waved his hand and looked at Yu SoHyun. He was worried that she would be offended.

“It’s an honor to be seen like that, though?”

This time, Yu SoHyun took the role of translator between them. The company, who had met after a long time, chatted.

“YongHo, did you think about it? If I write a recommendation, you will enter our company immediately. Moreover, if it’s with your ability, then you might not even need my recommendation.”

Dave took out the topic on employment in America again. Rather than YongHo, Yu SoHyun seemed to take more interest in this.

YongHo sipped the white wine in front of him once.

“How’s America? Do you think my ability will improve if I come here?”

“Silicon Valley. This is where the brains of the world gather. A place of dreams to any programmers. Improving ability? Rather than that, it’s a gathering of people who can’t improve their ability

any further.”

“.....”

At Dave’s words, YongHo couldn’t counter argue. He was at Silicon Valley which he had only seen in TVs.

In his university days

The fantasy of achieving success as a business in Silicon Valley he dreamt of in his school days, weren't a dream anymore.

“Think about it carefully. YongHo's still young. You have infinite possibilities. I want you to not under evaluate your own ability.”

YongHo didn't say anything and sipped the cup of wine again. Yu SoHyun, who was at his side, also just calmly looked at YongHo.

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Finishing development and releasing didn't mean that the work ended.

Especially if it was a customer service, and if it was a client at the forefront of customer service, it needed a stabilization period.

Moreover, an enormous development load was loaded on Na DaeBang, Na DaeBang looked at YongHo with resentment in his eyes.

“S, seonbae!”

The person who was delighted the most when YongHo came back to the team was Na DaeBang. In a program that YongHo develops, there wouldn't be any bugs unless the part he did overlapped with

another person's or he mistyped.

However, that wasn't the case with the library that Na DaeBang developed. It was a library that would be the core of project OH, but as the number of users increased, bugs started appearing as well.

YongHo was also busy with the development of the UI so he didn't have any spare power to look over the library made by Na DaeBang.

“O, okay. Let's do it together.”

“I already let you go once, haven't I? But you again went to the design team.....”

Na DaeBang's eyes were producing flames. YongHo could only calm him down after repeatedly saying that he wouldn't be dispatched anywhere from now on.

-Koogle's Design Award Winner.

-The Design That Captivates The Heart, Captivates The Customers

-Online Shopping Mall S, where you can wear the clothes themselves.

While YongHo was working hard in the office, Shinseki also advertised the S Mall enthusiastically.

The amount of money that was used to update the performances of the S Mall was below 500 million ( $\approx 435,000$  USD) even after counting salaries and trivial expenses.

But the sum of money they used in marketing was 5 billion ( $\approx 4.35$  million USD). And half of that was due to casting a famous celebrity.

“... We used 500 million to develop this and they used 5 billion to advertise... Isn't that strange?”

Son SeokHo asked while looking at the advert that appeared on his smartphone. Na DaeBang, and YongHo, who was with him also looked at the advert in the screen.

A beautiful celebrity, who one would recognize just from the name, was emitting her grace.

“The development fees are 500 million, and 5 billion for advertising... It really does feel like the main and the sub has switched.”

Na DaeBang replied while sipping the coffee.

“But isn't the number of users increasing thanks to this person?”

As YongHo said, the number of users and the profit was clearly increasing. Whether it was due to the effect of the advert the celebrity appeared in, or whether it was due to the exceptional award-winning design, or whether due to efforts of the programmers behind it, the fact that profits were increasing through the OH System didn't tchange.

At this rate, at the end of the year, it wouldn't be strange to achieve the 100 billion objective at the end of the year.

“This is another call. Let's go up.”

After Son SeokHo received the call he stood up. As the number of users increased, various kinds of problems were occurring. YongHo couldn't forget the words 'Silicon Valley' even while being soaked in his everyday life.

-Thank you until now.

With that title, an e-mail was sent to every employee in the company. The sender was the design team leader Yu SoHyun,

The long article had the contents that she would leave the company.

“You're going to America?”

“Yes. Thanks to Mr. YongHo, now that I’ve acquired a new line on my résumé, I don’t think it’s necessary to stay in a stifling place like this.”

Yu SoHyun had an expression of satisfaction. He could know how the position of the design team leader was in a big company.

At Yu SoHyun’s reaction, who expressed being refreshed rather than being disappointed, YongHo became confused and asked.

“What I got is that you felt that the position of the team leader in a big company... wasn’t that satisfying?”

He had already expected something, when he heard the repeated words of thanks when it was decided that they will receive an award. However, he didn’t know that she would leave the company so suddenly.

“Perhaps due to being scouted for that position... It wasn’t that easy. Rather than learning and earning, I felt like I was used and consumed continuously, I guess? I’m planning to refine my ability in a design school in this opportunity.”

Yu SoHyun seemed to have resolved herself, as she left no way out. However, Yu SoHyun didn’t only feel refreshed.

There was one thing that she was disappointed with.

“Call me any time. I want to work with you again. And please



think about Mr. Dave's proposal carefully as well. If you do come, then you have to call me first, okay?"

Yu SoHyun made a bright smile towards YongHo. At that moment, he felt dizzy.

She was incomparable to the celebrity on the advert.

YongHo was subconsciously nodding his head.

"Then shall we shake hands for one last time?"

From the hand he grabbed, he could feel smoothness. He didn't want to let go, but he had no choice but to let go.

# Chapter 79: To America (1)

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A horse running in the plains cannot stop easily.

Acceleration.

It was because there was acceleration.

Users called more users and it accelerated. And those gathered users were producing sales.

80 billion. ( $\approx$ 70 million USD)

Just the sales from the OH System was 80 billion. At this rate, it would reach 100 billion without problems.

Jeong DanBi was also now dreaming sweet dreams that she can escape the clutches of Jeong JinYong.

“What are you planning to do when you leave?”

Jeong JinYong’s attitude had changed from the time he treated as they were in a chairman-team leader relationship. The change in attitude could be seen just from his tone of voice – It had become a level softer.

“And you said to use polite speech in the company... now you’re acting like a parent?”

Even at Jeong DanBi's sharp words, Jeong JinYong's expression didn't change from being expressionless. He just silently looked at her.

“Looking at the rate, you will leave... next month.”

Rather than disappointed, he looked quite sad. However, that was just Jeong JinYong's impression. (T/N: I don't know what's happening here... author's writing is weird)

“.....”

Did she perhaps read those feelings? Jeong DanBi's sharpness toned down a bit. She quietly listened to Jeong JinYong's words.

“Now it's just JinHoon left.”

“.....”

Even during that moment, the sales graph of the OH System was rising.

YongHo was inwardly expecting a rise in salary.

He had expectations on how much his annual salary was when he became a team leader that Jeong DanBi promised. It will definitely be higher than it is now.

‘How much should I be thinking about? It must be lower than head researcher Son’s, how high should I call?’

Like that, he was agonized about a rather high-class problem. He had moved houses, and his ability was improving day by day.

It was too good that sometimes, he wondered if he should be happy this much.

When he checked his e-mail, there was a reply from Dave. Perhaps due to the contents being in English, it was in spam mail. Due to being busy, he hadn’t even had the time to check his e-mail, and now one week had passed.

‘120 thousand dollars!’

The first thing that came into his eyes was the number. It was more than 120 million Korean won. It was a sum that was multiples of his current salary.

YongHo requested Dave to look into how much salary he would receive annually if he went there. And the reply was here.

120 thousand dollars.

YongHo’s worries became deeper.

And he decided.

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100 billion.

The sales from the OH System.

The moment that number appeared on the intra-company sales management system, a get-together was decided.

“Everybody, thank you for your work!”

Jeong DanBi was delighted as if she couldn't be any more delighted. A higher tone than always and the exaggerated actions that showed the excited atmosphere was showing that.

“Now! Everybody, one shot!”

While continuously shouting ‘one shot!’, YongHo emptied the liquor he had never heard of into his mouth. According to what he heard from Na DaeBang, it was a drink that was hard to find in ordinary supermarkets.

‘Mr. Na DaeBang is something too, knowing all that.’

And such questions were soon erased from YongHo's mind.

Jeong DanBi approached YongHo with a glass in her hand.

“Well, then, please receive a glass from me, our hardworking Mr. YongHo.”

Jeong DanBi poured a glass to every one of the team members as if she had become an old man.

YongHo also received the glass and emptied it in his mouth. A hot feeling came up inside his throat in less than 1 second.

“Thank you so much.”

Fssh.

A different thick smell of pheromones assaulted YongHo along with the smell of alcohol.

1st was Korean beef and liquor.

2nd was karaoke.

The karaoke in Cheongdam boasted its splendor from the entrance. It was as if saying ‘what is a trash like you doing here?’ to YongHo, and he couldn’t step inside easily.

The fancy karaoke.

And under the flashy spinning lighting inside, Jeong DanBi was shining.

Jeong DanBi took the glass in her hands and tapped the table hard.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The noisy atmosphere calmed down instantly. Everybody was worried that they might do something crazy now they were drunk.

“Well then! There will be an important announcement!”

At Jeong DanBi's words, the person who was singing also put down the microphone and paid attention to Jeong DanBi.

The song coming out from the karaoke machine was also stopped by someone.

“We have achieved 100 billion won!”

Clap.

Clap clap clap.

As everyone was drunk, it was unknown who started it. They just

followed along.

And after a round of applause was done, Jeong DanBi puffed her already red cheeks.

“Now! We’ve done everything we can do in Shinseki.”

Inside the karaoke, laid with marble with a chandelier lighting, only Jeong DanBi was speaking.

Everybody was looking at her.

“I! Will throw away the name of Shinseki and start anew.”

Jeong DanBi was drunk, but there was no faltering in her words. Perhaps due to the scent of alcohol pervaded the karaoke, everyone was half-conscious as if they were all drugged.

It couldn’t be denied that Jeong DanBi’s extraordinary looks played a role in that. The goddess-like appearance – she looked like an ancient Greek goddess who bestowed blessings before a war.

“There is space inside the rocketship. Come on board.”

When Eric Schmitz scouted Sheryl Sandberg, he said something similar.



-Get On A Rocketship Whenever You Get The Chance.

Jeong DanBi was trying to create a rocketship.

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It was not easy to persuade his parents than he thought.

Only son.

His old parents didn't allow their only son going to America that easily. Even if he wanted to bring them along, his parents, who had no acquaintances in America, living there was near impossible. In the end, they had to separate.

“I will definitely come back after succeeding. It won't take that long.”

He was already acting as the head of household. His parents had no choice but to allow, albeit with difficulty, due to YongHo having a good ability to the point that he paid the debts they had, and even prepared a good house inside the city.

Son SeokHo's reaction was similar to what YongHo was expecting.

“A place where it seems more interesting – Go to a place where it may help you more, Mr. YongHo.”

Go in a direction that you think may help.

I will prepare a place for you to come back anytime. If YongHo's parents were the people who gave birth to him, it was Son SeokHo who made YongHo reborn in society.

And now as well, he was tapping YongHo's shoulders like his parents, saying that he believed in him and that he could come back if he was tired whenever he wanted to.

An appreciation that could not be expressed in words.

Now, it was time to meet the last person, Jeong DanBi.

Jeong DanBi being serious was rare. She was looking at YongHo without saying anything. The stiff face seemed like she would never allow it.

“No.”

“Team leader.”

“How much did they offer you? No matter how high, I promise to offer you a higher amount.”

Jeong DanBi replied to YongHo's words without a moment of hesitation. It was as if she was reading off a script as if she had

expected this to happen.

“Money is one thing, but the reason I want to go is because there is something I can experience only if I’m there.”

“...Aren’t there a lot of things to experience as a team leader while you’re here? Moreover, if it’s head researcher Son’s ability, wouldn’t it help you, Mr. YongHo?”

YongHo hesitated to speak. However, he had already decided, YongHo chose the straight path.

“It definitely will help me if I stay here, but I want more.”

He was speaking in a roundabout way, but one thing was clear.

Now, with Son SeokHo’s ability, he cannot teach me.

He is insufficient – these were the meanings behind his words.

“.....”

Jeong DanBi also expected that a day like this may come. If it was someone of YongHo’s ability, then there will be a scouting offer. However, she never thought that it was to the point that YongHo could leave the shadows of Son SeokHo.

A growth faster than her expectations.

The unexpected growth had pulled the date that Jeong DanBi was expecting.

He had come back as the core personnel after he went to Busan, Gasan, and the design team as well.

Now, he had grown up to the point that he didn't have to stand within the shadows of Son SeokHo.

She regretted that she thought that YongHo had a passion for learning so he wouldn't leave while Son SeokHo was here.

“For me, team leader is the same as a savior. I will come back to help whenever you need my help.”

Jeong DanBi instinctively felt.

That the only way to make him stay is to use his affection. In her view, he was a programmer more exceptional than anyone.

It was insufficient to describe him with '1vs100'.

The results were already proving that.

She had to grab him.

She definitely had to grab YongHo.

“Then 1 year. I will leave the team leader position vacant so come back from America after 1 year.”

“Sorry?”

“I need your help in 1 year’s time. Even if I want to start a business I will need time to look for an office, and to recruit people... Come back in 1 year. I won’t allow anymore.”

“Team leader.....”

“Didn’t you say I was your savior? This is enough, right?”

“.....”

He was thankful.

In the period where nobody looked for him, and in the period he shivered in fear due to not being able to find employment, it was Jeong DanBi who saved him who was about to get fired and at the same time, was about to be sued with a damage suit.

Regardless of his ability, it didn’t change the fact that it was Jeong DanBi who helped him while he was in dire straits.

A help received when in difficult times is the real help.

A person who treated him to a meal when he didn't have to worry about his meals in the near future is just a person who treated him, but a person who treated him to a meal when he didn't have anything to eat starting the next day was called a savior.

Savior Jeong DanBi.

YongHo couldn't reject her words, saying that she will prepare a place for him to come back in 1 year, anymore.

It wasn't just to the point that he couldn't reject it, but he was about to tear up from hearing it.

“1 year. Please come back.”

Jeong DanBi also seemed to have deemed that it was difficult to grab him anymore as she emphasized the words '1 year'. The stiff face was already relaxed.

There was only disappointment and sadness on her face.

At the news of YongHo leaving the company, the office was also experiencing chaos.

Especially, Na DaeBang's reaction was very fierce.

“S, seonbae!”

“I heard you were all lovey-dovey with HyeJin nowadays, eh?”

At YongHo's words, Na DaeBang, who was about to run into him, stopped. After YongHo introduced them to each other, they seemed to have taken a liking to each other as they were dating despite the harsh schedule.

“Aren't you? Bangbangy?” (T/N: Those who think it's lewd... it's not at all lewd in Korean)

This was the nickname that Choi HyeJin called Na DaeBang. The 'Bang' from the last syllable of Na DaeBang – 'Bangbangy'. At the two's such figures, YongHo could only be envious.

At YongHo's words, Na DaeBang tried his best to hide his panic and spoke.

“A, anyway, how could you do this!? I even switched departments for you, and now you're going to America?”

“Then why don't you come to America too, Mr. DaeBang? We'll work with James you know?”

“S, sir James? Do you think I can't go? Please wait a little.”

At his ignited eyes, YongHo had a slightly bad premonition, but he erased it.

And now, only Son SeokHo was left.

“I will contact you.”

“Yes, thank you for your work until now. Come back anytime.”

“Thank you.”

The two's handshake was filled with strength.

They were reassured.

That he had this kind of person as his superior.

That he had this kind of person as his junior.

The two were reassured of each other.



## Chapter 80: To America (2)

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With Dave's recommendation, and YongHo's having won 2 awards, employment to Jungle progressed without much difficulties.

The biggest problem was English.

He was at a level where he could barely interpret the words he knew when he read technical documents.

He barely used any English other than when he was on Stack Overflow or gethub, it was bad to the point that he had difficulties in everyday life.

Obviously, the interview didn't go well. In the interview over the phone, he could barely spout out some words.

Ok.

This was the word he used the most.

However, in the coding test that followed, they had no choice but to acknowledge YongHo. It wasn't a difficult question.

There were 2 questions: 1 question to solve a bug, and another question about a basic-level algorithm.

Jungle decided to employ YongHo believing in Dave's recommendation and YongHo's career in having received awards.

The problem after that was the process of employment. The process of employment to America wasn't as simple as he thought.

H-1B(Short-term specialty employment)

This was the visa that YongHo applied for.

There was a limit to the number of people who could be employed using that visa. Moreover, in a case where the number of applicants exceeded that limit, it was processed according to computer lottery so it was possible to fail.

YongHo decided to first settle his affairs in Korea and go to America using a travel visa.

There was some time until he left so he started settling his affairs.

One of those was the algorithm study. The studies until now helped in the coding test given by Jungle.

He could learn about problems harder than those he learnt in university and not only those he learnt in university, during the study.

And that showed its results through the interview with Jungle that it was in no way, futile.

He participated in the study to talk about it while he treated them to a meal. Choi HyeJin signalled with her eyes as if she had already heard the news from Na DaeBang.

After the study ended, YongHo bid his farewells.

“Thank you until now.”

Kang SungGyu’s gaze on YongHo seemed complicated. On one hand, he seemed envious.

“Hyung, thank you.”

“...What do you mean ‘thank you’ when I didn’t even do anything.”

“It was all thanks to you that I came here. If you didn’t introduce me to part time jobs then I might have taken a semester off, and I won’t be employed in Mirae IT, right?”

At YongHo’s words, Kang SungGyu tried his best to be cheerful. He was trying his best to get rid of his envy towards YongHo before it became hatred and jealousy.

Like this, he felt like he would really feel hatred for him.

‘I was better than him, though.....’

Such thoughts couldn’t leave Kang SungGyu’s head. Especially, the comparisons made at the company sometimes made him more and more unable to endure.

\*\*\*

Last day at work.

This day had become a day that any employees dreamed about but wasn’t easy to meet.

The take-over for the things he developed until now were finished. During that, the process of YongHo leaving the company was also finished.

Normally, there was a one month period of delay when resigning. This was intended for the resignee to come back if he/she changed his/her mind, or to finish the take-over process.

And the last day had come.

“The chairman is calling for you.”

These were the words spoken by Jeong DanBi when he called for YongHo. When he first came to Shinseki, he was even a

cooperative company employee, and not even a regular member.

And even that was because his career experience was falsified.

But now.

In the last moments, he was going to meet chairman Jeong JinYong. His start was small, but his end was grand.

There weren't many changes to the chairman's office. The furnitures still boasted of their luxuriousness, and the atmosphere was heavy as if another type of gravity was acting inside it.

"I heard you were resigning."

"Yes."

"Well, did you have anything you didn't like about the company?"

YongHo took out a notepad from his pocket as if he was waiting for those words. Perhaps due to using it for a long time, the notepad shined from the corners as it was worn out.

Black ink was filled in the blank spaces of the white notepad.

"Shall I tell you one by one?"

Khm.

At YongHo's reaction, Jeng JinYong, who always kept his expressionless face, coughed awkwardly. Jeong DanBi, who was sitting next to him, thought about starting up a business so she didn't show any reaction to YongHo's such actions.

Instead, she looked like she enjoyed it.

"Then I'll take that as a yes and tell you."

To Jeong JinYong, who kept his silence, YongHo started reading down the contents of his notepad.

"First, the abolishing of the Development Specialist System. I don't know why such a system exists. Rather than respecting developers, I felt that it was making an intra-company outsource. Low salary and a treatment like those of disposable items. Of course, I know that Shinseki isn't an IT technology based company, but if it's aiming for a technology based company, then this will have to be changed. For your reference, I was also employed as a development specialist."

YongHo gave a peek at Jeong DanBi and poured out the words he wanted to say without even giving time to breath. The things he felt while he commuted to Shinseki until now were written on there.

This was just the beginning.

“Second, a realistic overtime pay. I don’t understand why the overtime pay system exists. Well, for me, if I apply for one, then team leader Jeong DanBi approves of it, but in other teams, do you know what happens when someone applies for an overtime pay? An e-mail will get sent to all the team members. It’s as if the employee who applied for an overtime pay and has no ability and needs management.”

Was it due to the little amount of experience in society? Or was it due to the confidence he had in his own ability?

YongHo’s words didn’t contain a shred of hesitation.

The fact that it was already decided that he would move to Jungle was big.

“Third,.....”

Jeong JinYong stopped YongHo when he was on his third point.

“I understand if you say that much.”

However, YongHo didn’t have any intentions on stopping. He had planned to say everything he felt from his experience here and there and even planned to do some people’s requests.

If he didn't speak just because someone told him to, then there was no meaning to his resolve.

Complying and accepting just because someone has more power, money, and ability – if he did that then there was no difference from the past.

“No, my words haven't ended yet. This is the thoughts that most Shinseki employees have thought about. If you really know what's good for the company, then you should listen to the end.”

“.....”

At YongHo's provocative actions, Jeong DanBi tried to grab YongHo's notepad. She knew that Jeong JinYong's flame-like rage was waiting if he spoke anymore.

Someone who's quiet normally was always more scary when angry.

Jeong DanBi knew that all secretaries from the head secretary-down were all fired.

In YongHo's case, he wouldn't be fired but it was unknown how much loss he would receive. Jeong JinYong had enough power within Korea to do that.

“Third, abolishing of decrease in salary due to personnel evaluation. Shouldn't there be no decrease in salary at least? I



think it's nonsense for the company to measure and evaluate its employees when it doesn't even have any confidence itself. Related to this, wasn't there someone who harbored malicious intents and was dragged out by the personnel management team before?"

As the talk continued, one of Jeong JinYong's cheeks started twitching. He seemed really uncomfortable.

However, YongHo had an expression of being refreshed.

It wasn't success that remained inside him the most while he was commuting to Shinseki. It was the pain and suffering of his colleagues which remained deeper inside him.

"And that's it. There was a time when I told vice-president Go JinSung of KO Telecom that the entrance card should be supplied quicker. However, there was no change even now. How will Shinseki do... I will look forward to it."

When YongHo finished his sentence, only silence flowed inside the office. Jeong DanBi stood up first thinking that it wasn't good to continue like this.

"I think it's better for us to leave now."

YongHo, who also had nothing more to speak about, stood up. Only chairman Jeong JinYong was left inside the wide office. It was to the point that his exhausted look, especially today, looked pitiable.

Before going to the chairman's office, YongHo sent an e-mail to every employee in the company. Will the atmosphere of the company change just because he had talked to the chairman?

It was questionable.

There were a lot of things, but Shinseki was the company which became YongHo's foothold in becoming stronger. He had affection for this company so he would have like for it to develop more.

And so, before he went to see Jeong JinYong, he had sent the contents of his talk that he was going to talk to the chairman about.

See, feel, and act.

One's own authority isn't given by others.

I know that it's a hard and painful path. But even so, put your best efforts. Although I'm talking about this since I'm leaving, I will lend a hand.

Just talking about it when leaving wasn't easy. Even when most people get fired, they don't insult the company that they went to.

It was because of the worry that they may receive demerits in their new company.

Worry gave birth to uncertainty and it chained people's actions.

Clap clap.

Clap clap clap.

Many gazes were on YongHo as he left the company. And some of them were clapping. The first was Son SeokHo, and Na DaeBang followed. Then the entire smart shopping strategy team came out to the ground floor lobby and clapped.

He was already famous within the company.

At first, there were rumor about him being too close to the direct descent of the chairman to the point that he was called 'Jeong DanBi's man'.

However, with YongHo's own ability, he had erased the word 'relationship' from people's minds and engraved the word 'ability'.

He became recognized as a person with ability as he had solved many of the problems that went on inside the company.

And the finisher was rejecting Jeong DanBi's offer and going to Silicon Valley.

A person who stood up with ability and not with relations.

And the affair with Yu JaeMan that YongHo did, and the unconfirmed fact that he had courageously said all the unfair affairs inside the company to Jeong JinYong as the e-mail said.

These were sufficient for him to get applauded.

And perhaps due to that, the number of people clapping increased rapidly in a blink of an eye.

The people in the lobby were applauding YongHo as he left as if they were all hypnotized.

\*\*\*

The website YongHo checked the day before he went to America was not Stack Overfly.

World's largest professional network, ListIn.

YongHo newly registered a his new workplace.

Experience.

Intern

Mirae Information Technology (6 months) Seoul.

Employee.

Shinseki I&C(2 years) Seoul.

Junior Data Engineer,

Jungle(current) Silicon Valley.

Skills & Industry

SQL, Java, HTML, JavaScript, CSS, Software Development,  
Indroid Development.

# Education

Seonmin university

Computer Science.

The traces of his past remained there.

Pride rushed up inside him. YongHo confirmed again his profile registered in ListIn

He didn't know what may be added in the future, but he wanted to add as many as possible.

Since those were the steps he had to take in his path to becoming the world's best programmer.

# Chapter 81: Tutor (1)

---

Silicon Valley.

Land of hopes and dreams.

As a region in San Francisco, California, USA, it was named as such due to the fact that silicon chip production companies were gathered here.

Stanford university, a world-class university, was here and companies, which were incomparably more well-known than the big companies in Korea, were everywhere.

However, what YongHo was surprised at was something else.

House prices.

No matter how hard he looked, there wasn't a place with a rent lower than 2 million won (converted to Korean currency, ≈1740 USD) a month. And what there were were all tattered down, perhaps due to the low pricing.

In the end, he decided to live in Dave's house until he found a room he was satisfied with.

After moving all his luggage, YongHo asked the most urgent question.



“Dave, do you not there are enough people around to learn English?” (T/N: Dave, is there perhaps anyone around I can learn English from?)

YongHo stuttered his words he read down from an internet translator.

“English?”

“Yeah, a person to teach me English.”

After thinking for a moment, Dave took out a familiar name.

“Jessie can do that. Jessie.”

“Jessie?”

“Yes, Jessie likes languages a lot. As far as I know, she enjoys learning other countries’ languages other than just programming language.”

“Really?”

When he heard Dave’s words, YongHo became curious. If he could learn English from Jessie, then the money to hire a tutor would decrease.

With just the 120,000 dollar annual salary, he wouldn't have anything left after living for one year.

The basic tax rate on his monthly salary was 25%.

And another 10% was taken off as retirement pension called the 401k. If he left Dave's house and grabbed a single room apartment, then about 2 million won would leave him monthly.

He had to grab Jessie.

"She probably has a lot of interest in Korean as well. Talk to her well."

Dave spoke long, but what YongHo heard were just few words. 'Korean', 'Interest', 'Talk'. Anyway, he interpreted as 'talk to her'."

Coincidentally, Jessie's house was not far away from Dave's house.

(T/N: From now on, it may be really confusing, as Jessie speaks in poor Korean, which I have to translate poor Korean in to poor English(?)...and YongHo speaks in native-level Korean, which I have to translate to native-level English(?)... wtf)

YongHo was looking at Jessie with a nervous expression. It was

unknown how many times he had to look things up on the internet to explain. He searched words in the internet to confirm if he spoke properly and for sentences, he explained using a machine translator.

“You don’t have to do English much. I know some Korean.”

Jessie replied with Korean, though lacking. YongHo could only be surprised.

“Huh?”

“I interested in Korean. I’m good.”

“Th, then should we start tomorrow?”

Okay.

Now that he was worried less about English problems, YongHo thought that he just needed to work.

\*\*\*

The main task of the BI team which YongHo belonged to was algorithm tuning. It could be said that the final objective was to induce customers into buying more products by analyzing the patterns of the users through the company website.

First.

This was how Dave introduced YongHo to the company people. The career experience of being first on the NetFlax Prize were engraved into their minds.

First conference, YongHo couldn't say anything. It was difficult to just understand what they were saying, but speaking was even harder.

“.....”

“Nothing is much. They say hello.”

Fortunately, as Jessie was interpreting their words from time to time, he could nod his head once or twice.

Dave had a positive attitude towards YongHo so he conversed with him with body language. Although it took a long time, Dave tried to understand him and listen to him.

Of course the company was the same.

As it was only the beginning, an atmosphere, where they understood and accepted him to an extent, was created.

Dave's influence was big in there.

YongHo was a person who even Dave, who was acknowledged by Jungle, recommended. Although there were many cases where he made people awkward due to his pure actions, his ability alone was exceptional.

Such Dave had acknowledged him so, despite the fact that they couldn't communicate, they had accepted YongHo.

Dave tapped YongHo, who was spacing out amidst all the uninterpreted language.

“Explain it to the people.”

Dave urged YongHo, who was just nodding his head like a doll. It seemed that they were urging him to explain about the algorithm that took 1st place.

‘...This is not good.’

He couldn't explain. It wasn't that YongHo had become smarter. He could just see bugs happening in a program.

Algorithm requires mathematical knowledge. Especially, with data analysis algorithms, one even needed statistics knowledge.

This was a field that YongHo was weakest with. If he had such a genius ability, then he would have left Shinseki long time ago.

However, he had come until this point believing in the bug window, which came like thunder, and may disappear like thunder.

There was no way he could explain something he had to stutter even in Korean in English.

“Why? Do you need a computer?”

Dave, who didn't even know what YongHo was thinking, asked with shiny eyes.

‘Haa.....’

If he couldn't do anything like this, then it was obvious what kind of situation would occur.

‘I have no choice... I should write this down.’

The method YongHo chose was writing down the codes.

Normally, algorithms are expressed in simple mathematical formulae when explaining. Programmers would code while looking at that.

Sometimes, 2 or 3 lines of mathematical formulae would become several tens of lines easily in actual coding.

YongHo looked for the bug history on his bug window and wrote down the code he used for the NetFlax Prize.

“.....”

The people inside the conference room nodded their heads quietly while looking at the whiteboard. The 2m wide whiteboard became full with the code that YongHo wrote down.

Looking at that, Dave shivered.

“What are you doing YongHo, you’re even implementing it here?”

He seemed to think that YongHo wanted to boast that he can complete even the implementation stage and not just the formulae level.

However, YongHo’s situation was different.

‘Just be quiet!’

He wanted to shut Dave’s mouth. When he first met Dave, there was a precondition that YongHo couldn’t speak English. Moreover, Son SeokHo was with them so the questions Dave was interested in were covered to an extent.

However, it wasn’t like that now.

Moreover, after writing the code, he had to confront 10 peak-level developers and not just Dave. YongHo was trying to stall for time. He intended for not even questions to come out.

Soon, cold sweat flowed down his back to the point that his entire back became wet.

Tap.

After writing the whole code, YongHo put the lid on the board marker as he couldn't stall for time anymore.

It wasn't just one or two lines of code, so just writing them all down took him 1 hour.

Some engineers were taking photos with their phones.

“YongHo, from next time onwards, please tell us in simple formulae. Code is too long. Or you can use pseudocode(a code that's not a code, and only used in explanations).”

YongHo, who expended all his energy in while writing, couldn't reply and replaced it with a nod.

When YongHo sat down exhausted, Dave came up front. Then, he pointed the whiteboard where YongHo wrote the code with his hand.



“Well then, did you see, everyone? In this code, there is a direction that we need to strive for. In the future, our team will focus on upgrading our recommendation system by a level by applying this code to our service.”

Senior Data Engineer.

This was Dave’s position.

Looking at him up front, he was completely different from the him who was playing around all the time.

The word ‘Senior’ in his position told him that it wasn’t luck that he became one.

The conference ended barely after Dave came up front.

YongHo was trapped in one thought after he left the conference room.

‘I need to study.’

Although he also needed to work on his English, YongHo felt the desperate need to study about algorithms.

If someone asked him with a mathematical formula?  $\text{Root}(\sqrt{v})$ ,  $\text{lambda}(\lambda)$ ,  $\text{sigma}(\Sigma)$ , etc – he was just getting used to these

symbols.

He wouldn't have known if he didn't do the algorithm study in Korea.

'I can't ask Dave to teach me.' (T/N: Why!?)

The level of 'difficult' that YongHo thought and Dave thought was different. If he asked Dave, then he might show a 'you didn't even know this?' reaction. (T/N: That's not a reason.)

Moreover, he wrote a recommendation to the company believing in YongHo's ability. That belief may collapse instantly. The fact that he had a positive attitude towards YongHo had YongHo being smart to the point that he came first in the NetFlax Prize as the basis. A sense of comradery – in a sense.

YongHo was afraid that such belief would collapse.

'There's a limit to studying alone.'

He needed somewhere to ask what he didn't know. There was no time to wait to upload a question and wait for a reply.

Tomorrow.

He had to go to work.

\*\*\*

YongHo messaged Jeff Done through SNS that day.

-Greeting, sir Jeff Done. Do you remember the meeting we had in the Koogle Design Award last time? I moved my workplace to Silicon Valley of America. If you have time, I want to talk to you about life here in Silicon Valley and about programming.

Please contact me.

The king of optimization that YongHo knew was NASA but there was no connection between them.

The second was Jeff Done.

Jeff Done.

YongHo didn't know but he was already a celebrity.

If Jeff Done is the one doing the optimizing, then a result is returned even before running.

If Jeff Done goes on a vacation, then the service stops by itself.

Before the compiler(A program that translates high-level language to machine language) throws a warning, Jeff Done

throws a warning at the compiler first.

A unique programmer who implements a web server using one line of code. (T/N: That's bullshit)

And such stories were on the internet.

‘Will such a person meet a person like me.....?’

YongHo, who was thinking negatively for a moment, shook his head.

‘I definitely need to meet him. I came here to learn from a person like this.’

Before he came to America, he felt like the resolve he made when his mind was burning white, was being diluted.

If he didn't keep engraving it, he forgot it in no time, and abided to reality. If one didn't live as one thought, then one thought as he lived – this saying was true.

\*\*\*

Countless people were listed as friends. Bland words were shared through SNS so Jeff Done was flicking the screen quickly with his thumb.

‘Lee YongHo?’

He felt like he heard this a lot from somewhere. He heard countless names every day so if it wasn’t important then he wouldn’t even remember it.

‘Where was it...’

Jeff Done read the article that YongHo left on his rocking chair. There was nothing special about its content.

People who wanted to learn programming or algorithm from him were overflowing.

‘Koogole design award, that’s it.’

It was a competition he participated in to support the startup he was doing now. Koogole was funding the company, so it was difficult to refuse.

With the thought that he may as well do this properly since he was doing it, he submitted one optimized on the first indroid.

The one YongHo submitted was O1. Although it wasn’t the first phone, it was definitely impressive.

‘Hm... Shall I meet him for once?’

He was listening to many people as he was stuck on a problem.

If it was someone at YongHo's level, he felt that it wouldn't be bad to talk.

## Chapter 82: Tutor (2)

---

In a quiet cafe, a pretty girl and an ordinary man was sitting and conversing. The stuttering English skills of the man was even pitiable.

The pretty girl's English was fluent, and from some time, she even spoke Korean well.

A little rest time, while they were all looking at their own phones, the ordinary man, YongHo, called the pretty girl, Jessie.

“Jessie!”

At his call, Jessie lifted up her head. YongHo excitedly held out his phone.

“Here, it does say that he will meet me, right?”

Jessie was now at a level where she could understand YongHo's Korean. Although she had difficulties in writing or speaking, listening wasn't a problem for her.

“Yes. He's asking for your phone number.”

Wow!

YongHo exclaimed. He was half-skeptical even when he left the

message. He had only gave a short greeting. He had no confidence that he would still remember him.

Jessie, who checked the Fadebook, also seemed surprised as her already wide eyes widened even more.

“Is this person perhaps Jeff Done?”

YongHo nodded a few times in agreement. Then, Jessie hurriedly asked YongHo while putting her head forward.

“How do you know Jeff?”

Jessie also seemed to know this man. YongHo calmly explained the things that happened at the Koogle Design Award.

\*\*\*

In about a 30 pyung ( $100\text{m}^2$ ) office, 7 people were gathered. The 7 desks had their own individuality. A desk filled with food, a desk with a mountain of books on top, and a neat desk.

Jeff's seat was the neat desk. Jeff called for Jonathan who was sitting to his opposite.

“Jonathan, I'll leave first for today.”



“Why? Did you get a girlfriend or something?”

Jonathan looked at Jeff in curiosity. The clock was pointing to 5 PM. Normally, when Jeff left work, it would be about 9 spaces further from now on. (T/N: Meaning 2 AM)

“No, I have someone to meet.”

“Oh lord, please let the person Jeff meets be a girl!”

At Jonathan’s joke, Jeff laughed and left the office.

Vdec.

This was the name of the company that could be seen behind Jeff as he left the company.

While YongHo was drinking coffee silently in his seat, Jessie, in contrast, seemed uncomfortable.

At that figure, YongHo, who was sorry, coughed emptily.

“I’m sorry Jessie, I had no one else but you. Dave, as you know, can’t speak any Korean. And I repeat, but please don’t mention it to Dave.”

When he thought about that he would meet Jeff alone, he was

pressured and in the end, he asked Jessie for translation. In addition, he reminded her many times to not mention it to Dave.

For some reason, Jessie, who rejected many times, accepted as if she had no choice.

“It’s alright.”

She didn’t look alright at all, but YongHo only thought that it was because she was nervous to meet a new person.

Just in time, Jeff, wearing a backpack, arrived at the scene.

YongHo found Jeff first and waved his hand. However, the person Jeff was looking at was not YongHo.

YongHo thought that Jeff had perhaps not recognized him as he waved his hand even stronger and called Jef.

“Here!”

Was it due to YongHo’s voice being too big? Jessie also stood up and looked at Jeff.

Jeff also looked at Jessie. His pupils were trembling as if there was an earthquake.

YongHo expressed his gratitude that he had met him. However, the awkward atmosphere didn't disappear at all.

Jeff took out a laptop from his bag, put it on the table and turned it on. Finally, his trembling pupils also found their peace.

“Nice to meet you, Mr. YongHo.”

“Thank you so much. She's my friend Jessie, and I called her today because my English is lacking and asked her to translate.”

At YongHo's words, Jessie nodded her head.

“Yes.”

A short answer. Jeff turned his gaze to the laptop monitor immediately after he answered. As if the screen will calm him down.

After a brief exchange of greetings occurred, YongHo went into topic. Jeff shook his head while listening to YongHo's story.

“I'm sorry, but I can't make any time for you. Shouldn't that time have some merit for me as well?”

YongHo was also expecting this. In Korea, people didn't tell anyone the things that they knew about, easily, even if that person was from the same company.

He didn't think America would be that much different.

"Please tell me anything."

"I had a look at your submission in the Koogle Design Award. It was optimized quite well. And so... do you know about the Huffman algorithm?"

Huffman algorithm. (T/N: Wow, something I actually know about, lol)

As one of the most widely used compression algorithms, it was one of the algorithms used in file compressions. It's the process of assigning each unit of data, expressed using bits(binary digits), based on the frequency of appearance of the data, to express it using a less number of bits, and decreasing the number of bits used to express the whole data.

Simply, it's needed to decrease the size of a file.

Of course, YongHo knew vaguely about what it was.

"Oh, I do, but why.....?"

"Then, first have a look at this."

Jeff took out some paper from his bag.

Security Pledge.

YongHo was confused why he needed to write something like this, and wondered just what kind of thing he was going to be shown, but as he had nothing to lose, he signed with a light heart.

The influence of Jessie saying that it didn't have anything special, was very big.

“Have a look at this code.”

Jeff Done showed YongHo the code which was written in the development tool on the laptop.

“Here, when it's searching the entire file.....”

YongHo stopped Jeff when he was about to explain. Then he told him, through Jessie, to run the program.

It was strange that Jessie twitched every time she spoke, but trivial things like that weren't important right now.

Jeff ran the program and YongHo looked at not the laptop screen, but the bug window.

‘Hm.....’

Title : Logic Error finding video screen for compression.

Content : The performance of the search algorithm predicting similar video frames for compression is  $O(N^2)$ . It needs to be tuned to  $O(N)$ .

YongHo thought up of something from his past.

There were a total of 7 indicators when evaluating algorithm performance.

$O(1)$ ,  $O(\log N)$ ,  $O(N)$ ,  $O(N \log N)$ ,  $O(N^2)$ ,  $O(N^3)$ ,  $O(2^N)$  – and the performance becomes worse as you proceed. Performance meant speed, meaning the speed of processing work,

‘So the tuning is the problem.’

YongHo nodded towards Jessie. He meant that he could solve it.

And that was passed onto Jeff.

YongHo was coding right in front of Jeff. And not even 1 hour later, he took his hands off the keyboard.

Jeff, who built the program and ran it, became speechless

“.....”

Jeff, who was looking at the monitor, stiffened just like that. He couldn't believe it even though he was looking with his own eyes.

Jeff couldn't understand it so he took out a memo from his bag this time. Then, he held out the pen towards YongHo.

“How did you do it?”

YongHo shrugged his shoulders, as if he didn't understand. Jessie, at his side, interpreted for him. (T/N: But that's like... elementary English though?)

“He wants an explanation as to how you did it.”

Now, Jessie could speak simple sentences fluently as if she had become used to Korean. At those moments, YongHo always thought that there were a lot of geniuses in this world.

Unlike a fake genius like him.

“First, please ask if he can tutor me in algorithm.”

YongHo had the things he needed. Jessie passed that on to Jeff.

“He says he'll do it if you tell him how you did that.”

“Then tell him that I will explain him using the source.”

YongHo didn't have the confidence to write mathematical formulae yet. The memo that Jeff took out wasn't even A4 paper sized.

To make him write there means for him to explain simply. It was a method that YongHo couldn't do.

Jeff tilted his head as if it was strange, but he soon immersed himself in YongHo's explanations.

Jeff, who finished listening to the explanation asked in doubt.

“Why me?”

In Jeff's view, YongHo had sufficient ability even without him having to teach him. However YongHo's view was different.

He wouldn't be able to solve it without the bug window. Just that was enough of a reason to request help from Jeff.

YongHo, who couldn't talk about the details, could only repeat his words.

“Please keep your promise.”



As he felt that he became one closer to the peak, YongHo could stand up from his seat light heartedly.

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Even after YongHo had left, the other two people couldn't leave.

“Jessie.....”

Jeff's words contained sadness. Longing and disappointment, one one hand, it even contained hatred – with all those intertwined, he was chaotic.

However, Jessie wasn't. Just one, she only showed sorriness.

“It's been a while.”

“Is Dave doing well?”

“Well, he's as ever.”

“Yes. He never changed.”

Jeff already knew of Dave. Jessie also accepted Jeff's such reaction as if it was obvious.

“How is it? Is work going well?”

“Work, well.....”

Jeff swallowed his next words. The time he concentrated in work in order to forget passed by him like a film.

When he started working, not just 1 or 2 hours, but 5 or 6 hours passed by in a flash. And he started forgetting with that.

“It was nice to meet you. I forgot about you so... Let’s contact each other some time.”

“.....”

Jeff couldn’t reply to Jessie’s words. Although Jessie might have forgotten, Jeff was still in the process of forgetting.

The project he was doing now was also on that line. Jeff thought that he wouldn’t be able to go back home again that night.

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While looking at Dave who shouted as soon as he entered the house, YongHo had a sudden burst of bad premonition. Perhaps thanks to the English tutoring until now, communication happened faster than before when he used his hands and feet, even though his English wasn’t that good yet.

And perhaps due to that, the emotions contained in those words could be more easily felt.

“YongHo!”

“Y, yeah?”

“Why did you look for one outside!?”

Dave was now holding on to a pair of toy twin swords. He reminded YongHo of Luffy’s comrade, Zoro, from One Piece.

“Wh, what do you mean?”

YongHo stumbled backwards. And Dave stepped forward by just that much.

Passing the straw hat to YongHo had a big meaning for Dave.

Acknowledgement as a friend, and as a comrade.

And he even passed on the heart to support each other.

Dave was angry because he felt disappointed that YongHo had hidden something from him when YongHo had believed in him when coming to America.

Dave's twin swords crossed and he swung them.

“Is this the time to pull out!?”

Although it was a toy, it looked quite painful to be hit by it. YongHo nimbly dodged Dave and ran to the living room.

“No, I just needed to study for a bit, and I did plan to tell you!”

YongHo, who ran to the living room, could only resent Jessie.

‘And I told you so much to not to tell him.’

He had told her that because he was expecting this reaction.

Dave, who was chasing YongHo, who ran to the living room, stopped and muttered in place.

“Yes, I can just become the world's best programmer. I...I, until the day I beat that guy and become the top coder I definitely... definitely won't lose.....”

Dave, who muttered a line from one piece, powerlessly put down the twin swords and went upstairs.

“I, I'm sorry, Dave!”

While chasing Dave who was going upstairs, YongHo thought.

‘Relationships are harder than coding, eh...’

Relationship between people, which was unpredictable was several times more difficult than coding where a fixed result would be produced.

A few more days were needed for Dave’s anger to calm down.

# Chapter 83: Tutor (3)

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Nothing is a mistake.

There's no win and no fail, there's only make. (T/N: Edit: Thank you, CollectiveWin, for the quote!!)

On the black panel on the ceiling of the Institute of Design in Stanford, a white text was engraved.

Under that, a woman who made one look away from such text, was sitting.

She who had loose hair, a cardigan worn without care, and a box t-shirt that looked loose.

It was Yu SoHyun.

“Let's stop here for today and go home.”

The people who sat around the bench, doing the team project together, all had greasy hair.

Their faces looked dark and from the dark circles under their eyes, one could see how much they had suffered.

“Sh, should wel?”

Yu SoHyun's pronunciation was fluent. It was to the point that they would believe her if she said she was an overseas Korean who had moved since young.

"Yes. we stayed up last night as well, if we overdo it today as well then... this isn't a project that ends tomorrow too."

When one of the friends on the bench, stood up, the others all stood up in a chain. It was saturday lunchtime already. They felt like they had become homeless people with all the fatigue and hunger.

It was a scene, who wouldn't believe no matter who saw it. A man who looked ordinary no matter how you looked at him, was getting angry at a woman who would make a person look back at her at least once.

"I told you not to tell him!"

"I need to told him."

Even though Jessie could speak fluently to a certain point, she intentionally stuttered.

"What do you mean? Do you know how much I've suffered? You saw that too, right?"

When YongHo got angry, Jessie turned her head and avoided his gaze.

Jessie also saw it. There was no way she couldn't see it as they commuted to the same office.

Everyday, Dave stood behind YongHo with twin swords for a long period of time. And that was until a few days ago. Fortunately, YongHo begged and begged and the situation concluded with him offering a One Piece action figure set.

Jessie definitely saw that but she pretended that she didn't know.

Shake shake.

Jessie who shook her head muttered in English and not Korean.

“Whoa.”

While looking at the shameless Jessie, YongHo felt absurd and he burst out laughing emptily while leaning on the chair.

Two people who met gazes solidified at the same time. Both of them couldn't say anything due to being so surprised.

‘Huh?’



The woman colored in embarrassment after checking her state. Moreover, that woman who was sitting next to the man looked pretty even when by another woman.

Yu SoHyun, who had come to a café for a small drink, had met eyes with YongHo.

Jeong DanBi knew Jessie, but Yu SoHyun didn't. She had never seen her before. The woman who emitted the beauty of the west. And YongHo next to her... Yu SoHyun vaguely expected what situation this was.

She pondered whether to pretend to know him or not. That pondering didn't last long.

“Team Leader?”

YongHo was confused even while saying that. She looked similar to Yu SoHyun, but at the same time, she didn't. He really doubted whether they were the same person as the full make-up state and the student-lookalike state was completely different.

Now that he thought of it, he did remember that she was going to a design school in the US.

“H, hello?”

Yu SoHyun also seemed to have recognized her state as she awkwardly laughed and waved her hand. In her other hand, there

was a pile of books on her major.

Jessie took this opportunity to leave quickly. Yu SoHyun, who sat in front of YongHo carefully asked.

“I wonder if I interrupted you... while you were with your girlfriend.....”

Rather than the delight of having seen each other in a long time, the thing she was more curious about was the identity of Jessie.

At Yu SoHyun’s words, YongHo heaved a sigh and spoke.

“Haa... She’s just a colleague at work. Moreover, she already belongs to someone. She was just teaching me English.”

At YongHo’s words, Yu SoHyun’s tightened heart seemed to loosen as she sat comfortably after putting the books on the table.

“Oh... So she was teaching you English. Anyway, good for you. You even came here to Silicon Valley.”

“Please don’t be so polite. Team Leader. As far as I know, you were one year older than me... Can I call you noona?”

Twitch.

Momentarily, a vein appeared on Yu SoHyun's forehead and disappeared. Without minding Yu SoHyun's such reactions, YongHo was only just delighted that he had met Yu SoHyun in a foreign country.

Yu SoHyun suggested something to Yongho. It was for her to teach him English. At Yu SoHyun's sudden offer, YongHo could only be dumbfounded.

“What?”

“I also need to know how developers work anyway. YongHo can teach me about development, and I teach you English, sounds good right? Oh, I'm the noona, so I can drop the formalities right?”

“Well, of course you can, but... you want me to teach you about development?”

“Yeah. I think it will be a plus if I know about development since the place I'm aiming for is a software company. Oh, and you can drop the formalities too.”

Yu SoHyun was glamorous at the same time of being prim. Yu SoHyun changing her attitude happened in an instant.

However, YongHo, who went to a boys school for middle school, high school and even engineering college, he couldn't realize such change in Yu SoHyun's attitude. (T/N: 'Computer Science and ENGINEERING', also about 95%+ of engineering departments are

male. CSE is slightly better, around 90%)

Of course, he had a girlfriend for a time, but he only wholeheartedly dated her, but it didn't increase his skills in confronting another person?

“Sorry? Okay.”

“Be easy, okay?”

“Oh... ok, then, noona.”

YongHo couldn't say it easily as he only spoke a few words. It wasn't easy at all to call someone noona and drop the formalities when he had called her 'team leader' at the company.

“When shall we start the English tutoring?”

“Let's...set...a date...”

Just where did it go wrong? To Yu SoHyun, who looked slightly cold, YongHo felt an inexplicable sorriness.

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It sure was easier to understand than when he was taught by Jessie. If he studied using an En -> En dictionary, then his ability

would definitely increase, but it would be hard for him to study.

However, if he used the En -> Kr dictionary, then the things he didn't know would be solved instantly so he could be happy.

The tutoring with Yu SoHyun was like that.

“Should we go for a drive after today's tutoring?”

Through a few tutoring sessions, the two had become considerably close. The biggest reason was loneliness.

A Korean met in a foreign country where they had no acquaintances, moreover, the meeting a colleague they had worked with for some time at the same company was very special to them.

The two reminisced about their memories at Shinseki and became closer.

“I don't have a car though?”

YongHo didn't have a car. Not only that, he didn't even have a driving license. However, Yu SoHyun was different.

Yu SoHyun took out a key from her pocket and pressed a button.

Bebeep

One of the cars nearby alerted its presence with a beeping sound. As he had to prepare various items he needed for spending his time in America, such as living, phones and various other things, YongHo still hadn't had the time to tour around.

Of course he was okay with it.

Boundless seas.

The first highway, which was also known as the pacific coast highway, boasted of the most beautiful scenery in the US. Cliffs lined up along the highway, and the sea that was over that was sufficient to refresh his lungs.

Spectacle.

A spectacle he wouldn't be able to see in Korea spread before him. YongHo, who sat next to Yu SoHyun, thought several times that it was good to have come here.

"How is it?"

"It's ...good....."

He didn't even need to say a lot of things. It was good. No matter which adjective he used, it felt like he wouldn't be able to express it any better.

He had to feel it with his heart.

“Silicon Valley is also famous for its natural environment. Let’s come here if we have the time.”

Yu SoHyun also had a good expression seemingly because of the drive she hadn’t done in a while. Perhaps because the car windows were open, Yu SoHyun’s long straight hair fluttered and touched YongHo’s cheek.

The magnificent scenery and the fragrant smell harmonized.

“Yeah, thank you.”

YongHo could only be thankful to Yu SoHyun’s good will. He was thankful that she had taken him to see this magnificent scenery when he didn’t even have a car. (T/N:...ARGH!!! Stupid MC!! Just realize it already!!)

“No... it was nothing.”

Perhaps due to the the last streaks of light emitted by the setting sun lighting Yu SoHyun’s face, her face was full of blushes.

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Perhaps due to having a good rest at the weekend, YongHo’s eyes

shined. He had a look at the papers relating to the work he was doing several times until now.

However, due to his lack of English ability and his unfamiliar understanding of the system, he couldn't understand it until now.

So, he read it several more times. If he didn't understand, he read again the next day, and again the next day.

As his English became better the contents of the paper started being understood by him

The recommendation system used in Jungle was JRW. This word was an acronym of 'Jungle Recommendation System'.

There was no definition of the printed results there.

'So we have to upgrade this system.'

This was the work that YongHo's team had to do. The sales from recommendation was gradually stagnating.

30% of all sales.

This percentage didn't increase and the system was gradually being automated.



America was very free with employment and dismissals, so there were some talks about dismissals with YongHo's team. Of course, Dave, who was a core personnel, or YongHo, who only moved a little while ago, wasn't included, but this was a world in which one could not foresee one inch into the future.

And even core personnels would be fired if there were no results. This happened frequently.

They would receive what is known as a 'pink slip'.

'I think it will work out somehow if I put the results in, like I did for the NetFlax Prize...'

YongHo's thoughts became deeper.

The meeting was as loud as always. The business culture was free, but responsibility followed this freedom.

They were all feeling a sense of crisis at the sales from the recommendation system.

"How does Mr. YongHo think?"

One of the team members asked YongHo specifically. The first time he participated in the meeting, he only nodded his head. Everyone was confused why he did that, but they didn't say much to him. However, when it continued, Dave asked first.

“YongHo, you don’t have anything you want to know about in this meeting?”

“Huh?”

“You were only nodding, I wondered if you were curious about anything.”

It was a misunderstanding that happened due to the difference in culture. To YongHo, a meeting was somewhere he had to listen to his superiors.

However, America was different.

One had to ask what he or she didn’t know, and point out mistakes while narrowing down each other’s opinions. In this process, the position inside the company was unrelated.

Nobody found it strange even if an intern asked ‘Why?’ to a permanent employee.

Why do you do it like that? I cannot understand.

If it was Korea, then that intern had a high possibility of not coming to work again the next morning.

America was more about ‘WHY’ than ‘YES’.

This means for people to express themselves.

“I think I can’ increase it by around 10%.”

The original sales were around, 6 billion dollars.

10% of that meant 600 million.

YongHo’s bombshell burned the conference room.

## Chapter 84: Receiver, Giver (1)

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“Although you did get picked due to Dave’s recommendation... Is it really possible?”

“Of course.”

“...Hmm.”

The project manager, Brad, who was in charge of the team which Dave belonged to, looked at Dave while locking his fingers.

There was no room for doubt about Dave’s ability. However, there were a few questions left on this person called YongHo, who Dave recommended.

Although he did win the NetFlax Prize, when he looked into it, he was only registered as a team member. He also won the runner-up prize in the Koogole’s Design Award due to cooperating with a designer.

Although he agreed to a certain point that YongHo’s personal ability was sufficient, he questioned if he really had to select a person who they couldn’t even communicate with.

“He will adapt soon and become a big help to the company.”

With his lacking language ability, he couldn’t even communicate

with his colleagues well.

Moreover, from what he gathered, he even heard that it was doubtful as to whether he even won the NetFlax Prize or not.

He couldn't even express an algorithm in a mathematical formula, and when they urged him to, he always dodged the topic.

He had only alleviated such rumors by writing the code on the whiteboard.

“As Dave's the one to recommend you, I will keep watch for a little longer. However, as you know, we can't do it for too long. We picked an experience person, who can work straight away, and not a newbie, who wants to learn from this place.”

“Yes.....”

At the manager's words, Dave's expression became sullen. This happened a few days ago.

Dave was also shocked at YongHo's bomb sentence. As he didn't speak a lot anyway, YongHo's statement was even more shocking.

“YongHo, what do you mean by that so suddenly?”

Perhaps the tutoring until now was effective as YongHo, despite not fully fluent, was at a level he could express his intention while

stuttering.

“As I look at it, currently, our system’s RMSE value was around 0.96.”

“So?”

“Supposing that there’s nearly no effect when the recommendation system is operating under 0.8, we can say that the value of 0.05 is in charge of 10% of sales.”

YongHo spoke while asking a few words to Jessie from time to time. Just the fact that he didn’t require Jessie to translate his entire sentence, it could be considered a huge development.

The people inside the conference room were also focusing on his contents rather than his stuttering speech.

“I think that what you’re requiring of me is to play a role in increasing the RMSE value and increase the sales. In conclusion, I have spoken since if I could increase it by 0.1, around 10% would increase.”

Dave, who was fussing around next to him, also quietly nodded his head. He had thought that there was reason to YongHo’s words. This seemed to be the same with other people inside the conference room.

They were all nodding their heads quietly. Dave, who was

absorbed in thinking for a moment, looked at YongHo.

“But, YongHo, will it be possible? This is something even we pulled out from.”

“Of course. You also know how much percentage enhancement I made in the NetFlax Prize.”

Seeing YongHo’s confident expression, Dave also relaxed. Of course Dave believed in YongHo. He knew that although YongHo was registered as a team member in the NetFlax Prize, that YongHo was the actual leader.

The rain clouds gathering in Dave’s heart also seemed to be lessening a bit.

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RMSE Score 0.961

This was the performance that the company’s recommendation system had. The value that YongHo wanted to change to was 1.061.

After his shocking announcement, YongHo couldn’t get into work due to the sharp gazes on the back of his head. A few team members were watching him how he enhanced the performance in rotation.

And sometimes, they asked questions.

“Why do you do it that way?”

American culture was all about ‘WHY’. Although there were a lot of functions of ‘WHY’, to YongHo, it was only agonizing.

“Oh, this is because... this variable will act as a value used in a later calculation.....”

“What I want to know isn’t that but... I want to listen to the algorithm formula that Mr. YongHo is using for the recommendation system.”

“How it works is.....”

YongHo couldn’t hide his difficulty. Now, it was difficult for him to use the excuse of not being able to speak English. Every one of his team members knew that he could do a basic level of communication.

Moreover, the thing he was doing was coding.

The fact that he was coding meant that the logic for enhancing the performance of the recommendation algorithm was already complete.

The team member behind YongHo tilted his head as he felt that



YongHo was trying to hide the logic.

“I will tell you after I finish this quickly.”

When the team members asked, YongHo could only excuse himself with that he was busy.

A few team members called Dave alone. Dave's position within the team was solid.

Although he showed childish actions, played around, and was obsessed with toys like a child, that was separate from his ability.

There was another reason why the team members called Dave.

“Dave, isn't YongHo hiding his work too much? We're team members... Does he have to be that close-minded? Or is he saying something to you?”

The team members were dissatisfied with one thing.

YongHo's attitude of not answering even when he was asked.

The first thing done when making a program was the design. During the design, it would be decided how the program will be made. Coding was a process of implementation according to those designs.

And the thing YongHo was doing now was coding. The team members thought that YongHo had already finished with the design.

And so, they had asked how the algorithm worked.

“He didn’t tell me much either. I think you can just think that it’s YongHo’s style.”

Dave didn’t think much about it. Each person had their styles while working, and if YongHo’s style was silently coding, he thought that he would just acknowledge that.

“Even so, at least he could explain to us how it’s implemented, but... he’s does nothing but coding.”

From the man’s face, disappointment could be seen. He knew that each person had their own style.

However, curiosity was curiosity.

The good thing about working with colleagues with high skill was that they could develop themselves by influencing each other while exchanging information.

This was also the reason why YongHo came to America.

“I will try talking to him.”

“I will be thankful if you did that.”

The team members had just as much desire to develop themselves as YongHo. Moreover, YongHo had stepped in, saying that they could solve their problems. They couldn't help but be curious of the method.

“YongHo!”

Hearing Dave's bright voice, YongHo gulped. He had ears that could hear and eyes that could see.

YongHo had noticed the strange atmosphere around him. Moreover, the people who annoyed him with questions about the method of enhancing the performance of the recommendation algorithm everyday, weren't asking him anymore.

“I have something to ask you.”

Dave had even brought Jessie, fearing that YongHo couldn't understand.

However, although YongHo could do coding, he wasn't at a level where he could explain in detail.

He could explain the general outline with the things he had learnt until now. However, what the team members wanted wasn't

that. It was the mathematical formulae that was at the basis of the coding, and the detailed explanations about those mathematical formulae.

“H, huh? What is it? Can’t you ask me later? I’m a bit busy right now.”

Although YongHo knew that it wouldn’t work, he tried anyway.

However, it was as he expected.

“I want to know how you are enhancing the performance of the recommendation algorithm.”

“Th, that is...”

“If it’s uncomfortable here, shall we go to the conference room?”

Dave pressured him with his eyes. The excuse of being busy also didn’t work YongHo could only stand up like a cow being dragged to a slaughterhouse.

It wasn’t only Dave who was in the conference room. Dave had messaged that all people who had time should gather in the conference room.

Moreover, what YongHo was doing was the interests of every one of the team members. The majority had gathered after receiving

Dave's message.

‘Oh... Dave, this guy. I didn't even tell him to.....’

YongHo sighed and started writing down code again that filled the entire whiteboard. As he was in the middle of developing, he didn't write all the code.

The part he wrote on the whiteboard was the part where he set the values necessary to produce a result.

When YongHo wrote down the code for over 30 minutes, there were all kinds of reactions.

People who read while resting their chin on their hands, those who stared at the whiteboard while standing up, and those who nodded with a serious face.

However, it seemed that they all shared one emotion.

A little bit of annoyance.

They were only watching him writing down the code when they should be discussing after listening to his explanation.

“YongHo, how about we bring the computer instead?”

Dave, who couldn't watch anymore, stepped in. Listening to those words, YongHo replied as if he was waiting for this.

“As expected, it should be better that way, right?”

At YongHo's words, some of the team members that Dave called, laughed emptily while others licked their lips.

The trust in YongHo was cracking, albeit minutely.

It wasn't that YongHo didn't feel the atmosphere inside the conference room. The minute changes in the moods of the employees – YongHo knew very well that he needed a breakthrough.

YongHo, who went back to his desk, brought back a laptop and the documents related to the company's recommendation system.

“Please wait for a moment.”

YongHo connected the beam to the laptop and projected the laptop screen on the whiteboard. It wasn't just a year or two that he coded without a GUI tool.

YongHo's coding speed rejected all peers. Moreover, he also had the guidance from the bug window.

YongHo fixed the source as if he was possessed.

The people who rested their chins on their hands and the people who walked around as if bored, all started focusing on the screen that YongHo had projected.

Without minding whether the people's mood changed or not, YongHo concentrated in editing the source.

‘I should just show them the result.’

The flaw in his explanation about the process would get buried under the perfect results. It was like that until now, and it will be like that in the future.

“YongHo?”

Perhaps worried about YongHo, who was typing as if he was possessed by a ghost, Dave called out to YongHo.

However, YongHo was in a focused state to the point that he couldn't even hear Dave's such call.

How much time had passed? YongHo, who exhaled his breath, relaxed his body and looked at the monitor.

Now, he had only left the last command.

```
.jrs-rmse-check.sh
```

And one line of result appeared on the screen.

RMSE Score 1.0000

The value that the company's engineers wanted so much was in front of them.



## Chapter 85: Receiver, Giver (2)

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When the results were shown on the beam projector, YongHo walked to the front of the conference room.

“The original value was 0.96 so that’s about 0.04 increase. I think I can increase it to 1.06 in a while. Then the sales would increase by 10%”

YongHo spoke while stuttering from time to time with Jessie’s help. However, no one in the conference room was listening to him.

Just one spot.

They were only looking at where it was written ‘RMSE Score 1.000’.

Then, the conference room turned into an elementary school classroom.

All ten people were raising their hands up high as if saying ‘pick me! Pick me!’. Everyone had curiosity written all over their faces.

“I’m quite tired right now so I will take questions later. I will upload the source onto the SVN so do have a look.”

No one could grab YongHo as he walked out with his laptop.

The target of awe.

This was the emotion that people had when looking at YongHo.

Tap.

However, Dave was different.

“YongHo!”

Dave clung to YongHo’s neck as he was about to leave. Dave’s body figure or height was bigger than YongHo. YongHo nearly let go of his laptop.

“Dave! I said don’t play around like this!”

Even though he said with a serious face, Dave didn’t mind it at all. Instead, he looked at YongHo, all smiles.

“What was that? You should explain it to me.”

Dave spoke while sticking right next to YongHo. However, YongHo couldn’t do what he said. So, he first passed it off.

“I’m tired since I worked late into the night yesterday, let me rest today.”

YongHo looked really tired. It was natural. He had just passed a crisis. He used all his strength, firstly while writing the source on the whiteboard for 30 minutes and secondly when he coded on the computer.

Dave understood YongHo's state.

He couldn't even begin to imagine how hard YongHo worked in order to make an RMSE score of 1.000.

As Dave himself had tried in the past, he knew better than anyone.

“Okay, I will let you go for today.”

YongHo left work first after putting down the laptop. He had already done more than he was given. As no one touched him if he did his work well, No one touched him as he left work.

The place he went to after leaving was the library.

YongHo felt he was like a swan. Although beautiful on the outside, under the water, it would flap its legs quickly.

It was for Jeff's homework to YongHo. The homework was about an algorithm called the minimal spanning tree.

A government decided to construct roads that could connect all cities together. The cost of building roads that could travel back and forth City A and City B would cost \$C and \$D. Calculate the necessary amount of money to connect all cities so that one uses the least amount of money.

Then, he wrote YongHo the necessary cost in constructing roads that connect cities.

How was this solved?

If YongHo looked at the Bug Window, then he could implement it. However, he wouldn't be able to explain the process.

The dilemma that YongHo was experiencing now was also a worry he had in the past.

To solve this worry, he was receiving tutoring from Jeff.

'My head hurts.'

The difficulty of the algorithm had shot up incomparably compared to his university days.

His head felt like bursting.

However he knew very well that if there was no such process, then he would have no development.

‘First, let’s not look at the Bug Window.’

YongHo didn’t even bring his computer to express it in formulae and not codes. All he had was a notebook and a pencil.

That day too, YongHo didn’t go back home until late at night.

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YongHo was going inside a building.

Vdec.

It was the place Jeff worked in. Thanks to YongHo solving the problem, Jeff was acting as a tutor for YongHo.

“Did you solve the question?”

The homework Jeff gave to YongHo, the minimal spanning tree algorithm.

“I solved it using Prim’s algorithm.”

There were two ways to solve the question Jeff gave him. Prim’s algorithm and Kruskal’s algorithm. The algorithm YongHo selected in order to solve the question was Prim’s algorithm.

YongHo gave Jeff his solution he wrote until now. The notebook filled with a black color was a result of YongHo's effort.

It was a solution written only with pseudocode and formulae.

“Hmm.....”

Jeff's eyes started shining like an eagle's while looking at the question YongHo solved.

After looking at it for a long time, Jeff spoke after turning his gaze off the notebook.

“Shall we go into the high level ones now?”

Until now was the middle level. YongHo felt like his already hurting head was hurting more.

It wasn't easy to become the world's best programmer.

The thing waiting him after Jeff's lesson was the English tutoring was Yu SoHyun. It could be said to be a resting time as he didn't have to do complex calculations.

Moreover, talking with a beauty like Yu SoHyun made him unconsciously more lively.

“Should we talk about companies today?”

The topic of conversation was different each time. As Yu SoHyun wasn't a specialized tutor, the lesson was about free-talking with a free topic. The lesson went as Yu SoHyun corrected YongHo if what he said was wrong.

When Yu SoHyun chose a topic, YongHo started speaking slowly.

“Currently, I go to a famous American e-commerce-related software company. Before this, I went to a big company in Korea.”

“Is that so? How was your previous company?”

“Umm...hmm... As there were many good people, it was very enjoyable. Especially... The design team leader I worked with gave me a lot of help.”

This was an obvious kiss-ass.

“.....”

When Yu SoHyun stayed still in embarrassment, YongHo's playful attitude activated.

“How about you, SoHyun?”

“...What!?”

YongHo’s smirk became denser as Yu SoHyun reacted more to his words. They had already become close enough to teach each other.

As though she thought that she was being cornered, Yu SoHyun quickly changed topic. She seemed urgent as Korean, instead of English, came out.

“Did you see that news about Shinseki?”

“News?”

At Yu SoHyun’s words, YongHo also replied in Korean. It seemed something was happening from her expression.

“They said the Shinseki app we made became a huge hit!”

“The reactions were that good?”

YongHo also seemed surprised as he asked with a serious face. The version YongHo knew was only about the recommendation system that Jeong DanBi was in charge of, reaching 100 billion in sales.

“I think it was a huge jackpot to make the customers able to wear the clothes online. My school also introduced it as an exceptional



example.”

Yu SoHyun’s words contained pride. Although she didn’t speak about it, she seemed very delighted that a service in which she took a part in its design, rising so high.

“Is it that much?”

“Also, they said that it became 3rd in rankings of Korean online shopping malls. There were also many companies preparing similar services.”

If Yu SoHyun’s words were true, then it was really a jackpot. Although, as Jeong DanBi left and started her own company, they did just gave Jeong JinHoon something good.

\*\*\*

Plop.

YongHo lied onto the bed with his tired body. The time he came home after the two tutoring sessions was nearing midnight. Also, if it wasn’t Yu SoHyun driving him by car, then he wouldn’t have even set such a schedule.

‘But I see some hope.’

When he first started receiving English lessons from Jessie.

When he first started receiving algorithm lessons from Jeff.

When he thought about those times, it was different to now.

Persistence.

YongHo raised his English skills and his understanding on algorithms using persistence.

Although not high level, he had enough ability to solve middle level problems. Although there were some deficiencies in his English skills, he was gradually approaching the point where he could participate in conferences without Jessie.

‘It is true that people should play in bigger waters.’

YongHo felt those words with his skin.

The best way to study is to meet friends who can study.

When reality came upon him, he worked hard to adapt and his persistent efforts were now producing results.

He intended to lie down for a moment but he went into sleep straight away. Without even washing up properly, YongHo met the morning just like that.

\*\*\*

Jeong DanBi and Jeong JinYong were sitting, facing each other. Jeong JinYong, who rarely expressed his emotion, also couldn't hide his pity.

“It isn't that you have to leave to do what you want, is it?”

“.....”

“The service you planned has good reaction so... How about staying here like this?”

It seemed as Jeong JinYong's pity was transferred to Jeong DanBi. However, Jeong DanBi didn't hesitate. Such decisiveness seemed to have come from her father.

“It's a problem because of that.”

“.....”

As if he knew what 'problem' that Jeong DanBi said was referring to, Jeong JinYong didn't say anything.

Even so, he felt it was a pity.

He didn't want to let go of Jeong DanBi like this.

However, that was just what he thought. After silence flowed for a moment, Jeong DanBi spoke first.

“Thank you for until now.”

Then she stood up from her seat and walked out.

Not being able to grab her going outside, he could only stare at her back.

“DanBi left?”

“Yes. They said she just left the Chairman's office.”

“So?”

Jeong JinHoon asked the man again. The important thing was not whether she left the chairman's office or not.

He wanted to know what kind of conversation happened between them.

“According to the security team, even though the chairman had tried to grab her, team leader Jeong DanBi said she will leave the company.”

“.....”

“Congratulations.”

The man bowed his head with a joyful face. As Jeong DanBi left, Shinseki Incorporated.'s successor had become one.

He had thought that Jeong JinHoon's position as the successor had solidified.

Smash!

However, what flew at the man who congratulated him was the wireless mouse placed on one side of Jeong JinHoon's computer.

The mouse smashed directly on the man's forehead and dropped down.

“Do you think this is something to congratulate about?”

“.....”

The man wrapped his forehead with his hands in confusion. From the ripped forehead, drops of blood were coming out.

“If the sales of Shinseki comes out from the service that she made

then... What will happen? What happens if the thing I put my hands on fails all the time, and what she works on succeeds all the time?”

His voice, which rose in rage, became lower towards the end. As if a reaper from hell, his voice even sounded murderous.

“I need a concrete proof that I am befitting of the position of chairman.”

Ta-tap. Ta-tap.

Jeong JinHoon fell into thought as he buried his body on the chair. Shinseki’s Magic Mirror, which he had prepared ambitiously had disappeared without a sound while leaving behind a massive loss.

As a characteristic of the manufacturing industry, the risk of failing was unimaginable. Fortunately, such a loss was being covered by the OH! Service which the smart shopping strategy team made.

OH! Was receiving enormous attention as it showed explosive growth.

3rd on the national internet shopping mall rankings.

Currently, they were even preparing for going world wide.

Although the position of the successor had narrowed down into one, Jeong JinHoon's voice had become even smaller.

“Give me all the list of members who developed the OH!.”

At Jeong JinHoon's words, the man couldn't even take care of his injuries before going to work.

## Chapter 86: Receiver, Giver (3)

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The first thing YongHo did after he woke up in the morning was to check his e-mail. The most important thing in being active in websites such as Stack Overfly or gethub was a fast feedback.

For a fast feedback, YongHo spent his time in answering questions on his e-mail or message.

As he became more proficient in English, his answer came out faster.

‘Huh?’

There was one e-mail that caught his eyes since it was the only one written in Korean amongst the English e-mails.

Moreover, The name ‘Shinseki’ was written on it.

YongHo opened it thinking that it might be from Son SeokHo or Jeong DanBi.

Greetings, I’m from Shinseki’s future strategy team.

The reason I have sent you this e-mail is not for any other but in order to meet you and speak to you about something.

The e-mail was around one page of A4. There were all sorts of



descriptive words and polite speech.

‘So does this guy want to meet me or not?’

One line of ‘meet me once’ was puffed up to a page of A4. It was a stereotypical method of Shinseki’s.

YongHo expressed his condolences to the employee who would have written this and clicked a button on the e-mail.

Permanent delete.

He didn’t even allow it to go to trash.

After deleting the e-mail from Shinseki, he looked at the other e-mails to find that there were especially a lot of e-mails today.

‘What is this... I didn’t even do much though.’

Recently, he spent a lot of time in learning English and studying algorithms. Moreover, as he even had to adapt to company life, he wanted to refrain from doing outside activities as much as possible.

That included online activities.

‘Hmm.....’

As he became used to English a little bit, he didn't experience a lot of difficulty in translating. YongHo quickly read down the e-mail.

‘Want to meet me?’

The majority was asking him to meet them. Lately, he wasn't that active on Stack Overflow so there wasn't much change in his rankings there.

Moreover, the only thing he uploaded on gethub was WindowView. There were very little questions about that.

The rest of the e-mails were mostly asking to meet them.

‘Is the Shinseki app that popular.....?’

The reason was the OH! System that Shinseki had.

‘What an e-mail .’

After checking his e-mails, he stood up to do his next job.

In front of a silent room – this was the room where Dave slept.

When he entered, the tall Dave was sleeping on his bed. His room

was full of anime products as he liked them so much.

One Piece, Naruto, Hunter X Hunter, Doraemon, etc – they were uncountable.

YongHo didn't mind that and shouted as if trying to bring the whole house down.

“DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVVVVVVVVVVVVEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!”

YongHo's face turned bright red after shouting to his heart's content. YongHo didn't stop there and pulled on the blanket that Dave was using.

“Let go!”

Dave, who had his eyes closed, was holding onto the blanket with both of his hands. His firm will to not get from the bed could be felt.

And so, they could leave the room after tackling each other for a long time. Originally, his was Jessie's job. It had become YongHo's job since he was guilty of living together

Dave, who still had the expression of not having woken up completely, shook his head with a cup of coffee in front of him/

Smash!

Jessie's vicious smash landed on the back of Dave's head, hard to the point that it made one wonder if Dave was alright.

"Wh, what is it?"

"Just until when are you planning to sleep?"

Jessie, who appeared flashily by smashing the back of Dave's head, sat down.

"I'm not sleeping. I'm not!"

Dave rebelled against her while shouting. However, Jessie didn't even snort.

Jessie asked YongHo.

"What were you going to talk about?"

From some time, James was also sitting there. The solid muscular body on the small chair produced a very pitiful scene.

It was an amazing scene.

As YongHo spoke, the frowning faces became smiley and smiley.

And they frowned again.

“You want to try that?”

Jessie asked YongHo.

“How is it? Doesn’t it sound OK?”

YongHo’s face looked excited. It was his expression when starting something interesting.

He explained about the scout offers that filled his inbox, and his process of rejecting them

And finally, he came up with an idea.

“Speed it up and raise the accuracy you say.....”

“Looking at it now, it isn’t optimized in processing images so the speed is quite slow. Also, a lot of data is used... Can’t we improve those parts?”

“It’s always the last 2% which is the most difficult. As you know, we had difficulty raising the recommendation algorithm from 0.96... well, thanks to you, now it’s over 1.0.”

At Dave’s words, James, who sat next to him, also nodded his

head. He seemed to agree completely.

Moreover, the problem wasn't just that.

“You must have written the competitive business prohibition clause, too. Will you be alright when you go back to Korea?”

Jessie asked worriedly.

This was kind of an oath written when leaving the company. There were all sorts of clauses within that oath to prevent the leakage of technology to similar other business within the industry. Jessie mentioned that point.

The strange thing was that neither Dave nor James were worried about that.

They only seemed to think about how to develop it.

“Hm... A service that makes you able to wear clothes online.....”

Not listening to Dave, YongHo looked at Jessie.

“I didn't make the core library so... will it be a problem? Moreover, it's not the same thing but a modified one.”

YongHo also seemed to be worried as he blurred the end of his

sentence. This was also the reason why he was talking to Dave and the rest.

If it's really implementable, whether there won't be any problems with laws, etc – he felt he needed to talk about a lot of his worries.

“If you didn't go back, it isn't a problem.....”

Jessie's words were a bit strange but YongHo didn't mind it much. Dave still seemed to be thinking how to implement it.

James was also with him with his sleeves folded.

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The process of an idea becoming a real service goes through many stages. The mid stages may be different from case to case but the start was the same.

Someone's proposal.

It needed a proposal to do one kind of service.

With Dave's help, YongHo was speaking of his idea to the PM in charge.

“We do not only sell clothes, but it is something worth considering.”

“Not only clothes, I think it may be used in lots of other areas. For example, you may want to place things like furniture in your house and do the interior design beforehand.”

“It’s not a bad idea, but... I think work may progress faster if you show me the results first.”

The PM also seemed to want it as he licked his lips. YongHo’s words had enough potential.

As Shinseki’s example had shown them, if they could upgrade it a little more and put it on the market, then there will be good responses.

However, the work YongHo was assigned to hadn’t properly produced results yet.

He had thought that doing another work now was impossible.

“Then, I have to show you the results by finishing the recommendation algorithm tuning as soon as possible, right?”

“Yes, if that’s the case, then I’m all for it.”

YongHo’s mind became more urgent when he heard the PM’s,



Brad's, words.

\*\*\*

“And so?”

“.....”

“If there's no reply, is it the end?”

Jeong JinHoon growled in a low voice. He didn't seem to like the man's work process.

“There's another method. To go to America and meet him personally.”

As though he had caught that Jeong JinHoon wasn't in a good mood, the man spoke carefully.

However, even that method didn't satisfy Jeong JinHoon.

“America...America, you say... He did write the competitive business prohibition oath before leaving, right?”

“Yes. It's in the company.”

“Then... send this. We will sue them if they don't come back to

the company.”

“T, to who, sir?”

“All the people amongst those who participated in developing OH! who have left the company.”

“.....”

The man thought this was going overboard, but he couldn't say anything. Since if he didn't listen to Jeong JinHoon, he would be the first one to get fired.

\*\*\*

Son SeokHo looked at the certificate of content that was in front of him with a sweet bean bread in his mouth, the first thing in the morning. His stiff face indicated that he was under considerable stress.

“Team leader, a certificate of content came for me.”

“A certificate of content?”

Jeong DanBi whisked away the envelope Son SeokHo was holding and quickly read it. The two were both waiting to leave the company after they had handed in their resignation forms.

Certificate of Content.

Name of Receiver: Son SeokHo.

Address: XXX, XXX, ..... Seoul

Name of Sender: Shinseki Inc.

Title: Prohibition of Competitive Transaction Notice

The receiver and the sender had consented about the prohibition of competitive transaction when the contract of employment has ended.

Therefore, if the said consent is not protected, you may receive damages due to lawful processes.

Said damages will be annulled if returning to the said company.

It was, in a sense, a warning. A warning and a threat. If you go to another place after leaving the company, you will be sued. Jeong DanBi bit her lips after reading all of it. The already red lips puffed up in a brighter red.

“This.....”

“It seems I wasn’t the only one to get it.”

The figure of the people that could be seen through the office window didn't seem that good. All of them were looking towards Jeong DanBi's room with an envelope in their hands.

YongHo, who was far away in America, also received an e-mail about the same thing.

‘What is this, are they threatening me?’

YongHo's face turned darker as he read the e-mail. He didn't even read the previous e-mail sent by Shinseki and deleted it permanently.

However, he couldn't do that with this e-mail.

‘I think I need to do something.....’

YongHo, who read all of the contents on the e-mail, knocked the door to Dave's room.

Swoosh.

He heard something moving about quickly in the room and the door opened slightly. Dave greeted YongHo only with his face.

“What is it?”

“I received a notice of violation of prohibition of competitive transaction from my previous company... Can I talk to you for a moment?”

YongHo’s voice was powerless as if he was worried. He couldn’t think of anything that could be done if he was really sued.

However, Dave answered simply.

“Why are you so fussed up about something so simple? Go to sleep.”

At Dave’s reaction, YongHo was about to feel disappointed but he endured it and asked again.

“It really isn’t a big deal?”

At YongHo’s reaction, Dave seemed to realize as he continued hurriedly.

“Oh... You didn’t know? Go look up code 16600.”

“What? Code?”

When he first heard it, he thought that it was some computer code. However it wasn’t.

Every contract by which anyone is restrained from engaging in a lawful profession, trade, or business of any kind is to that extent void.

This was the abbreviation of the law clause that was added to the Californian civil law in 1827.

## Chapter 86.5: YongHo and His Colleagues' Snack Session (2)

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Topic of the Snack Session : Algorithm, I can't understand you no matter how much I look

YongHo : .....(Looks at a distant mountain)

Son SeokHo : .....(Looks at a distant mountain x2)

Dave : What is it, is something there?

Jeff : What is more fun than algorithms!?

YongHo : Th, they're fun, they're fun alright. I also think that way.

Jeff : You're still far from capable. You can see some bugs, but you're no good with algorithms.

YongHo : .....

Na DaeBang : I need to go console HyeJin! Why did you call me here!?

YongHo : Then go with me to buy flowers and presents and let's go to a restaurant. I also don't know why I'm here.

Jeff : You're not going anywhere!

Buy flowers and presents.

Go to a restaurant.

Console HyeJin's heart.

A set of actions to solve a problem is considered an algorithm.

Readers : It's too hard.....

It's also hard for me.....

Jessie : Dave, why are you here again? Are you gonna go back, or do you want to get hit?

Dave : Well then! Let's go home!

YongHo : Wow, I wish it would be easily solved like that.....

Jeff : At least algorithms have a clear answer, human hearts cannot be solved by algorithms.

YongHo : Isn't that why things like machine learning came out?



Recommend what people likes and predict and tell them.

Jeff : Huh?

YongHo : Heheh, I looked it up.

Jeff : Then shall we start learning those areas too?

Son SeokHo : That sounds interesting. I'm also interested a lot in data mining.

YongHo : Le, let's start with finishing off what I'm currently doing.....

I heard that the world of computer science is boundless.

Let's start with finishing off what we're doing now!

# Chapter 87: Code 16600 (1)

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Competitive business prohibition clause.

And code 16600.

It was California Business and Professions Code Section 16600 clause which was added to the Californian civil law in 1827.

According to code 16600, Californian business had no way of stopping an employee from leaving, nor did they have any way to stop the leakage of secrets. The only thing they could do was 'gentleman's agreement' to not poach each other's employees.

While big Korean businesses fatten their stomachs under the industrial technology outflow prevention and protection law, the businesses in Silicon Valley compete fiercely.

Techno Valley in Pangyo, Korea, cannot and will not become like Silicon Valley.

Of course, it wasn't because of only this that Silicon Valley rose up to be the area of worldwide startups.

However, this law was representing the biggest value that Silicon Valley had.

Personal ideas are the topmost priority.

YongHo felt electric currents down his entire body while reading the articles related to code 16600.

‘Silicon Valley really is.....’

He subconsciously exclaimed.

A culture that respects the individual more than the organization.

A culture that takes creative ideas as more important.

A culture that takes failures as experience.

This was the complete opposite of what YongHo experienced in the Korean IT industry.

A business culture that respects organizations rather than its individual.

A culture that makes losers as dropouts.

A culture that treats creative ideas as nonsense, and 4 dimensional.

‘No wonder it’s called the city of startups.’

On the internet, there were countless other advantages of Silicon Valley other than just contents relating to code 16600.

Of course, there were disadvantages here and there.

However, people all gather at Silicon Valley since the advantages weigh more than the disadvantages by a large margin.

\*\*\*

Even so, he thought ‘perhaps, maybe’. YongHo looked for Brad to be sure.

“You received such an e-mail from your previous workplace?”

Brad, who heard YongHo, also didn’t seem to think much. Such an attitude made YongHo relieved even more.

“I need to talk to the legal team of the company first, but I don’t think you need to worry that much.”

“Thank you.”

“No at all. Rather, the company is expecting a lot from you, Mr. YongHo, after seeing that you bring out ideas actively.”

YongHo felt that Brad was thinking him as important. He listened to his ideas, and became interested in the things happening around him.

America, which was the representative of automation and industrialization, instead seemed more humane than Korea.

“Yes.”

After talking with Brad, YongHo found his passion again.

When he went back to his office, everyone was concentrating hard on their work. They were absorbed in reading the source that YongHo committed which made the RMSE Score 1.000.

The gazes of the people reading the source gathered towards YongHo at once. All of them had ‘I want to know how you did it’ written on their faces.

‘Seems I need to do this first quickly.....’

YongHo avoided the gazes as much as possible before going to his seat quickly.

Then, he exuded an aura of ‘I’m really busy right now’ for a few days by typing madly on the mechanical keyboard.

Fortunately, no one spoke to him easily.

Only the typing sounds of the mechanical keyboard was resounding across the quiet office.

\*\*\*

YongHo, who was sitting inside a café, was anxiously waiting for someone. As if to hide such anxiousness, he was typing the keyboard of his laptop on the table.

Then, he looked at the faces of the people entering the café.

YongHo was disappointed several times, but eventually, his expression became bright.

It made one wonder if he could be any more delighted. YongHo excitedly jumped around while waving at Jeff who was coming.

“Mr. Jeff!.” (T/N: Dang, it ain’t SoHyun, lol, all that description above...)

“I don’t think you need to wave you hand around so much.....”

Seeming uncomfortable at YongHo’s such exaggerated reaction, Jeff had a difficult expression while sitting down.

As they met several times until now, they weren’t that awkward with each other anymore.

“You know how much I waited for you until now.”(T/N: YongHo, you don’t say that to other men... Haiz...)

Before Jeff even sat down, YongHo turned the laptop around to face Jeff’s direction.

YongHo was planning to ask Jeff about the recommendation algorithm that he was making. He was planning to express what was written as codes into mathematical formulae and listen to his explanation.

He already sent the source code before they met.

“How is it? Did you have a look at the source?”

Like Jeff had already received a written oath from YongHo, YongHo received the same thing from him.

Moreover, Jeff was already a famous person within the software industry. He had more than YongHo. YongHo thought that there was no reason for Jeff to backstab him so he could show him the source of the recommendation algorithm he was tuning until now.

“I did have a look, but... You’re saying that you cannot explain properly even though you’ve implemented, is that right?”

Jeff looked at YongHo without even looking at the laptop. In

Jeff's common sense, this was incomprehensible.

No programmer would be able to understand if he/she asked another programmer to explain his/her own source.

Moreover, there were explanations in the form of comments here and there in the source. As YongHo had solved the problem he had difficulties with, it was also hard to believe that the source YongHo showed him was from someone else.

"I will tell you the specifics next time, so can you explain this to me first?"

YongHo begged Jeff. In Korea, nobody complained about anything if the program ran without hitches.

It was just Son SeokHo who asked for the logics to YongHo now and then.

However, it wasn't like that here.

There were 10 people like Son SeokHo. They asked very specifically about YongHo's development process.

For YongHo, who only learnt from other people, this was a new experience.

'To explain a correct information in detail... this is the only



method.'

The information the bug window tells him should be correct. However, it was insufficient with just that if he wanted to tell another person about it.

He thought that only when he understood it himself fully, could the other people understand if he explained to them.

This was the biggest reason why YongHo was meeting Jeff.

On a piece of A4 paper, several equations were dancing around. Even Jeff didn't know everything. However, as he had the experience on top of his basic level of knowledge, he could understand something fast no matter how hard it was.

His superior basic intellect, which was unlike YongHo, also played a role.

However, superior intellect didn't imply teaching well.

"Is it me who cannot teach or is it you who can't understand....."

Jeff, who was amidst of explaining, stood up and stretched his body as if fed up.

YongHo had no thoughts of going home before he understood this perfectly.

Fortunately, what looked like alien language was changing to be more numbers and signs.

“So, you’re saying that the calculation of  $\Sigma 1 \text{ to } n$  is substituting the for-statement on line 470, and for a better performance, the layered Sigma is written out, right?”

YongHo was only looking at the piece of A4 paper which Jeff wrote to explain.

To understand everything without leaving anything out, YongHo didn’t even look away once.

“And you didn’t even learn higher level algorithms. You’re really interesting.”

While looking at YongHo who asked for a confirmation, Jeff could only marvel.

“I don’t have any thoughts on going back home before I understand this, so please.”

“.....”

“Then shall we go to the next part?”

Jeff also hurried with explaining the next part. He didn’t seem to

want to spend his time with another man for an entire day.

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He couldn't work forever. To pretend to ignore the hot pleads of his colleagues around him, his back was hurting too much from their gazes.

He also had the things he learnt from Jeff. YongHo sent a notice to all his team members.

There will be a simple explanation in the conference room at 2:30 p.m. Please come if you have the time.

YongHo set out for the conference room. YongHo. The entire team had gathered to listen to YongHo's explanation.

'First, I should draw their attention using the results and go over it fast.'

```
./js-mse-check.sh
```

YongHo first ran the program to check the results. The value which appeared on the screen was 1.010. It was 0.01 higher than last time.

The people widened their eyes after confirming the value. YongHo was also looking at the number which the beam projector

was shooting.

‘Even I find it amazing, how amazed must they be?’

YongHo tuned the algorithm while changing the results on the specification document.

Once, he wrote a really high number but there was no result. Instead, a word he saw for the first time could be seen on the bug window.

Impossible. (T/N: There ya go, that’s the answer most people were curious about)

He found it amazing that there was something impossible with the bug window.

YongHo got out of his imagination and proceeded on. Fortunately, as he had intended, all the people were looking at the board with marvel.

“I think you have probably read over the source I’ve uploaded. And so, I’m planning to briefly explain about it today.”

After speaking, YongHo quickly explained what he had learnt from Jeff. He postponed the questions which popped up to after his explanations ended.

It seemed the things he had learnt from Jeff was effective as the curiosity written on the people's faces here seem to go away a bit.

A sweet rain poured over a drought.

They knew a bit after reading the source. However, listening to the original creator was different. This gave them confirmation whether what they understood was really correct or not.

Some colored in delight that they had seen through correctly, and some colored in delight that they got to learn something new.

“Any questions?”

The same thing happened as last time. All the people inside the conference room raised their hands up high as if trying to attract attention.

“I can't answer all the questions now since I don't have enough time, but I will have sessions like this to explain a few times a week.”

At YongHo's words, people found it to be a pity. However, even YongHo couldn't do anything about this.

Tell the team members what he had learnt from Jeff. To do that, this method was the best he could do.

When leaving the conference room, Dave was waiting for him with his thumb held up.

“YongHo! Amazing! I knew my eyes weren’t wrong.”

Dave also seemed to be excited. The RMSE Score kept rising. In addition, the only complaints that the team members had, satisfying their curiosity, was being solved bit by bit.

“I should have done this sooner. I’m only sorry.”

“If you’re busy you can be like that. And also, YongHo has the qualifications to do that.”

Dave spoke while remembering the scene inside the conference room just now. All the people who were listening to the explanation, nodded their heads in agreement. YongHo explained it easily to help their understanding.

It was an explanation which Jeff, the top of the top, gave. There was no way there were any flaws.

“Okay, I will do better from now on.”

YongHo spoke while smiling. Although it was small, his own area was appearing at this place. YongHo could now smile in satisfaction.

## Chapter 88: Code 16600 (2)

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-Absolute power of offline distribution, Shinseki, stands firmly as a powerhouse online.

Such a title was decorating the first page of the newspaper. It was an article any employee in Shinseki would rejoice about. However, only Jeong JinHoon wasn't like that.

The entire time he was listening to the report, Jeong JinHoon's frowned face didn't disappear.

“And so, it will be hard, you mean?”

“...Yes. Even within the country, there were extremely few successful cases of a lawsuit for competitive business prohibition, and also, even if we do, we would have to do it on the Korean court.....”

“And so, the alternative method?”

“.....”

Jeong JinHoon's face changed to a devil's. His rage was reaching the peak since things weren't going the way he wanted.

Bang!

At that moment, the door opened and Jeong DanBi entered the office. A secretary stood on her side, not knowing what to do.

“Was this certification of content sent by you, president?”

Jeong JinHoon didn't show any ripple even despite Jeong DanBi's cold words. He found his composure to the point that it made one wonder if it's the same person who was enraged until just a few moments ago.

“So you decided to leave the company?”

“President Jeong.Jin.Hoon!”

Jeong DanBi threw the envelope in her hands to the ground. It was the evidence that she was angry to such a point. At such a figure, the presidential aide and the secretary quietly left the office.

“Good thinking, however, it's enough for one to leave. The rest? No.”

“It's my team.”

Ta-tap. Ta-tap.

Jeong JinHoon tapped on the desk with his fingers. He was cold to the point of being inhumane.



“No, it’s the company’s team.”

“.....”

“If you want to take them out, then try. If you have the confidence to take responsibility for them.”

Jeong DanBi’s face turned fierce. She was also a child of Jeong JinYong. A strong will to not lose could be felt from her.

Jeong DanBi’s stiff face never loosened even when she came back to the office. It was the same with the people gathered inside the conference room.

“I think it’s probably not easy. We don’t know how they will interfere with. The only thing I can promise you with is to give you clear rewards when we achieve success>’

Jeong DanBi promised firmly, but the will of the people was already against her. A few who said they will go with her, left their seats.

“Even if you can’t come with me, I have no plans on giving you any demerits. I’m person who’s about to leave anyway. Please don’t be so stiff.”

At Jeong DanBi’s words, the few who were left there also left

their seats. The final members only numbered three.

“...Well, it’s fortunate that you’re with us, head researcher.”

Manager Heo JiHoon and head researcher Son Seokho was left. Jeong DanBi stroked her chest in relief.

Son SeokHo still had a sweet bean bread in his mouth.

“You will have to block them, team leader.”

Son SeokHo was also a married man, so he was not entirely without worries. Moreover, the prohibition of competitive business clause was also a lump in one corner of his heart. (T/N: Too bad, Son SeokHo’s already married. Those with Son SeokHo x Jeong DanBi ship will be disappointed...?)

“Don’t worry about that.”

Even with Jeong DanBi’s firm voice, he didn’t rest assured. However, as he had to go through with this at least once, Son SeokHo once again resolved himself.

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The performance YongHo showed was sufficient to make people shocked. However, it wasn’t just because of performance that the team members were surprised of YongHo at.

“You aren’t going home?”

“Yeah, I will look at this a bit more.”

When he felt that his own ability was improving, the already joyful work felt even more joyful.

As time went on, the time he went home became later and later, and sometimes, there were days he didn’t even go back.

“Even so, you need to rest.....”

Some of his colleagues talked to him in worry. As YongHo’s language skills were improving, his relationship with the people around him also improved.

Moreover, as YongHo also had exceptional skills, he had more popularity from the people.”

“Oh, I will. Thanks.”

Even after his colleagues went home, the office YongHo was in always kept its light.

Dave had already left work saying a new action figure came out.

YongHo was awkwardly walking around in front of the company building. Yu SoHyun, who got off the car was standing there with some snacks and coffee.

“Seems there’s a lot of work.”

“It’s not that. It’s just that I find it awkward to rest all the way in America.”

YongHo also seemed to be used to Yu SoHyun as he was treating her with much more comfort than before. Perhaps due to having met in another country, they became closer much faster.

“You aren’t going home?”

“Oh, I will go after I do a little more.”

The clock was already pointing to midnight. YongHo was planning to sleep at the company again today. The company was providing its employees a more comfortable space than home.

“Is that so.....”

Yu SoHyuns replying face flashed with disappointment for a little. Perhaps her emotions were a bit too high, but YongHo also felt it.

“I will finish up and come out so... shall we go home together?”

Yu SoHyun's disappointed face became brighter in an instant. Perhaps due to it being late at night, there were rarely any cars on the streets.

Yu SoHyun and YongHo were in a car in such empty streets.

\*\*\*

RMSE Score 1.050.

It was the score that Dave worked really hard to achieve. The reason he participated in the NetFlax Prize was also because of his desire for that score.

He tried to raise his skills by a level while upgrading the company system.

It was a basic desire that any humans would have.

However, the result was that he didn't win in that competition. Due to an Asian team that popped out from nowhere, he lost without being able to find any excuses.

'No way.'

At first, he thought as such. If it was a result that was near to his own, then he would have believed it. However, the unsurpassable

wall of a number made him go to the convention center.

And he met Lee YongHo there.

This person made him, who was bad with strangers, approach him. Most people approached him first. The exceptional head and skill made people promise the best position even without having to lower his head.

Even so, this person made him want to approach him first.

Pure curiosity.

He wanted to be close to YongHo due to the curiosity and admiration that this person had done the things he couldn't have done.

When he conversed, he didn't look like a bad person either. Jessie and James, who were with him, were of the same opinion.

He wanted to become closer, and wanted to work together. And eventually, they met again like this.

‘They do say the world is wide.....’

RMSE score 1.050.

Dave still couldn't seem to believe it as he was looking at the value in the middle of the conference room without being able to take his eyes off.

“Thank you for your work.”

The manager of the team, Brad, also couldn't hide his surprise when he saw the result that YongHo showed him. This Asian guy who Dave brought and who 'might' be clever, had long since gone from his memory. Now, he was Lee YongHo and not Dave's friend in his memory.

‘As expected.....’

There was a saying that bird of a feather flock together. When Dave recommended him, he had at least believed in him a little.

‘He would do fine to some extent.’

The score that Dave submitted to the NetFlax Prize was also surprising. However, when they applied Dave's algorithm to the company, the results weren't that good.

RMSE Score 0.96.

He had thought that this was the limit. And so, this was the point in time where he was looking for outside personnel. YongHo was the one who came as a result.

‘I can’t increase the number of team members.....’

The economy was not in a good situation worldwide. Also, there was a limit to the members in every team. He thought that YongHo being hired was just temporary.

He had the thought that he would fire him if there was no result.

However, it wasn’t like that now.

The daily overtime work made YongHo tired. Although he was tired, that was the same as when he was in Korea.

This was America. He didn’t come here to give up just because he was tired. To live a better life through his self-development, he had come all the way here while making his parents worry and giving up all the foundation he had piled up in Korea.

‘This would be my first step.’

YongHo looked at the team members in front of the conference room. Although he was short of 0.01, nobody could say anything.

Just this number was enough to give them an impression of him with enough left over.

Now, the company was the one which should worry if YongHo



left.

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When the results came out, the takeover was done quickly.

YongHo's ability that he proved, the company benefited the more he was assigned a task.

Just Dave working as a senior data engineer gave them considerable profit.

YongHo was someone who was predicted to be more exceptional than Dave.

As he was in the process of making such predictions a reality, a team for YongHo was prepared quickly.

“Hello. I’m Kenneth Roy who became in charge of SA(Service Architect: Someone who designs service) this time.”

This man was someone who had white teeth and blond hair like Dave. The man offered his hand first and greeted.

“Nice to meet you.”

YongHo also offered his hand. Dave, Jessie and James had

already been assigned to his team due to his request.

To minimize their absence in their original team, they decided to work on both things in the beginning stages. They had decided to respond to the team's requests while planning for the new service.

AA(Application Architect), DA(Database Architect), TA(Technical Architect, SA, etc – there were many specialists needed to make a single system,

Kenneth took on the SA role, James took on the TA role, and Dave took on the DA role. With YongHo taking the final role, AA, the basic division in roles occurred.

Jessie took the role of support in the parts that the team lacked. And the one to manage the whole team was taken on by Brad.

The main character of the first conference was Kenneth.

“I made a requirement definition document after analyzing the service by Shinseki, which is the motive of the project this time. Please refer to the documents I've sent you before while listening.”

Kenneth put the requirements which were written tightly in small letters, on the screen.

ID : EXP\_01

Requirement Name : User Space.

Requirement Explanation : An space to apply the item that the users selected to reality.

A click on the select button on the top can allow all items in the space to be transacted.

A click on the delete button on the bottom will make a select box of the list of items to delete.

Type : Function

Related Personnel : All users.

Although the style was slightly different, this was a document that YongHo had seen a lot while developing programs. However, most of his time was spent on developing as per the requirements, he didn't participate in writing the document from the beginning like this.

‘That’s long.....’

Kenneth was explaining each requirements. Why such function is needed, what effect it has, with what evidence he used to inserted such functions – he explained in clear detail.

4 hours later.

‘This is not my style.....’

Developing was fun.

Finding results and making something was a fun process for him.

However, this time was literally a time ruled by logic. The ones who participated most passionately were Jessie and Brad.

The rest seemed to be of the same mind as YongHo as even James was dozing off.

‘Phew... It won’t be easy.’

YongHo opened his eyes which were about to close.

# Chapter 89: Basics Of Program Design (1)

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Requirement definition document was the basics of the basics in program development. The requirement definition had to be organized properly in order to decide how to develop the requirements, how big the scale of the service will be, how they will decide on hardware specs, etc.

The starting point of all software development was the requirement definition. It was rare for an ordinary developer to participate in the requirement definition. In Korea, the only developers called PL(Project Leader/Programming Leader) participated in such things.

And currently, YongHo was participating in the meeting.

“So, you want to receive a video and not pictures of the person, right?”

“Yes, that’s correct. Currently, the service provided by Shinseki is receiving 8 photographs in total. That means that one has to take 8 pictures while manipulating the screen. How inconvenient is this?”

Kenneth expressed passionately. It was definitely true. Rather than touching the screen 8 times, touching it once to achieve the aim will enhance user comfort.

However, image processing was a different field. YongHo didn’t even begin to grasp whether it will be possible or not. Dave and

James were no different.

They were speaking with just the little knowledge they learned in their undergraduate days, post graduate days or when they were in society and learned from a few people.

“Won’t it be difficult to process videos? Why don’t we just go in a direction where we can take all photos that would be processed, at once.....”

YongHo was the same. As this wasn’t his field, he had no confidence while speaking.

YongHo asked Brad who was sitting next to him.

“Is the employment of an image processing specialist not yet?”

“Yes... I did put out a notice but it’s not easy.”

One of the cores of this service was image processing.

In order for a user to feel an online space as realistic as possible, they needed a specialist in the image processing field, but it wasn’t easy to find such a person.

“Let’s talk about this later.”

In the end, Kenneth also had no choice but to go to the next part. There were still over 100 requirements to talk about.

The biggest worry that YongHo had while he was in the conference room was when the meeting would end.

Until now, he could set the time to end the meeting as he was the one to lead it. However, it wasn't like that now.

YongHo was in a position where he should listen. Moreover, the one called Kenneth, who took on the role of the SA, seemed older than YongHo.

He looked like a 'superior at work' just from his outer appearance.

"I will share the next parts via JIRA so please check."

JIRA was a type of project management tool in order to increase productivity of the project. If one opened a project, one could register the members related to the project.

And when an issue occurs in the project, then an e-mail will be sent to all the registered people. As a program developed by a company in the US, recently, it was used a lot worldwide.

Kenneth only spoke of a few important things, then said he will share through JIRA, then ended the meeting.

“Huh?”

At the unexpected end, YongHo sat there absentmindedly. Most of the people were folding their laptops and stood up to leave.

“Aren’t you going?”

Dave, who listened to the meeting next to YongHo, tapped him. Anyway, it was fortunate that it ended quickly.

If it was Korea, the meeting would not have ended there.

After the meeting ended, YongHo came outside to cool his head. When he sat down on the bench and talked about what happened in Korea to his friends and colleagues, Jessie muttered as if it was absurd.

“Really?”

“I think they spent about more than half of the day in meetings.....”

From what he could remember, half of what his superiors did in Korean companies were meetings.

After being called to various meetings all day, they started doing their own work at night. It was a structure with unavoidable



overtime work.

Sometimes there were cases where there was a meeting at 12 o'clock in the night. It was a schedule which can only be called insane.

“The first meeting was only long since it was the overall briefing... From now on, the rest will be mostly done through JIRA. Or, it will end quickly like today.”

YongHo sighed in relief at the fact that he didn't need to participate in long term 'marathon' meetings.

Jessie, who came back to the office, was sticking post-its on the wall. As he had already experienced it in Shinseki, YongHo also knew what she was doing.

‘Seems like she's doing that Agile methodology or something.’

YongHo was skeptical. He thought that this methodology will be ignored without being used due to being chased by the schedule.

He had already experienced this once. He didn't think that it will be much different here.

“YongHo!”

Dave, who was standing in front of the whiteboard, called

YongHo. He looked very excited in expectation of the future. In Dave's hand was a piece of post-it that Jessie gave him.

"I got work, YongHo needs to start too!"

Dave spoke while waving the post-it on his hand. In the small post-it there were a lot of work written on it.

Service related schema design and writing generation script.

YongHo, who confirmed the contents of the post-it that Dave held, approached Jessie.

He could see the words written on the whiteboard more clearly.

Vertically, there were 'things to be done', 'in progress', 'completed' written and on horizontally there was the names of the people in charge of them

Jessie looked at YongHo who was watching the whiteboard.

"This project will progress according to something called Scrum of [Agile development methodology](#)."

"Scrum?"

YongHo felt like he had heard of it before. However, he didn't

know clearly how it worked.

“Well, the developers don’t need to worry about it that much. Here, the thing you need to do.”

YongHo gulped dry saliva after checking the post-it that Jessie gave him.

Deciding and designing the structure of each stack in the software.

“How long will it take?”

Not knowing YongHo’s thoughts, Jessie asked.

“Tw, two or three days will be fine?”

YongHo answered without thinking. There was an ‘image’ of him within the company. Such image made him feel a sense of repulsion in taking more than 1 day to do things.

Although Dave was on his side, not all the members of the company were on Dave’s side.

He wanted to exist not as a person who Dave recommended, but as Lee YongHo.

And so, the pressure that he needed to do something faster and preciser than anyone was dominating YongHo's thoughts.

And that pressure was making the schedule tight.

“Really? I thought it would at least take 1 week. You sure are different, YongHo.”

When Jessie spoke while nodding, YongHo was regretting. An arm appeared on the regretting YongHo's shoulder.

“Didn't I say so? That YongHo's different.”

Although he wanted to say something to Dave who was speaking comfortably, he held back. It was something he had to do anyway.

‘Sigh...How do I request now?’

He was unsure of how to ask Jeff for help. YongHo had not designed a software properly yet. He was at the frontline of development – coding.

The only thing he did from start to finish was developing a small function for an app.

\*\*\*

YongHo first found his way to the front of Jeff's company. The best method to solve this problem in 2 days was not going to the library but coming here – this was the answer he arrived at.

“Please teach me.”

“Why should I? I'm really busy.”

“I solved a difficult problem for you last time.”

“Didn't that end with the algorithm tutoring?”

“Then let's do it this way. I will solve another problem for you this time.”

Jessie looked at YongHo with a doubtful gaze. He had already seen through YongHo's ability to a certain extent through the algorithm tutoring.

It was a miracle for YongHo to solve the problem last time with his ability, which he found out.

Algorithm required an exceptional brain. One had to solve mathematical problems with a fast-calculating head.

However, YongHo solved the problem with effort and not his brains.

As he saw that process while tutoring him, it was a mystery for Jeff that YongHo had solved a problem relating to performance.

“Hm.....”

“You don’t have anything to lose.”

“It’s a loss for me to show you my source.”

YongHo felt a sudden surge of anger when he heard Jeff’s words. However, he was in the inferior position of the requester. He couldn’t do as he wanted.

Pitying YongHo who kept begging, Jonathan chimed in.

“Jeff, why don’t you let him try? Didn’t you say that there was an error in the screen that you made as a prototype last time?”

Jeff showed YongHo a screen as if he had no choice.

“I made some libraries here but due to an error, I can’t use it. Since it had low priority, I had left it for later. If you solve this, then I will help or advise you in design as you said.”

YongHo’s expression, which looked as if he was about to die, instantly brightened. He was worried that he might have to go to the library to read about software engineering if Jeff didn’t allow it.

Even without that, he was living while minimizing sleep. He didn't think he would understand anything even if he read.

“Thank you. Please think that you've just saved a man.”

While checking the bug window which appeared next to the screen that Jeff showed him, YongHo spoke.

Fortunately, there was a guide message on the bug window.

“Which computer should I use?”

“How long do you think you need?”

“About 20 minutes?”

Jeff's suspicions became deeper. Even he himself couldn't fix it after 1 hour. Various libraries were tangled around due to dependency.

To solve this, he thought he would have to edit the libraries themselves so he had left it for later.

And YongHo was saying that he could fix such a problem in just 20 minutes as though it was guaranteed.

“Then use my computer. I will leave for a moment.”

“Then it’s easy.”

When Jeff left, YongHo took off the bag he was wearing and took off his coat and hung it on the bag.

Then he spoke after rolling up his sleeves.

“Then here I go!”

YongHo knew better than anyone that the result was already set in stone.

YongHo quickly started typing on the keyboard. Jeff wanted to go outside to get some wind, but he couldn’t.

“Jeff! It’s done. Please come and check.”

Not even 20 minutes had passed. When Jeff, who came back from the toilet, was about to put on his coat, YongHo called him saying the problem was fixed.



# Chapter 90: Basics Of Program Design (2)

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“You finished it?”

Jeff’s words contained strong disbelief. Absolutely, definitely, that shouldn’t happen. He himself also could solve bugs. However, he had no confidence in solving it this quickly.

Jeff naturally thought that YongHo would try for a few times and go home after giving up.

He had only listened to his story since he tutored him for some time.

However, YongHo’s next words made him realize that this was indeed reality.

“Yes. Please check.”

YongHo spoke even without having tested it. That made Jeff even more surprised.

“You didn’t even check if the coding was done well?”

“Well, it wouldn’t make a difference.”

YongHo’s slight arrogance was based fully on his ability. Jeff asked again, seemingly in disbelief.

“Do you even know what libraries were used?”

“I looked and saw that for the web server, you used Nginx and Spring, and for ORM, you used mybatis... did you not?”

At YongHo’s firm reply, Jeff didn’t ask again. He pushed YongHo away, who was in his seat, and ran the web service quickly after sitting down.

```
# service nginx restart
```

The web service ran like normal. Now was the time to check the page where the actual problem occurred, YongHo was calm at this part.

Rather, it was Jeff who seemed nervous instead.

YongHo looked at Jeff firmly without saying anything.

‘I seem to see this kind of expression a lot these days.’

Jeff’s expression wasn’t that different from other people. The dumbfoundedly open mouth, and the eyes trembling in disbelief were expressions YongHo saw a lot.

“.....”

Jeff silently looked at the screen. The problem was definitely solved correctly. If he himself wanted to do it, there was no reason why he couldn't.

It was just that, it would take time. Moreover, he had no confidence in fixing it this quickly.

“How did you do it? It can't be this fast... You didn't even test whether it ran properly or not.....”

“Perhaps because I did a lot of things web-related, I could see some stuff.”

“No way.....”

Jeff didn't seem to believe it. However, as it was happening in front of him, he couldn't not believe it either.

YongHo was already used to seeing things like this. It wasn't just once or twice that he had seen the reactions of the people in disbelief.

“Anyway, I solved the problem so it's your turn now. I don't have much time.”

YongHo urged Jeff. He had already guaranteed that he would finish it in two days. Although one or two days late would be fine,

the trust in him might diminish.

If ‘once’s piled up to be twice, thrice and four times, then it would lead to distrust. YongHo didn’t want to pile up the first ‘once’.

Although Jeff didn’t want to believe it, the results could be seen with his eyes. He had no choice but to listen to YongHo’s request.

“The most important thing in designing the basic structure is the answer to whether ‘you can accept all the requirements’.”

YongHo listened in to Jeff’s words. The will that he wouldn’t miss a single word or line could be felt.

Jeff also slowly began explaining after he felt YongHo’s passion.

“For example, say that you’re creating a web service, but there’s no mention of which web server you would use in the software structure design.”

“That doesn’t make sense.”

“Like that, the softwares in the said structure needs to satisfy those requirements. The next most important thing is the efficiency.”

Jeff’s explanations went on for a long time after that.

The things to consider were: satisfying requirements, performances to fit the number of users for the service, and the interface between the software stacks.

(T/N: This paragraph probably doesn't make sense. I... don't know all these stuff...)

\*\*\*

After listening to Jeff's explanations, YongHo had a look at the requirement definition uploaded on JIRA.

The base was written by Kenneth, and the rest would be decided by discussion.

Currently, the progress was at about 80%.

'First, this will be transferred to the company's service so we would have to follow the basic software stack that the company is using.....'

YongHo drew Linux at the very bottom. Majority of servers worked on top of an OS called Linux.

The reasons varied. It was free, light(For example, memory storage), and supported most open source ecosystems.

‘The server would go on top of that and for the same level DB, I can use MySql. There will be a lot of users so, to easily expand the servers, let’s use Docker to make the settings be able to be done through coding.....’ (T/N: I understand none of this stuff)

He slowly built up the design. Of course, the end result would be a single sheet of pictures.

Drawing the general picture to see which software they would use – this was what YongHo was doing.

It was finally dawn and the sun was rising. YongHo stroked his hair down and was agonized.

‘How should I fill in this part.....’

YongHo was worrying which to use for a part of the software structure, which he had left blank. This was perhaps the core of the development this time – the image processing part.

‘Well... I don’t know any of this stuff properly so I can’t fill this part in.....’

Processing images and videos required a professional of another field. Unfortunately, YongHo’s fields of expertise didn’t include such ability.

‘I need a person to help me.....’

There was one person.

Na DaeBang.

Even in Shinseki, most of the development worked around him. Although there were a lot of deficiencies in the uploaded images, just looking at the service, it was sufficiently successful.

‘He should have gotten off work by now.....’

YongHo picked up his phone and called. However, even after calling several times, it didn’t go through.

‘They do say leaving the company means the end.....’

YongHo got off the chair and lied down on his bed in disappointment. The worry he had before he called had become reality.

This guy followed him calling him ‘Seonbae’ all the time, but now that he left, there wasn’t even a single call.

‘Let’s sleep here for today.....’

The disappointment called for more sleepiness on top of his already tired body. YongHo fell asleep the moment he lied down, snoring.

\*\*\*

A brown leather sofa was filling the entire living room. Pottery and paintings, which could be seen here and there, were filling the rest. A glance would be enough for one to tell that they were considerably expensive.

It was a scene that could be seen in TVs, where the so-called rich kids would live.

There, was a man of a big stature, standing without being able to sit.

Na DaeBang, it was him.

Na DaeBang was standing up without even sitting down. Everytime he spoke, the middle aged man with greyish hair, sitting in the middle, had his expression turn stiffer.

“I will go.”

“Shinseki sent a request. Not to send you.”

“Do I need to listen to even those kind of words?”

“Then... What would you listen to?”



“.....”

Na DaeBang suppressed the words which came up to his throat. Na DaeBang's father, Na SeonGi, had thick bones in the national assembly to the point that he was a 3rd time member. He knew what Na DaeBang wanted to say.

“Can't you live with forgetting it like your brothers?”

“Allow me to go. Then I will try.”

Na DaeBang's attitude was serious. His two hands were neatly placed together, and desperation could be felt from his eyes.

“If you really want to go, then... go.”

As soon as those words came out, Na DaeBang packed up his stuff and went downstairs. He had already finished preparing.

“Then I will see you later.”

Na SeonGi couldn't take his eyes off Na DaeBang who was leaving the house.

There was no finger amongst the ten fingers which didn't hurt when bitten. However, there were some which especially hurt more.

Na DaeBang was like that.

\*\*\*

Perhaps he was stimulated by YongHo's words of finishing it in two days, Dave's result were also uploaded on JIRA in just two days.

The results which came up saying it was the initial version was an ERD(entity relationship diagram : Database design).

"You finished it already?"

"There were tables that the company had already defined beforehand. I defined the relationship between that and the service we're developing and the end! How is it? I did well ,right?"

Dave panted in front of YongHo like a puppy awaiting praises. However, YongHo didn't have the mind to praise Dave.

He hadn't finished the design for the image processing part.

'Do I have to go to Jeff after this or something.....'

He didn't think that his last straw of hope, Jeff, would know about it. He already found what Jeff specialized in through ListIn.

Algorithm, Software Design.

Although there were a variety of things, the above two were the most impressive. And so, YongHo had requested for help. However, he had no skills in fields related to images or videos.

He probably has the basic knowledge. However, the problem was that what YongHo wanted wasn't 'common-knowledge' level, but an expert's level.

'I should first ask Brad if we recruited some new people.'

Most of the morning time passed with listening to the explanation about the ERD Dave wrote. Fortunately, there weren't a lot of entities(The logical container where data is contained) so the explanations weren't that long.

The phone YongHo left next to the sofa was vibrating without rest. YongHo was having a brief nap due to working last night without sleep, after he had lunch.

Viiiiin Viiin.

Perhaps he was just very tired, as he didn't wake up easily.

Snatch!

Dave, who was watching that, snatched the phone which was about to fall to the ground. There was the company number on the phone screen.

“This is YongHo’s phone, what is it?”

“Oh, there is someone who’s looking for Mr. YongHo.”

Dave, who received the call, shook YongHo to make him wake up. YongHo, who woke up from sleep, received the phone half-sleeping and walked to the company lobby.

‘I think something similar happened in the past.....’

The memory of Dave coming to find him without any plan when YongHo was in Shinseki, overlapped.

‘Dave’s next to me, and that means.....’

There was one person he knew, other than Dave, who was just as rash as Dave.

‘Don’t tell me.....’

He went to the company lobby nervously. A man, who had a busy beard, due to not having shaved for a long time, and who had a stature not losing out to James, was there.

“Seonbae-nim!”

Na DaeBang, who found YongHo, was waving his hand at him, seemingly delighted. Due to his figure looking like a beggar, he was receiving all the gazes of the company people.

“Mr. Na DaeBang?”

YongHo confirmed after going up to him. It was indeed Na Daebang. Na DaeBang was standing there with a backpack and a travel case.

“What did I say to you? Didn’t I say I will come!?”

Na DaeBang spoke while laughing heartily. YongHo coincidentally was in need of Na DaeBang. (T/N: That’s no coincidence, that’s plot armor) While being delighted, on one side, he was very panicked on the other.

“But why did you not answer any of my calls? Also, how did you even know I was here? What would you have done if I wasn’t?”

YongHo poured out all the questions he had in his heart. Not answering his questions, Na DaeBang looked at YongHo while grabbing his stomach.

“Can we eat first? I’m hungry. Korean food if possible.”

“Haha.....”

This was the second acquaintance he had met in America. YongHo felt a slight bit of comfort seeing that Na DaeBang hadn't changed, while he felt delighted.

# Chapter 91: Basics Of Program Design (3)

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Only after finishing their meal could YongHo listen to the situation. They were all unbelievable.

“What were you going to do if I wasn’t at the company, or I pretended to not know you?”

“This isn’t the company so I can just call you hyung-nim, right?”

Na DaeBang tapped his plump belly as he sipped his coffee.

“Y, yes.”

“Hyung-nim, you should also drop the formalities with me.”

“Yes, let me do that. And so? Really, why’re you even here?”

YongHo was truly curious as to why Na DaeBang came all the way here. If he had any connections, well, it was understandable, but looking at him, it didn’t look anything like that.

“I came to see hyung-nim.”

“...Don’t speak nonsense.”

“It’s real though?”

This time, YongHo tried to stand up from his seat. It was a wordless threat that he would leave if he spoke any more nonsense.

Na DaeBang hurriedly grabbed YongHo's arms as he was about to stand up. Then, he spoke while changing his expression.

"It's for real. I really did come here to see you, hyung-nim. I don't have a lot that I've learnt from my parents, but if there's one thing, it's the eyes to see people."

When Na DaeBang spoke in a serious voice, YongHo also asked while sitting down.

"And so?"

"In my view, I don't think you're genius-clever, hyung-nim. But sometimes...you also feel like a genius."

Na DaeBang also didn't seem to understand completely as his words sounded quite weak. It matched exactly with how Jeff understood YongHo.

That was the truth.

YongHo was no genius. He had only coincidentally acquired the ability to see the bug window.



If he didn't have such an ability, he would just roll around the SI industry and end his life there as a developer.

“.....”

“But there is one sure thing. You're a trustworthy person. You're a person who puts in effort. You're a just person. And lastly, you're a person with a future I'm curious about. Although you're not an enormous genius, it's true that you have some ability. The fact that you're setting foot in America right now also proves that. Conclusively, I don't think that you would stop here.”

Na DaeBang quickly mentioned the things he was thinking. YongHo's changing expression as he spoke, was quite the item to look at. He was embarrassed as if his privacy was found out for a moment. He didn't look like he knew what to do the next moment, with the continuous praises.

“And so, you came all the way here. Is that what you're saying?”

“Yes. I came since I want to work with you, hyung-nim.”

“Wow, you really are reckless.”

“Well, if I can't then I can just go to Stanford.”

“Is that easy?”

“Is it hard for you, hyung-nim?”

YongHo wanted to smack Na DaeBang, who was playing around, but he couldn't. This guy reminded him of Zhang Fei from the Romance of the Three Kingdoms, in both stature and looks. He didn't lose out to black people.

“Anyway, what happened with HyeJin?”

YongHo suddenly thought of Choi HyeJin who dated Na DaeBang. If he really ditched her to come here, he really did plan to smack him on the head.

“It's not like you're going to stay in America forever, hyung. I will meet her when I go back.”

“Well, you did come at the right time since I have something to ask you about.....”

A worry he had forgotten about came to the surface. Now that he saw him, it didn't look like he had decided on place to live yet. It wasn't like YongHo could ignore a person who came all the way here believing in him. It felt right to at least solve his eating and housing. If so, it wasn't just one or two places he had to spend money starting with housing and living expenses.

‘Hm... should I raise my salary.....’

There was one method. This was to raise his current salary of 120 thousand dollars. Since he couldn't let Na DaeBang into the company as he had no work visa, he thought that the most reasonable method was to raise his salary and cut some pressure off of Na DaeBang.

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YongHo, who sent Na DaeBang to Dave's house first, immediately requested for a meeting with Brad. He planned to explain the situation and ask him to raise his salary.

He was trying to go with a method to give some of the money to Na DaeBang.

As the company was short in finding an image processing specialist, he had the confidence that his request would get granted.

“Then how much do you want?”

“I think I would be fine with 200 thousand dollars.”

“Do you mean that you won't have to look for an image processing specialists if you do?”

“Yes.”

Silicon Valley's average salary was 100 thousand dollars per year. This meant that he would need at least 100 thousand to recruit a new person.

However, what YongHo offered was a 80 thousand dollar increase. Moreover, he had already shown his abilities and ensured his value.

Brad's reaction was very positive. In YongHo's mind, Brad was already thinking of recruiting this person.

YongHo's thoughts produced results after the meeting.

Na DaeBang, who came to the company the next day, raised his thumb at YongHo.

"I knew it, hyung-nim, what did I say to you?"

At Na DaeBang's look full of confidence, YongHo felt the urge to bully him.

"Then we should start working now."

"Is there no introduction or anything?"

"What introduction when you're only a part time worker. We have to finish designing the structure by tomorrow so let's start with that."

“.....”

As he had already promised to work, Na DaeBang had no choice but to quietly sit down in front of the computer.

He already had experience making a library when he was in Shinseki. Structure design seemed to end quite easily with his memories coming into play.

“So, we have to decrease the size of the images and increase the performance, right?”

“Also, we have to solve the pains of having to control the camera 8 times.”

“I need to think about it to give a clear answer but... I think there is a method.....”

“Although the current service by Shinseki is rising high, what I got from your words is that just the storage costs quite a lot. Also, even when the sales drop, the maintenance cost would be needed anyway so there might be a time when they have to close the service. We don’t want to meet such a situation.”

“That’s true. Even before I left, there were a lot of talks since 20% of the profits were going to maintenance costs. There were also complaints from the users that taking those photographs were such a pain.”

“So, we need to fix those two points first. If we speed up the process of fusing 8 pictures into one to have a look from 360 degrees, then it will be for the best.”

“I understand what you’re saying.”

“If any bugs occur, then speak to me. They told me you can meet the specialists in our company if you don’t know anything so don’t worry on that.”

YongHo spoke while patting Na DaeBang’s shoulders. One of the reasons that he went to a good company was because he could meet several people with ability.

YongHo was planning to use that point well.

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They decided to add a container called Docker on top of Linux and put a web server called Nginx inside it.

They confirmed using MySQL and NoSQL for the DB, and decided to use java to develop the web application.

The big picture was completed with the libraries developed by Na DaeBang being added. When the software structure was decided, now the design to implement it started for real.

‘To think we have to name a class and explain the functions before we even code it.....’

To code with the language known as Java, one had to make a file called xxx.java.

A class was a name that was used to call xxx.java logically. In these classes, methods and variables would be used. (T/N: That’s like... the most basic thing about java. This should be explained at the the very beginning of a novel, or not at all...) (E/N: Hush most of us scrubs don’t know squat about coding. Even if I can read javascript. I’m still learning here)

The functions of a class had to be decided in order to design the methods and the variables inside it.

‘I should write in as much detail as possible, right?’

Of course, one could make a class while coding. However, this was no different from making a building without the blueprints.

One would know what the results would be of a building made without a design.

‘It’s not that detailed.’

In YongHo’s view, the documentation for the design was very

lacking. When he was working in Korea, detailed explanations about a class filled a whole page of A4, if not more.

It would go over a single page of A4 if he just wrote down the explanations on the various functions of the class and the important variables.

And when he did, sometimes, the design specification document went well over 100 pages.

‘Well, it’s good that we’re beginning with the specification document anyway.’

Sometimes, there were cases where the documentation was written after the development was finished.

In the industry known as SI, the last stage was inspection. What happened in inspections were code and documentation checks, and they put more weight into checking documentation.

YongHo vaguely remembered the times he made the documentation after the development was finished and it was just before the inspection.

‘Compared to those days, this is heaven.’

A black shadow was casted over YongHo, who was drawing the UML and was writing down the explanations of each class.



Then a rock-like face suddenly appeared.

“J, James, what is it?”

Next to James was Na DaeBang. Since two people with huge bodies were standing next to each other, it was like looking at two huge pillars.

“This guy keeps following me.”

“Okay, I will talk to him.”

Even at YongHo’s answer, James seemed to have more to say as he didn’t leave.

As such thing was quite rare for him, YongHo asked.

“What? Anything else to say?”

“The design YongHo does is too complex. It’s not practical.”

“.....”

“UML(Unified Modelling Language : Language used in designing) is too complicated. You will spend the entire night while doing that. It’s easier to write on the whiteboard. There’s no reason to

write common knowledge stuff in the documentation.

When James continued, Dave, who was looking for something interesting as he was bored with work, jumped in towards YongHo as if he found some prey.

“Huh? Did YongHo make this?”

“Y, yeah.”

“But you sure went crazy with this. What are you going to do if there are things to change as you go?”

On the screen YongHo was looking at, rectangular boxes were drawn everywhere. To show the relationship between those boxes, between them were riddled with lines.

There was not even a 1cm gap. As he made it with too much detail, the screen looked like some ink was thrown at it.

“R, really? I always did it this way.”

“The most important thing is to divide the components(A set of important functions) according to the situation... Like this, I think it will only get more complicated.”

“.....”

At Dave's words, YongHo couldn't say anything. While writing up the UML like mad, he never considered components.

"Shouldn't you... do it again?"

Dave spoke carefully. These words basically made YongHo's effort into soap bubbles. The screen with riddled with rectangular boxes and various line to the point that white couldn't be seen anywhere.

However, he had to accept what he should accept.

To be stubborn about a wrong method was what idiots (T/N: Literally, since idiots basically mean people acting like 3 year olds) did. YongHo thought of his initial motivation when he first arrived here.

Let's learn even one more thing.

"O, okay."

YongHo powerlessly replied. He couldn't help the fact that he was disappointed. Fortunately, there was no need to delete everything.

"You don't have to start from scratch, and you just have to categorize them into components... And it will be hard to edit if you draw here, so I think you should use that wide whiteboard over there, how is it?"

“Ok, I will do that.”

“Well, then, please pick.”

“Huh?”

“We should do it together. It’s already nighttime, when are you planning to go home?”

“.....”

Dave spoke as if it was obvious. This place was where individualism was dominant. When people finished their work, they would not mind other people’s business.

“Hyung-nim, there’s also me.”

“I’m also here.”

Na DaeBang and James too... As if she had predicted it, Jessie was coming from afar with her hand full of coffee.

His heart felt emotional.

He wanted to stay with these friends in the future as well.

# Chapter 92: Beyond Appreciation (1)

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‘So this is what living is like.....’

Now that they did it together, the work progressed quickly. Although it was his colleagues who were instead thankful, at that moment, the one he thought of wasn't them.

YongHo shook his head.

Even so, he thought of her.

‘Should I go to SoHyun-noona's place?’

When he looked back to his past, there were times when she waited for him, but never a time when he waited for her.

Yu SoHyun's face he thought of didn't disappear even while getting help from his colleagues.

‘She should be at school right?’

The time Yu SoHyun returned home wasn't that different to when YongHo returned home. Excluding the times when YongHo slept at the company, they mostly returned to their homes at the same time. The curriculum of Stanford was just that harsh.

‘I should ask her to drive me home on her way home.’

YongHo had not bought a car yet. He was planning to buy one after he found a house.

He forgot that Na DaeBang would live in Dave's living room for the time being. Late at night. Na DaeBang quickly realized the reason why YongHo got off in front of Stanford University.

“Good luck, Hyung-nim!”

YongHo found Na DaeBang hateful. He came here only because a thought struck him, and he wasn't in the relationship that he thought.

‘I did come here without notifying her... will she be at school.....?’

YongHo moved his steps with half worry and half expectations. The street lights were lighting up the pitch black night of Stanford.

The place he met Yu SoHyun was in front of the school library. Just like the time he first met her here, she was wearing a hooded T-shirt and glasses.

The makeup-less figure was instead more charming to YongHo.

“Why did you come all the way here!?”

As if she was really surprised, she acted exaggeratedly, with even her arms loosened. YongHo pretended as if it was nothing and just gave her a cup of coffee.

“Well, I just came here to inspect if you were really studying.”

“What?”

“I thought about it, but I never seemed to have come for you myself.”

He couldn't say the word 'noona' from his mouth so he just exclude it. Yu SoHyun didn't seem to notice anything as she just stared at YongHo with wide eyes.

Hooded T-shirt and glasses, a makeup-less face that looked like a sheet of paper, comfortable jeans – these made her look like a genuine university student. She looked younger than YongHo who rotted due to all the overtime work every night.

Whenever moonlight reflected off her white cheeks, he almost ended up touching her cheeks with her hand.

“How's school?”

“I'll graduate soon so I'm busy.....”

Yu SoHyun sighed while looking at the moon in the sky. The

place Yu SoHyun applied to was Stanford MBA. d.schools (E/N: design schools in case you forgot) had no real ‘entrance’ or ‘graduation’, just ‘completion’.

As such, she had to go to Stanford if she wanted to listen to d.school. This was the reason she applied for MBA. It was a course that she had applied since she thought that she couldn’t survive in this field just by making good designs as a design team leader in Shinseki.

The amount of money she needed, with her living expenses and tuition included, was over 100 million won per year ( $\approx 87,000$ USD). Moreover, there was no one who took MBA courses and d.school at the same time like her.

As there was no friend for her to consult her future about, she could only be more worried about her future.

“You have the skills so you will do well in whatever you do.”

The word ‘noona’ was also missing in this line. At YongHo’s words, Yu SoHyun’s expression became bitter.

A shadow loomed over her.

“Well, it isn’t easy. Designing doesn’t have a specific answer.”

Programming was precise. If a problem occurred, if one solved that problem, then that person would receive acknowledgement.



Arts such as designing were very unclear. It was subjective, and one couldn't judge easily.

A design that may look good to person A maybe completely different in person B's view.

YongHo could not advise Yu SoHyun in any way. There was no way a person like him who was illiterate regarding design could give her any advice.

However, he could do something else.

"E, even so, you even took the MBA course so... If you really get stuck, then I'll take responsibility."

"Huh?"

YongHo scratched his head for a moment and spoke.

"Well, I know very well of your ability anyway, so I will look for a company that you can go to. Don't worry that much." (T/N: up to now in this chapter, YongHo used polite speech in confronting Yu SoHyun)

"You will? Thank you, just those words are enough. And didn't I say to drop the formalities with me!? Just until when are you going to be so stiff?"

Yu SoHyun changed topic since YongHo's 'offensive' attitude was very awkward.

“Ok, I will.”

“G, good.”

Now that YongHo came out strong, it was her who was stuttering instead. While the two were conversing, time flowed quickly and it was already 1 a.m.

“Shall we go?”

“Y, yeah.”

YongHo stood up first after checking the time on his phone. When YongHo stood up from the bench, Yu SoHyun naturally followed.

Now the situation where YongHo lead the way, occurred. However, the driver was Yu SoHyun, YongHo could only fasten his seatbelt on the passenger's seat..

‘I think she's worried about employment.....’

Even after returning home after he met Yu SoHyun, he couldn't shake it off his mind.

He couldn't forget the figure full of worries as if it was engraved in his mind.

‘Hmm.....’

He felt like he might think up of something good if he kept thinking about it. For some reason, he felt like he was forgetting one thing.

‘What was it.....’

He thought for a moment and thought of someone.

‘Yes, Jonathan was in Jeff's company.’

The figure of Jonathan Hive flashed in his mind. As a person who received a prize in the Design Award by Koogoo, according to Yu SoHyun's words, he was one of the big shots in the design industry.

YongHo was acknowledged by Jeff to a certain extent. It was important that he was showing him results, despite the fact that he had an unclear ability.

Just with the results that he had shown Jeff until now, there were plenty of possibilities for him to listen to YongHo's words.

America was a land of recommendations. As Dave had recommended YongHo, he was thinking of recommending Yu SoHyun.

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Fortunately, YongHo's words worked. Although Jeff grumbled as always, he didn't refuse YongHo's offer.

Although his basic trust in YongHo played a role, rather than that, it was Yu SoHyun's own ability which affected him considerably.

The interview date was scheduled quickly. Yu SoHyun was also nearing graduation. She was overjoyed when she heard YongHo's words.

"You go to Stanford MBA?"

"Yes I'm going to MBA and d.school at the same time."

"Just why did you go to MBA? There are plenty of other design specialized schools....."

Jonathan didn't take his eyes off the résumé that Yu SoHyun gave him before the interview. It was a very special career. He had never heard of a designer going to MBA as of yet.

As she knew that lies were of no use, Yu SoHyun just honestly spoke.

“As it is written in the résumé, I applied for one since I thought that designers should know about human resources management or the situation of the company during the time I worked as a team leader in Shinseki. As Stanford also had a d.school, I thought that it was more fitting.”

Jonathan lightly nodded his head, seemingly satisfied with her answer. No matter how difficult employment was, the employment rate of Stanford MBA was over 70%.

Jonathan was only thankful that such a talent had come to him on her own.

Moreover, as she had experience in a real career, this was an interview with his intentions mostly set beforehand.

After that, the interview finished up quickly.

It seemed that the interview went smoothly as Jonathan and Yu SoHyun walked out of the meeting room with happy faces. As she was a fan of Jonathan, Yu SoHyun's expression looked better than ever.

She looked delighted to the point that YongHo felt that he was worried for nothing.

Although he did feel quite... sour when he looked at her smiling while looking at another person, he didn't show it and asked.

“Well, how did it go?”

“I need to talk with the team members to be sure but... I don't think there will be changes though?”

Jonathan replied while making a strange smile. The thing Jeff and Jonathan were doing was a startup related to compression of video streaming.

As the office wasn't that big due to it being a startup, everyone's gazes were focused on them as they walked out of the meeting room. As they had all looked at Yu SoHyun's résumé, they all looked very positive.

“Thank you.”

Yu SoHyun expressed her appreciation again and smiled brightly. Her salary was also very satisfying.

Jeff, who was sitting in his seat until now, suddenly chimed in.

“You really will recruit her? I'm suspicious since it's YongHo's recommendation.....”

Nobody minded Jeff's grumbling. Even at that moment, YongHo

was looking at Yu SoHyun's bright expression.

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After they left Vdec, YongHo's tone of words felt a little distant for some reason.

"That's good, you passed."

"Sorry, I didn't even thank you."

"Well, sometimes that can happen."

"No, I really thank you."

Even while going downstairs after they left the company, YongHo walked in the front. Yu SoHyun hurriedly called YongHo as she followed behind.

"Hey, slow down a bit."

"Oh, o, ok."

YongHo slowed down as if he had just come to his senses. Now, the two's shoulder height became level. When Yu SoHyun's face neared his neck, YongHo thought it was fortunate.

‘Jonathan’s tall too.’

Along with that the previous scene replayed in his mind. The solid looking shoulders and long legs looked cool even in YongHo’s eyes.

It was not an awkward picture at all even if Yu SoHyun was in his embrace.

“What, is there something?”

Yu SoHyun couldn’t endure her curiosity and asked since YongHo looked very strange, especially today.

YongHo pushed away his unclear heart and replied as if nothing had happened.

“Not at all. Didn’t I tell you? I will take responsibility. Just treat me to a meal!”

Boom.

Yu SoHyun seemed to have misstepped as she swayed as if about to fall over the stairs. The high heels she wore to the interview were the problem. One of the heels got caught at the end of the stairs.

YongHo hurriedly supported her up and asked.



“You okay?”

“Y, yeah.”

Now, it was Yu SoHyun whose atmosphere was strange. In contrast to YongHo who returned to normal, Yu SoHyun was feeling embarrassed.

Not having seen her blushing face, YongHo checked all over her body to see whether she was injured or not.

She had even worn makeup and perfume on top of the office look and the high heels.

The slightly wavy hair emitted a fragrant smell of shampoo.

The figure of the Shinseki design team leader was perfectly recreated.

Thump.

Perhaps due to having misstepped, Yu SoHyun’s heart started pounding quickly.

“Are you really alright? I think your ankle is swollen.”

YongHo worriedly bent his knees and looked at Yu SoHyun's ankles.

To check for any sprains, he even touched and stroked with his hands.

Thump, thump.

As their skins touched, her heart started pounding harder. Yu SoHyun thought that he should stop now, but that ended with just being a thought.

“You really are alright, right?”

The voice full of worries came inside Yu SoHyun's ears like a bullet and flashed across her mind.

Boom.

Her heart pounded as if to explode, and her head was paralyzed as if shot by a bullet.

When the dam exploded, the piled up emotions swept like a tide. Yu SoHyun had never thought that a single worrying voice would make the dam she was barely blocking collapse in an instant.

To hide her ripples from the wave of emotions, Yu SoHyun quickened her steps.

“W, wait for me!”

YongHo shouted while following behind.

## Chapter 93: Beyond Appreciation (2)

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This was a place she had saved up to go in a joyful occasion like this. Yu SoHyun took YongHo to a restaurant where they could see the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge.

The time was when dinnertime was just about to begin as they came here after the interview. Yu SoHyun seemed to have intended to come here as there was a reservation.

“Isn’t this place too expensive?”

“I think it’s fine for a day like today.”

The waiter guided them to a window seat. Outside the window, the bridge that connected San Francisco and Oakland was emitting light.

The bay where the sea engulfed the land, and the lights that sparkled on top of it. This made both YongHo and Yu SoHyun drunk.

Although they didn’t drink a sip of alcohol, they had already become drunk in the atmosphere.

Dishes came one by one and wine, which YongHo didn’t remember ordering, was placed on top of the table.

“Will you be fine with drinking?”

“You will take responsibility anyway, won’t you?”

It was YongHo who panicked at Yu SoHyun’s firm words. Although he didn’t realize when he was the one to say it, now that he had heard it, he didn’t know what to do.

At moments like these, he felt that programming, which had a clear answer, was easier. He felt comfortable like he was confronting an emotionless woman.

When YongHo didn’t say anything, Yu SoHyun quickly continued speaking.

“It’s alright. It’s just for the mood anyway.”

Then she sipped a little. YongHo couldn’t hide his worry, but Yu SoHyun was very calm.

This was very natural as the wine she had ordered was a non-alcoholic wine. As the order was made beforehand, YongHo, who had no knowledge of wine, didn’t even think that it was non-alcoholic.

“It’s already been 2 years.”

Yu SoHyun quietly cited. She had already come to America before YongHo had. As such, Yu SoHyun’s American life was already

nearing 2 years.

YongHo was also nearing 1 year.

‘Now that I think about it, team leader Jeong DanBi told me she’d wait for one year, but I don’t know if she’s doing well or not.’

While looking at the bridge where light danced around, YongHo reminisced about his life in Korea.

Yu SoHyun suddenly spoke after she looked at such a figure.

“What are you thinking about?”

YongHo was surprised as if he had done something wrong and just waved his hands. Yu SoHyun thinned her eyes and poked the bullseye.

“You’re thinking about a woman, right?”

There was no fortune teller more correct than this one. YongHo quickly replied in fear of raising her suspicion.

“Yeah, I was thinking about mom. I’m worried about how much she will be worrying about me in Korea.”

Yu SoHyun seemed to agree as she looked to the outside.

“I also want to see mom.”

Now it was YongHo who looked at Yu SoHyun. Moonlight was hitting her cheeks as if jealous.

However, that was a mistake on the moonlight's part. The moonlight that hit her cheeks reflected off and was instead making a dreamy mood.

The sparkling clumps of light stayed around Yu SoHyun and was pulling YongHo closer.

Subconsciously, his body leaned forward.

“Wh, what is it?”

Yu SoHyun spoke, surprised after looking at YongHo leaning towards her. For a moment, countless lines swirled around inside YongHo's head and disappeared.

There was a word that stood out from the rest.

However, the word that came out from his mouth wasn't that word.

“Think of me as mom.”

“Rubbish.....”

Yu SoHyun no longer replied to YongHo’s mood-breaking words. Then, she sipped her wine again. YongHo, who fixed his position also emptied the red colored wine into his mouth.

Bitterness pervaded his mouth.

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Jessie called Dave, who was playing games and not doing work at all at the company, with a loud voice.

“Dave!”

However, Dave didn’t even turn his head and concentrated on the game. It was reasonable as he was wearing a headset over his head.

This was a product on which a red ‘B’ logo was clearly engraved on the black background.

Jessie violently pulled the headphones off Dave.

“Stop playing games and let’s go home!”

“What?”



“Sigh.....”

“Wait a little, I’m about to win this thing.”

“Dave.....”

Jessie heaved a sigh and called Dave quietly. Dave twitched at her tone of voice and quickly quit the game.

“O, ok, let’s go! Home!”

“Jeff called me. He says we should eat out some time.”

“.....”

“Can I?”

“Is there a need to ask me?”

“I don’t know. I really don’t know. Just what is the problem?”

“Thank you always.”

“That’s it?”

Seeing that Dave was silent, Jessie quickly turned away. Dave extended his arm as if to grab Jessie from leaving, but he only grabbed empty air. Not having seen his actions, Jessie quickly left the office.

\*\*\*

Feeling a cold aura in the office from the morning, YongHo shivered.

“What, what is it now?”

“Now you know how hard I have it, right?”

Dave looked as if about to cry. As this wasn't the first or the second time it happened, YongHo tried to distance himself.

“YongHo, just what creature is a woman?”

Dave spoke while secretly pointing towards Jessie as if he couldn't understand. However, as if she had eyes on her back, Jessie shouted.

“Dave! Come to the meeting!”

At Jessie's angry words, everyone except Dave gathered in the meeting room.

As the Scrum method had advised, the team had a meeting for about a quarter of an hour every day.

This was that meeting.

All the people in charge of each area had gathered. The topics of today's meeting were already shared through JIRA. As such, there wasn't a big objection to Brad's words.

"Now we're almost done with the design so let's start implementing for real."

Brad spoke with his hands placed on the table. If it was Korea, various complaints would have come up already. We didn't have enough time. This part wasn't finished. That part wasn't finished.

However, this place wasn't like that. Work was proceeding well as if cogwheels were exactly in place.

To implement, coding was needed.

Coding was YongHo's specialty. This was his time.

The various basic development environment setting were already done. CI server(It has a function to automate building, testing, and distributing), which he had only used when doing a project with Son SeokHo and IntelliJ, a common IDE.

Especially, in case with IntelliJ, companies had to pay.

Korea was extremely sensitive in regards to money. Some places even encouraged illegal downloading of common software. They were telling developers who get paid for software, download programs illegally.

A difference in culture became a difference in ability and a difference in competitive ability.

This place was different.

Even if it required money, if the productivity increased, then they allowed paying for it. There was no limit to the amount of money if the tools related to developing were necessary.

‘Shall I start?’

YongHo stretched his arms by raising them up with his hands locked. It was a warm-up exercise he did before coding.

Coding was YongHo’s most confident specialty. Designs and algorithms, in the end, became programs through the act known as coding.

Then, he placed his two hands on top of the keyboard.

A piece of art was starting to be written on the screen with the

language known as Java.

The part that YongHo was in charge of was the server side. A different programmer was assigned to developing the web screen, or the app, which was the contact point between the user and the program.

And YongHo was in charge of all, overlooking all of them. As his salary was increased and he was acknowledged for his skills, he was promoted to a higher position with a bigger responsibility.

It was a completely different culture compared to Korea where one had to pile up 'years'.

Ability centered.

Although YongHo was pressured, on one side, he felt proud.

High salary and important position.

This was the most definite motivation.

The most important part in looking after the programmers was the code review. YongHo had to put comments as to whether there were any problems in the code that the programmers wrote.

Coincidentally, a request for code review had just arrived. He already had experience in doing a code review to the point that his

soul left his body, with Son SeokHo.

Now he was confident to say that he knew better than anyone if it was about codes. Although he was lacking in his knowledge of algorithms, or in designing, or image processing, he was confident if it was coding.

That was the source of energy that made YongHo endure in this place, and the driving force for him to develop himself in the future.

‘Hmm.....’

YongHo checked the code review request alarm and had a look at the code that came up on the branch(it gets put into ‘master’ if the code storage is confirmed) inside the Git storage.

‘There are more things to comment on than I thought.’

Even the coding style was different from the agreement they had. For example, basic indentation was 4 spaces but with this, there were some which had two and some which had 4 – it was all over the place.

‘This is the basics though.....’

He could just pass it over as a mistake if there was just one or two places. However, the problem was that it wasn’t.

Moreover, it wasn't just the coding style that this code had broken.

‘The variable names and the method names are wacky too.....’

It was hard to safely pass a single line of the code. The method name to check the user from the client to the server was named ‘userChk’ and stuff like that.

This had breached the rules to use as little abbreviations as possible.

‘I did clearly state to use ‘userCheck’.’

He had definitely wrote up a coding guide and uploaded it, but it seemed that this person hadn't read it.

YongHo felt that there was a limit to explain with JIRA. The principle in the code review process was to check online first, and meet up if there was something to say.

This was to provide an environment for programmers to focus on developing as much as possible.

‘I should meet up and speak about it.’

YongHo stood up from his seat and headed to the place where the

client developer was working.

He went to the place where the client developer was but he couldn't talk straight away. At that place was Kenneth, who was planning a service, and the developer who was in charge of the web side.

‘Huh? Are they talking about something?’

YongHo didn't think it was anything serious. It wasn't that strange for front-end developers who were at the closest point with the users, to converse with each other.

However, to pass it off, there was a word that bothered him.

Boobs.

‘What.’ (T/N: Wut)

With a single glance, he could tell that the woman was making a difficult expression so YongHo approached them.

“Your boyfriend must have it good.”

“He can do all sorts of things.”

It seemed Kenneth and the web developer knew each other as



they were teasing a female employee who was developing the app.

This was the woman who requested YongHo for the code review. With the name Lucia, she was in charge of the app.

Her expression looked very uncomfortable. YongHo passed by the two men and spoke.

“Excuse me, I checked the code review request you have sent, but I want you to change a few things.”

Not even looking at the two, he spoke to Lucia. Then, Kenneth placed his arm on YongHo’s shoulders. He seemed to have thought that he was close to YongHo.

“Hey, you’re also interested, YongHo? Well, she is a rare type in Korea.”

Kenneth smiled while showing his yellow teeth in ‘understanding’.

YongHo spoke after shaking off Kenneth’s arm on his shoulders.

“The only thing I’m interested in in the company is work.”

“I know everything, alright.”

Kenneth pointed towards Lucia's chest with his eyes. It was a massive volume which couldn't be hidden even with thick clothes. Even amongst the women that YongHo had seen until now, the sense of volume alone was the top.

He barely managed to take his eyes off and spoke firmly.

"I need to speak to miss Lucia about the development so please leave for a bit."

"Okay, okay. But no monopolizing."

Kenneth joked to the end and left with the web developer. Even while leaving, they were talking about obscene stuff while giggling.

'Well, there are crazy people wherever it is.'

"Thank you."

Lucia, who was sitting silently until then, faced YongHo.

"Not at all, rather than that, regarding the code, I....."

YongHo couldn't finish his words. Lucia, who was sitting, suddenly dropped her eyes onto the ground and looked away.

“P, please speak.”

Although she was hiding it, the trembling words definitely indicated that she was crying.

‘Ah, I don’t have the confidence in things like these.’

YongHo scratched his head and spoke.

“Shall we walk for a bit?”

He felt like she should leave the office first.

# Chapter 94: The Shade of Silicon Valley (1)

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It was not hot in the summer and not cold in the winter in Silicon Valley. However, as the late-autumn sunlight was strong, YongHo went under a tree's shade.

The entire time he was listening to Lucia's story, he wondered if this was really possible. The sexual discrimination didn't show that much difference to when he was in Korea, even though he was in the most developed country in the world, and this was the place which had the most cutting-edge technologies, Silicon Valley.

20% lower wages despite doing the same work, moreover, the ratio of women in the technology field didn't even amount to 10%.

Creativity, imagination, ideas, dreams, hopes – these were the words associated with Silicon Valley, but in the depths, male chauvinism, or the so called 'boy's club' had taken root.

The welling emotions in Lucia had erupted as she couldn't hide her tears while speaking.

He thought that American women were more adventurous, and more challenge-loving; and thought that they were very strict.

However, human life was similar wherever it was, and the predicted activity of women weren't that much different.

“You cried your heart out now?”

“.....”

Perhaps due to having cried in front of a stranger, and a man at that, Lucia couldn't raise her head. YongHo patted her back, saying it was alright.

24 years old this year. To confront the ills of society alone, she was still young.

“Why didn't you talk to your superiors about it?”

“...I did talk to them at the beginning, but they didn't take it seriously.”

Lucia carefully brought up the topic. However, the company seemed that they didn't want to make a big deal out of it as all they did was verbal caution.

“.....”

“Thank you for worrying about me. It's my problem so I can solve it. What was it that you were trying to say last time? I think you said something about problems in the code.....”

There were still tears on Lucia's big eyes. He pitied her because she was trying her best to pretend to be alright. Perhaps the pale white skin, which looked translucent to the point blood vessels

could be seen, was stimulating his protective instinct.

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The first thing he did after YongHo came back to the office was to look at the code that Kenneth and the web developer, Mark, had uploaded.

YongHo's job was to overlook the general development of the server and the application. Going through the code review requests that the developers uploaded to JIRA was also an important part of his work.

‘It's clean.’

It was YongHo's mistake to think that the work of a dirty minded person would be dirty.

Unlike Lucia's code, there was nothing that he could find fault with in Mark's codes. No matter how, unlike Lucia who had a short career, Mark was a developer who had spent a lot of time in Silicon Valley. Although he was not at a genius level, he still didn't have any problems with work.

‘Is this why there was nothing.....?’

In the company’s view, Kenneth and Mark were more of a loss compared to Lucia. She was an existence that was in the phase of being taught, and being raised. She was at the stage where she was being invested in.

Society revolved around ability.

On the underside, there was the sorrow that one had to receive, if one didn’t have the skills.

‘I should consult Jessie.’

He felt that he might come up with an answer if he talked with Jessie, another woman.

“So?”

“Huh?”

“YongHo, I’m not exactly a management personnel, nor am I a person in charge of a department.”

“.....”

“Pathetic sympathy cannot change anything.”

YongHo could only sit there dazed. Was Jessie such a cold-hearted person?

Even though winter hadn't arrived yet, YongHo felt that his body was shivering from the cold he felt from Jessie's body.

“Was it Lucia? I think it's, instead, better to help her raise her skills.”

To defeat the oncoming cold, YongHo sipped the warm coffee in front of him.

He finally felt his body warming up then. Even though the heater was on inside the building, YongHo couldn't take his hands off the hot coffee.

“Do you know what else Silicon Valley is called? It's Sex Valley, I don't have to explain anymore, right?”

At Jessie's continuous cold words, YongHo seemed to have become emotional as he became offensive.

“So you mean i should just stay still?”

Jessie stared at YongHo silently.



“I heard high ability means strong self-esteem.”

Jessie left him just a few key words and left. Another name to call Silicon Valley, Sex Valley.

YongHo sat there for a long time and sipped his coffee.

Even so, staying still wasn't in accordance to YongHo's personality. So, the method he found was to look at the code carefully.

‘No matter how, it wouldn't be perfect.’

Even when he first started coding, he used not GUI(Graphic User Interface, e.g. Windows), but CLI(Command-line interface, e.g. Linux).

Just going by ease of use, it was the difference between a shovel and a fork crane. However, he did have something he earned from it.

The eyes to see codes.

Before the bug window told him about the bugs, he saw the problems within the code. From the coding style to no longer used

methods/functions, he could see from various angles.

YongHo looked at the code that Mark uploaded, trying to find any faults in it.

Due to something called the HTML(Hypertext Markup Language), we can see elaborate web page documents easily, and quickly.

Like all programming languages developed, the HTML language also developed and now, had become HTML5.

New functions were added, and obsolete functions disappeared. Amongst those, there were some which were still allowed, but not recommended.

Although they were still allowed due to the compatibility with lower versions, as they wouldn't be in the future, people needed to refrain from using those. This was what YongHo was looking for.

‘Another one found.’

YongHo exclaimed after he found another flaw. In the code that the web developer, Mark, uploaded, there was a tag to draw a table. There were some properties to control the shape of the table.

In HTML5, ‘cellpadding’ and ‘cellspacing’ and such elements that made up designs were recommended to be managed separately in CSS(Cascading Style Sheets).

‘cellpadding’ and ‘cellspacing’ were elements that controlled margins of a table or indentation, so they were supposed to be put inside CSS, but the code was in HTML.

‘I should put comments!’

YongHo felt delighted when he thought that he could bully Mark. This was a small revenge that YongHo could do.

In fact, coding on the HTML didn’t make any bugs or problems occur when the users checked the webpage.

There was no problem in regards to usability. As it wasn’t the style that the HTML developers recommended, in perhaps 10 years, it might be unusable.

However, that was for the distant future. There was no need to worry over it now.

It was such a small, and trivial problem. YongHo picked such small and trivial problems to collapse Mark’s self-esteem.

‘Should I add some more.....’

Everyone had left work, but YongHo hadn't left until late into the night.

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When he came to work in the morning, Mark could only be absent minded at the full mailbox.

The results of code review has arrived.

The results of code review has arrived.

The results of code review has arrived.

The results of code review has arrived.

Mails with the same title were decorating the first page of his mailbox.

The related people were notified of most of the events through JIRA through e-mail. If there was a comment on the noticeboard, or if someone was assigned to an issue, or a reporter, or if the results of a code review had arrived.

In fact, he could be notified with all the results with one e-mail. (T/N: Why doesn't google do that... so much e-mails for translation comments...)

However, YongHo didn't do that on purpose. He made it so that it would send an e-mail for a single problem.

It was purely intentional.

“.....”

Click. Click. Click.

Mark massaged his neck as if fatigue overcame him while he checked the e-mails one by one.

“Is this guy calling this a problem.....”

There was no problem at all for the webpage to run. It was also hard to say that he had gone against the rules that HTML5 had set.

He just didn't code according to their recommendations.

Please follow the HTML5 standard.

This was YongHo's comments that ran throughout all the e-mails. Please follow the HTML5 standard. In pretext, YongHo was up front. Following HTML5 was recommended throughout the company.

The reason why Mark didn't follow the standards was because for some, he made a mistake, and for some, he thought it was no problem.

And for a few, it was because the results he wanted didn't come out when he used CSS to do it.

If he spent some time, there was no reason he wouldn't be able to. However, as there was something called the schedule, he was flexible.

"He's coming at me, eh."

Mark burned his fighting spirit while checking the e-mails that YongHo had sent. He also thought that he himself had some strength in the web developing field.

He didn't pile up his skills to be pointed out like this by someone.

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Most left when their work finished. Also, as most people had enough ability to do what the company assigned them to, it could be said that there were almost no employees who would work late into the night.

Or, they could work at home on their laptops, as such system was there, so YongHo could not see anyone working late into the night until now.

However, today was different.

‘Whoa.....’

When he looked around, there were two people.

A man and a woman.

They were Lucia and Mark.

‘What are they doing here and not going home?’

YongHo raised his head and looked at the two in doubt. As they had put the people working on the same area together, Mark and Lucia were close to each other, as they were both working on the client.

At that moment, a chat popped up on his messenger.

“YongHo, I have something to ask you, is it alright?”

It was Lucia. If he had to put in effort to find flaws in Mark’s code, there was no need for such effort with Lucia. Most of them were riddled with problems.

Although it wasn’t easy for people to work with them, everybody had a time when they were newbies. YongHo, too, learned a lot from Son SeokHo and An ByungHoon. (T/N: An ByungHoon’s from Mirae IT, you probably forgot..., in fact do you even remember Mirae IT?)

As he had never forgotten his tadpole days, YongHo didn’t find Lucia’s question annoying and accepted each and every one of them.

“Yes, it’s alright.”



When YongHo's answer came, Lucia, who was coding with her back to YongHo, turned her head towards him and waved her hands.

Her eyes were full of passion to learn. YongHo knew very well that such passion wasn't directed at him.

‘Wow, she's really a goddess in the engineering department... Did they look at her face when they recruited her?’

Looking at Lucia waving her hand from far away, he momentarily thought that he understood Mark's attitude towards her.

In Korea, she would be called the ‘goddess in the engineering department’. This was the stereotypical white woman that a Korean man would imagine at least once about.

“Yes, I'm going.”

YongHo stood up and approached Lucia. And there was a pair of eyes which looked at that scene from beginning to finish.

## Chapter 95: The Shade Of Silicon Valley (2)

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After YongHo came to work, he scratched his head looking at his full e-mail inbox.

Code review result finished.

Code review result finished.

Code review result finished.

.....

And such contents filled his e-mail inbox.

‘Look at this guy.....?’

Not even one day had passed since he sent the results of the code reviews but, they were all finished.

To say it positively, it could be said that he worked hard, but it was a too much of a coincidence so he couldn't think like that.

Also, the latest e-mail made YongHo even more surprised.

Code review request.

He had not only finished the code review request results, and even new ones had arrived. The things YongHo pointed out in the code numbered several tens.

He thought that it was impossible to solve in just one day, but this had surpassed his expectations.

‘This means he wants to have a go at me, right.....?’

Although there were no words, he could feel a fighting spirit behind the code.

‘It’s not manly to avoid the fight.’

YongHo started to frighteningly focus on the code that Mark had sent. Work would progress faster and his skills will improve. so YongHo also welcomed this kind of fight anytime.

Tap.

A hand was placed on top of YongHo’s shoulders while he was

sitting. YongHo spoke without even looking back.

“What is it, Dave? I’m busy right now so let’s talk later.”

YongHo was in the middle of looking through Mark’s code. He found reading code enjoyable, but now that there was an element of a battle, he enjoyed it even more.

He didn’t want to lose. The fact that he was doing this for Lucia was already almost erased from his mind.

When no one replied, YongHo continued speaking.

“Is it you, DaeBang? Who told you to place your hands on this hyung-nim’s shoulders?”

Thinking it was Na DaeBang, he said that in Korean. However, the person who put the hand on his shoulder was neither Na DaeBang nor Dave.

“Excuse me.....”

He smelled a thick fragrance. It was something not smelled from a man.

He just thought that a female employee had put on a lot of perfume and didn’t think much about it. However, not only the fragrance, even the voice was not that of a man’s.

YongHo's head finally turned back.

“Lucia?”

“Please eat this.”

Lucia was standing behind him. She put coffee and chocolate on YongHo's desk and ran to her desk as if running away.

The chocolate was an expensive kind that even YongHo rarely ate, Godiva.

‘Wh, what is.....’

Perhaps due to eating so much sweet bean bread given to him by Son SeokHo, YongHo also craved sweet things when he was coding. At that time, he ate chocolate, and sometimes, when he felt proud of himself, only then would he eat a Godiva chocolate.

It was a type of reward for himself.

Lucia seemed to have noticed somehow and gave him Godiva chocolate.

‘She gave it to me, so I'll thankfully eat it.’

He unwrapped the luxurious looking chocolate and put it in his

mouth.

Bitterness and sweetness were in harmony and it lingered in his mouth.

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‘Tenacious guy.’

Mark was thinking the same thing as YongHo. When he sent an e-mail with difficulty, the next day, the request for corrections would arrive.

It was the same thing with the code he edited and sent back. There were several which were rejected due to having edited the wrong way.

‘What is it now.....’

Now, there were very few requests for corrections in HTML. He finally thought that he could rest for a bit but YongHo brought out a problem that he didn’t even imagine.

“It’s javascript now.....”

Mark’s voice sounded exhausted. The continuous overtime work was enough to make both his body and mind exhausted. However, he didn’t want to lose.

His pride as a programmer made him endure. The fact that YongHo accepted his code also played a role in this. Although YongHo wasn’t his superior, the fact that the code he wrote had to be accepted by a person from a small Asian country was inflicting wounds on his pride.

“Do you think I’ll lose?”

Mark began concentrating intensely. He also had a lot of confidence in his skills. As a result, he had enough skill to be proud of his work.

It could be said that three languages are needed to make something called the webpage.

Javascript, HTML, css – amongst these, javascript wasn’t necessary to draw up a screen. However, to make a more difficult and fancy-looking screen, it was necessary.

The part YongHo pointed out was one of the frameworks used in javascript – jquery.

For example, something expressed as 'window.onload' in javascript would be expressed as '\$(document).ready(function({});' in jquery.

As with the problem he had pointed out with the HTML, there were no problems with the program running.

Mark's skills were exceptional to the point that YongHo could only point out trivial things like these.

This was a game of chicken which would not end unless one side gave up. (E/N: For those of you unfamiliar, imagine a game where two cars are racing at each other on a collision course. The first person to swerve out of the way is the "chicken" aka coward and loses.) The two were aware of each other's skills. Also, they could also feel that their own skills were increasing.

However, the problem was stamina. As the days went by, they could feel their stamina depleting. As they went through a process of checking in order to not give the opponent an opportunity, naturally, they could only run out of time.

As one day had 24 hours, to make up for the insufficient time, they could only reduce sleep.

"Hyung-nim. Are you alright?"



From Na DaeBang's point of view, YongHo seemed like he was about to die. He didn't know what he was doing, but he always came when the dawn dew was dangling on the plants, and went back to work after having a nap.

“...I'm alright.”

YongHo seemed to not have the strength to reply as his voice was low. As everything was happening between him and Mark, no one within the company knew of this.

Na DaeBang included.

“If you hurt yourself, then everything will be ruined. Why are you working like that?”

“.....”

When Na DaeBang voiced his worry with a loud voice, Lucia looked back.

Na DaeBang didn't miss that.

“Are you cleaning up for someone else?”

The thick voice lowered to a mosquito voice in an instant. He thought that this was YongHo's secret private life.

When he looked at Lucia, as a man, Na DaeBang understood.

“You made one in Stanford. Wow, you have such skills.”

“Wh, what the hell are you talking about?”

“Ayy, It’s obvious at a glance. Why are you so embarrassed?”

Na DaeBang quietly poked YongHo’s waist and spoke. As the two conversed in Korean, Na DaeBang could also be relieved while speaking.

“It’s not like that.”

YongHo seemed like he didn’t even have the energy to get angry as he stayed still.

“If it’s not like that, then what is it like? Are you hiding something from me, when I came to America all because of you?”

As he felt that the talk would be long, YongHo chose another method. He just decided to spill everything to Na DaeBang.

After hearing the circumstances, Na DaeBang shouted in

surprise.

“Whaat?”

“So it’s not like what you’re thinking.”

“How long are you planning to drag this out? You will die first at this rate.”

“You’re right. Isn’t there a better method...?”

YongHo also felt that he couldn’t hold out much longer. He had a lot of other things to think about other than the webpage. He had to look at the app and he also had to check the image processor library that Na DaeBang was making.

A server on top of that too... Not even 10 bodies were enough.

“If you’re a man, shouldn’t you have a frontal showdown?”

“What, are you telling me to grip my fists?”

“And you think you’ll win with your fists? I saw Mark and he had quite the buff body. Of course, he wouldn’t match against me. Hmhm.”

Na DaeBang tapped his chest. YongHo also fully agreed with Na

DaeBang's words. He would definitely lose in a fistfight. However, Na DaeBang would win.

“So what, you'll fight in my stead?”

YongHo asked with an awkward laugh. He wanted to warn Mark. Although he didn't know if it would work or not, he thought that his previous actions would decrease when he knows that he was being watched.

However, he didn't have the finishing strike. As the pressure would increase if the eyes watching his actions became stronger, he needed that one strike.

“Hyung-nim. Did you watch the movie about the biggest SNS in the world?”

“Movie?”

“There's a movie called 'FadeBook' and the story goes like this.”

After talking about it, Na DaeBang looked at YongHo, asking for his opinion.

“How is it? Manly and clean. Moreover, I heard that he had strong pride. If we stomp him flat, then don't you think that he wouldn't be able to do anything?”

Na DaeBang spoke while scratching his neck. YongHo also seemed curious as he fell into his thoughts with his eyes closed.

“I think it’s quite good...”

“You must strike the iron while it’s hot, so let’s go today. The judges will be me and one he appoints. Isn’t that enough?”

“.....”

YongHo seemed to have decided and stood up. If all he did was jabs until now, he would now do an upper-cut.

Mark was also being exhausted due to this harsh process. Although there were no problems with running the program, it was true that he didn’t follow the standards.

However, as they had something called the schedule, this could be just overlooked. However, YongHo sent e-mails for each individual one.

If he didn’t solve it, then it was clear that his position in the company would become lower.

Although there was a problem with his pride as a programmer, as there would also also problems with his positions in the company,

Mark could only do his best.

“OK!”

And while doing that, YongHo came up to him first. This was the first time they talked directly to each other and not through e-mails or JIRA. Of course, YongHo’s offer was also sufficiently attractive to Mark.

“Then I’ll see you tonight?”

“Yes.”

He had the confidence to squash YongHo’s nose flat. And he had the skills to do so.

Even without YongHo doing anything, the Asians in Silicon Valley were becoming an eyesore in his eyes.

It was time to show him the power of America, the center of computer science.

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“YongHo!”

YongHo was putting away his laptop secretly, but he was grabbed by Dave who found out.

“Uh, yeah?”

“You will go without me? I heard there was something interesting.”

It seemed the talk had spread through Na DaeBang as Dave, James and even Jessie were looking at YongHo with their arms crossed.

“I, I’m not going anywhere.”

“I heard you were going to the bar nearby.”

YongHo glared at Na DaeBang. As Na DaeBang’s stature wasn’t something that could be hidden, Na DaeBang just pretended to not know anything as he walked behind James.

“Th, that’s.”

As he thought that this was nothing good, YongHo didn’t tell many people. However, the matter had become big.

While YongHo was standing there panicked, Dave whisked away YongHo's laptop bag.

“Let's go!”

Dave raised his voice. From the high tone, it was clear that he was looking forward to what will happen.

Lucia, who was working at that time, also approached them.

“M, may I go as well?”

“Huh?”

All of them looked at Lucia. If they thought about it, this had all started because of her. All of them didn't know what to do and only looked at YongHo.

“Haaa.....”

YongHo sighed and scratched his head as he had given up.

“Okay, Let's aaaalllll go together.”

His slurred word expressed his complaint at the situation, but the milk had already been spilt.



“Then let’s depart!”

Only Dave hummed as if he was delighted.

And not long after, they showed themselves in a bar nearby the company.

## Chapter 96: The Shade Of Silicon Valley (3)

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A halogen light emitting faint red light was lighting up the dark bar. The table was made from dark brown hardwood, and the chair was of the same color, but had no backrest.

The floor also consisted of a dark brown wooden color, and overall, the bar was emitting a slightly depressing aura.

Unlike the dark mood emitted by the bar, each of the tables were emitting light, like fireflies.

A single candle on the tables was driving away the dark mood. Perhaps due to that, the people there all paid attention to each other by gathering near the candle.

However, only one place was emitting a completely different feeling than the others.

On the long table, made by joining two tables together, there were two laptops side by side. From the LED lights emitted from the middle of the laptop, one could tell that they were made by the same company.

The two, who were from the same company, and used laptops of the same specs, looked completely different to each other.

A blond, white man, and a black-haired, East-Asian man.

They were Mark and YongHo.

As the bar was quiet, Dave's words sounded even louder.

“YongHo! Put a little more effort in!”

Ding!

When the man, who looked like a staff member from the bar, rang the bell, YongHo and Mark drank a cup of straight whiskey to their side simultaneously.

Slurp.

Due to the heat they felt from their throats, as the alcohol went down, both of them let out a deep breath. The alcohol coming out with their breath seemed to have excited the people around them as they were cheering even more.

Tatatatap. Tatatatap.

After the two drank the straight whiskey, they started typing on the keyboard as if possessed.

Mark wasn't inferior to YongHo when it came to typing. This

was the moment when the fact that the skills he showed were not lies.

“Mark!”

Next to Mark stood Kenneth. Na DaeBang was the notary for YongHo, and Kenneth was the notary for Mark.

Other than that, Dave and others were audience members. Lucia, who triggered today’s mess, also took a spot and was watching.

Ding!

When the staff member rung the bell again, the two emptied a cup of whiskey again.

Aka drunk coding.

This was the method used by the biggest SNS company in the world, in their initial stages. Na DaeBang suggested it to YongHo, after he was deeply impressed by that scene in the movie, and YongHo suggested it to Mark again, and the coding battle was set.

They made a room in Topcode, and would solve the random questions generated from it.

However, there was one condition. Until they completely solved the problem, they needed to drink a cup of straight whiskey every three minutes.

‘This isn’t easy.....’

YongHo took a glance at Mark. At that moment, Mark raised his right hand up high.

This signalled that he was done coding. After the coding was done, there would be a checking time to see whether there were any bugs in each other’s program

There was not a single error, it was perfect.

The bug window also had nothing.

It was YongHo’s complete defeat. Now, there was one match left.

Na DaeBang kept massaging YongHo’s shoulders.

“Hyung-nim. It’s alright. You just need to win this round.”

Best 2 of 3.

The situation now was that YongHo and Mark each had a victory. With this last question, the final victor would be decided.

What YongHo demanded of Mark was to apologize to Lucia officially. What Mark demanded of YongHo was also an official apology to Mark for calling him a shameless fellow.

Mark put another condition, and it was ‘while kneeling’.

Apologize to Kenneth and Mark while kneeling and don’t interfere with their actions from now on.

If he lost this round, this was the mission that YongHo had to do.

“Give me some water.”

They drank 10 cups of whiskey already during their two rounds. Fire was erupting in his stomach, and his throat was burning.

The problem was that he was dizzy. He thought that he was sufficiently trained with soju when it came to alcohol.

However, the alcohol content of whiskey was in a completely different dimension to soju. The situation was not as good as YongHo thought it would be.

‘I’m dizzy than I thought.....’

He forcefully opened his eyes, which were trying to close themselves due to all the alcohol, and looked towards Mark. Although he looked better than YongHo, he also didn't seem that much better off.

To his side, Kenneth kept giving him water and was encouraging him.

“Hey, massage a little harder.”

As he felt that the pressure on his shoulders had lessened, YongHo spoke in Korean. However, there were no changes.

“I said a little harder.”

Perhaps due to becoming drunk, YongHo's voice had gotten louder. Alcohol was submerging his body. YongHo shook the hand off on his shoulders and spoke.

“Enough.”

Lucia momentarily panicked when YongHo's hand was placed on her own. Moreover, YongHo spoke in Korean until now. She couldn't understand what he was saying.

Na DaeBang was in the toilet, and Jessie wasn't that kind to

translate.

“Thank you.”

Only after hearing Lucia’s words did YongHo realize who was standing behind him.

“.....”

YongHo took away his hands in surprise. Due to the sudden situation, his heart started thumping harder, and his hazy mind seemed to be getting clearer.

“Well then, this is the last round. I repeat, but you will lose if you don’t drink the straight whiskey every three minutes, lose if you cannot write the code faster than your opponent, and also lose if any bugs are found in your code.”

Na DaeBang mentioned the rules again. Although the tense atmosphere kept increasing, perhaps due to the alcohol, YongHo instead became more comfortable.

Explaining the rules was Na DaeBang’s role, and the start signal was Kenneth’s role.

“Then start!”



With Kenneth's signal, the two entered a room in Topcode simultaneously.

The problems generated in Topcode were random. And most of the random questions were to solve an algorithm.

They would be given a situation, and they would code to solve that situation.

For example, a question would be like this.

Question.

Find the number of possibilities that satisfy this equation.

$AA+BC=100$ . Find the numbers to replace A, B, C to satisfy the equation. A, B, C are single digit numbers.

Conditions.

Assume that there are no errors with the equation. For example, you do not need to consider an equation like  $AA+BC=1000$ , where the number is such that you cannot get with adding two two-digit numbers.

The 100 in the above question was just an example. If it's a number that's possible to get by adding two two-digit numbers, then any number can be used.

Input.

For the above example;  $11+89$ ,  $22+78$ .....

(T/N: Shouldn't the input be 100? Or whatever that sum is?)

Output.

7.

(T/N: Really?  $11+89$ ,  $22+78$ ,  $33+67$ ,  $44+56$ ,  $55+45$ ,  $66+34$ ,  $77+23$ ,  $88+12$  – That's 8 though? Unless A, B, C have to be different numbers... in which case,  $55+45$  would not count... Also, there's  $99+01$ ... but I guess 0 doesn't count)

...Such were the questions.

The simplest questions were like that, and the question YongHo was looking at had over 10 lines of just explanations in the question.

The point was simple.

There is a highway that one needs to go past in order to go to the destination. Also, the tolls vary according to each highway. Find the least amount of money required to go to the destination.

Although the explanations were long, the moment he saw the question, YongHo thought up of the minimum cost spanning algorithm,

‘That’s a relief.....’

After heaving a sigh of relief, YongHo read down the question quickly.

However, this was not a question only YongHo knew about. Mark on his side also seemed to know the answer as his fingers were

dancing on the keyboard.

‘Quickly.’

YongHo also started coding, albeit a step late. When YongHo started coding, Dave’s cheering sounds also became louder.

Mark also didn’t know that YongHo was so good. Rather than looking down on him, he was confident in his own abilities.

He also solved countless algorithm questions from his university days. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have lasted so long in Silicon Valley.

Silicon Valley was where not a single inch would be given to someone without the skills.

‘This might be dangerous.....’

As he liked to drink normally, he could accept YongHo’s suggestion easily.

However, he had never drank so much in such a short period of time. Not even one hour had passed, but he drank 10 cups of straight whiskey. He felt that his body might fall asleep due to the alcohol if his concentration flinched in any way.

However, he needed to endure. He could not lose like this. This was a matter concerning his reputation and pride within the company.

His pride of being born in the greatest country in the world, having gone to one of the greatest universities in the world, and going to one of the greatest companies in the world could not be collapsed due to an Asian man who popped out of nowhere.

‘I will win.’

Mark burned his fighting spirit and kept coding. Codes started to fill the white blanks of the page.

Ding!

When they heard the bell ring, YongHo and Mark emptied the cup of whiskey simultaneously.

Ten minutes had already passed since the last round had started. The two had drank 3 cups of whiskey already.

Tap!

The two drank the whiskey almost at the same time and put down their cups onto the table. Perhaps due to being drunk, their

speed in putting down the cups was lightning-fast.

It was strange that the cups weren't shattering.

“Do it! Let's win!”

“Hyung-nim, do your best!”

Fearing that perhaps YongHo might lose consciousness, Dave and Na DaeBang shouted. Kenneth also cheered for Mark, not losing out.

Perhaps due to it being the last round, a tight tense atmosphere was flowing.

Shatter

The cup next to YongHo fell down and shattered. He couldn't win against the alcohol momentarily and lost consciousness for a brief moment, and pushed the cup while his head was dropping.

‘Whoa.’

His head was spinning. He had already drank 13 cups of whiskey, which had 40% alcohol content. He would get drunk even if he

drank that amount over a long period of time, but this had happened all within one hour.

“Fuck.....”

Fortunately, as he didn't bash his head on the keyboard, he didn't affect the code. If he mistyped, then he would have given the victory to the other side.

His brain, which became dreamy due to all the alcohol, was ordering him to stop coding and sleep.

He was forcefully withstanding that command with his mentality. He felt like he could only endure if he swore.

“Hyung-nim!”

When YongHo barely raised his head, Na DaeBang cheered YongHo on with both of his hands gripped tight into a fist.

On his side, Lucia was also looking at YongHo with her mouth closed.

Pzzt.

YongHo's blank eyes met with Lucia's earnest eyes.

Do your best.

Although she didn't say that, as if by telepathizing, YongHo could hear Lucia's voice in his head. (T/N: What telepathizing, that's just being drunk, YongHo, it's not telepathy, it's fantasy)

The earnest voice woke YongHo's brain cells. His lowered head raised again. After sitting up, YongHo stroked his head and started concentrating with coding.

SUBMIT.

The two raised their right hands after they clicked the submit button almost simultaneously. The difference was negligible to the point that they couldn't discern with their eyes.

No one could say anything, including the staff who was tipped to play the temporary judge.

"Y, you've raised your hands at almost the same time, so... shall we check the results?"

Na DaeBang spoke, puzzled, as he couldn't discern the winner. If the results were wrong, then one of the two would definitely lose.



The two showed their laptops to each other and showed the results.

1130 dollars.

1130 dollars.

The results of the code that YongHo wrote and the results of what Mark wrote were the same. They couldn't determine the winner with just the coding speed or the results.

"Th, there are no bugs either?"

Nod nod.

A positive reply. If there was a bug, then a result wouldn't have come out in the first place.

Now, there was only the final method.

# Chapter 97: The Shade Of Silicon Valley (4)

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The same results without a single difference.

Nobody could speak a word after they saw the same results on the two monitors.

“Th, then shall we measure the performance?”

Kenneth also seemed to be nervous as he sipped a drink of water. However, it wasn't only Kenneth who did that. Na DaeBang, Dave, Lucia, James – they all sipped their drinks as it could be seen that they gulped.

Measuring performance.

Most programs have an input and an output. The fact that the performance was better if the results were out faster was acknowledged by everyone.

As both of the programs had no bugs, this method to measure the performance would be used as a last resort.

Measuring performance was done by increasing the input exponentially. At first, twice, then 4 times, then 8 times, then 16 times... and so on. When the results were clearly different, then the victor would be decided.

To prepare the inputs for the programs that the two people made, they had a small rest.

“You alright?”

Dave patted YongHo’s back in worry. Due to having emptied half a bottle of whiskey in a small period of time, it was hard for YongHo to be well.

Rather than being ordered by his brain, he coded as ordered by his body. It could be said that his efforts until now was in that code.

That was not any different in Mark’s case.

YongHo didn’t seem to have any strength left to even speak, as he blinked and nodded.

“The results will be out soon.”

7ms/6ms

20ms/22ms

50ms/46ms

Na DaeBang shouted the results out loud. As the input values increased exponentially, the time it took for the output to come out increased correspondingly.

The performance speed was measured by calculating the difference between the time at the start of the program and the end of the program.

720ms/810ms

1321ms/1523ms

The first result was from YongHo's program, and the second result was Mark's.

The gap was widening albeit by a small amount. However, it could still be said that it was within error. Until the results were far apart for everyone to accept, it was difficult to decide the victor.

They prepared laptops of the same specs just in case they would come to a situation where they would have to measure the performance time. Not only that, they prepared them so that the two laptops had the same programs installed inside, so they could reduce the error when measuring the time.

Even after all that, they promised beforehand that the difference

of 1 to 1000ms were within expected error.

5312ms/6533ms.

“Hyung-nim, we won!”

After checking the results, Na DaeBang cheered. Due to being so happy, he subconsciously spoke in Korean. Although they didn’t understand, as they knew something had happened, they all looked towards the monitor.

The people on YongHo’s side were welling in joy, while Kenneth and Mark were dejected.

YongHo, who was barely conscious, closed his eyes as soon as he heard the results.

I won.

Between his closing eyes, he felt that people were approaching him while cheering. Although YongHo couldn’t see due to having closed his eyes, the first in line, who was approaching him with arms wide open, was Lucia.

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His head ached as if it would split apart. His entire body felt like the dry desert. Someone had placed a bottle of water next to the bed.

“Pant pant.....”

While panting violently, YongHo hurriedly drank the water. No matter how much he drank, his thirst was not solved. As he felt like the water would come back up if he kept drinking, he put down the bottle and put his body under the blanket on the bed again.

‘I will never drink again.’

It felt like someone was ringing a bell inside his head. Inside his stomach, a storm was raging.

‘Even so, it’s fortunate.’

The relief that YongHo felt wasn’t only because he felt he had saved a woman in dire straits.

‘My efforts weren’t wasted.’

Through a showdown with the programmer called Mak, YongHo had objectively proven his skills. He could now say that he coded better than Mark, at least. (T/N: Although the showdown was a win, I say they drew)

Mark was a skillful personnel acknowledged in the company on the web side. He had won against such a person.

‘I did well.’

YongHo praised himself. The endless marathon until now didn’t have a bad result.

‘Even so, my head hurts so much.’

The aching was painful to the point that he wanted to rip his hair out. To escape the pain of a hangover, it seemed he needed more sleep.

It was a terrifying nightmare. It was hard to keep his eyes shut. YongHo looked for water as soon as he woke up. It seemed he had drunk the water fast as the bottle was already showing its bottom.

‘So it hadn’t been much time.’

The day was still bright outside the window. YongHo thought

that it was still Saturday morning. Due to his burning thirst, he headed to the kitchen.

“AAACK!”

Stopping midway, YongHo could only fall down on the floor. A figure, covered in blood, was walking around in the kitchen.

The unknown creature covered in blood turned its(?) head and looked towards YongHo.

“Hyung-nim, you’re up?”

Na DaeBang spoke while taking off the mask. Even until then, YongHo could not come to himself.

He still thought it was a dream as he kept rubbing his eyes. However, the results were the same. When a little time passed, Na DaeBang’s face seemed to come into YongHo’s eyes.

“It’s you?”

“Yeah, cool, right? Dave gave it to me since it was Halloween.”

“.....”

“Anyway, doesn’t your waist ache? You slept all day”



“Huh? Isn’t today Saturday?”

“...Get a hold of yourself. Today’s Sunday.”

“Y, yeah.”

YongHo stood up, walked to the fridge, and took out a bottle of water before emptying it by about half.

He finally felt that his mentality was coming back to him.

Halloween day.

It was one of the festivals that happened at the around the end of autumn or at the beginning of winter.

Thanks to that, the house was in a mess. Dave spread out all the disguising tools he had on the living room while pondering what concept he wanted to use.

“YongHo, you also choose one.”

YongHo shook his head at Dave’s proposal. He heard about it and it seemed that they were going to a party.

Drinking alcohol was a must in parties. As he was still under the state of a hangover, YongHo felt like vomiting if he even smelled some alcohol.

“I’m planning to rest at home.”

“Hyung-nim. It’s a party. Are you really not going?”

Na DaeBang seemed excited about the party. Covering himself in blood was also because he wanted attention in the party.

“You, I will tell HyeJin?”

“Hyung-nim! Why would you do that? I’m not going there to meet a woman!?”

“Then go quietly without me.”

Na DaeBang became silent after YongHo’s threat. When Dave, who was choosing the disguise, was about to persuade YongHo, they could hear a knock on their door.

Dave, Na Daebang, and YongHo.

The three males were not able to hide their wide open mouths.

There were two women outside the front door.

Jessie and Lucia.

Jessie was wearing a Catwoman costume. The black tights were emphasizing Jessie's slim body figure. Especially the tail on her hip was impressive.

Lucia was wearing a nurse one piece outfit and red paints were seen here and there. The one piece was short enough, slitted enough, and tight enough to bring out Lucia's voluminous body figure.

"Can we... come in?"

Looking at the three men standing there like idiots, Jessie asked. Na DaeBang, who came to himself just in time, gestured for them to come in.

"Thanks to you, i think it was solved well. Thank you."

Lucia bowed down while expressing her thanks. Momentarily, YongHo could only turn his head away. The one piece modelled after a nurse outfit, had a deep slit to show her white flesh, and as Lucia bowed down, her bountiful bosom was trying to show more

of itself

“It’s alright. You don’t have to mind it so much, it was nothing.”

YongHo tried his best to answer formally. That he had done only what was necessary.

Perhaps due to feeling such formality, an awkward silence flowed between the two for a brief moment before Lucia asked YongHo.

“Are you going to the party today?”

“Ah, I think that will be hard due to me having a hangover.”

YongHo expressed his difficulty. Hearing that, Lucia sighed, seemingly disappointed.

“Even so, it should be fun if we go together.....”

“Including DaeBang, it’s a perfect two on two. I shouldn’t get involved.”

YongHo now took out another excuse. When he even brought Na DaeBang into this, Lucia also seemed to give up as she didn’t continue speaking.

“.....”

“Then enjoy your time there and let’s meet at the company.”

YongHo stood up to go back to bed. Although it had become Sunday morning, due to having slept an entire day, he wanted to sleep a little more. His hangover wasn’t over yet.

“W, wait.”

Lucia grabbed YongHo’s arm as he was about to stand up. YongHo’s body wasn’t completely recovered yet. Moreover, he had nothing to eat on Saturday. There was no way he could exert any strength into his legs.

Although she was a girl, YongHo could only be helplessly dragged by the pulling strength.

Boom.

Being absent minded, YongHo’s body slammed into(?) Lucia. Although he tried to avoid it, it wasn’t easy.

Moreover, Lucia was wearing a short one piece. Most of the parts where they were in contact together was not protected by the clothes.

To go to the party, she went all out in getting dressed up. She put on makeup, did her hair, and even put on one of her perfumes which she rarely used.

She pondered several times whether to paint a bright red on her outfit or not. Although it seemed fine with just the nurse outfit, it looked very common.

She wanted to give a point to attract attention.

‘This should be fine.’

Her figure reflected in the mirror looked sufficiently satisfying. Inside Lucia’s head that day’s scenario was replaying over and over again.

Winning against the whiskey to code.

Their gazes met in the crisis when YongHo’s head was about to fall.

Gaining victory after returning alive.

The external charm wasn’t that big. However, his kind actions, and his mentality in overcoming crises, and his smart head looked very sexy to her.

Moreover, he had enough skills to be acknowledged within the

company.

‘Would he like it?’

Lucia’s worries ended as worries.

YongHo’s cheeks turned red in an instant. It was a distance where they could hear each other breathing. Lucia also felt YongHo’s rough breathing.

‘I, I should get up.’

His body was denying the orders of his mentality. YongHo barely managed to settle his heart down and tried to get off Lucia.

“YongHo, where are you. I’m here. I bought some porridge.”

He could hear Yu SoHyun’s voice. Momentarily, YongHo felt like he was hearing things.

Thud.

Something fell on the floor. YongHo definitely saw it as he was getting off Lucia.

A plastic bag fell onto the floor.

He moved his gaze upwards.

At that place, was Yu SoHyun.

He was not hearing things.

It was no hallucination.

She, who definitely had a physical body, was Yu SoHyun. With wide eyes, she was looking at Lucia and YongHo entangled(?) on the floor together.



# Chapter 98: Breakthrough (1)

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“Hey, there, Casanova!”

This was the first thing YongHo heard when he came to work. Dave seemed to be delighted that he had something to tease YongHo about now; he teased him all day long while he followed him around like a little chick.

“Hyung-nim, I respect you.”

In contrast, Na DaeBang sent gazes of infinite admiration. It was even scarier that he wasn't sarcastic.

“Stop it already!”

YongHo had shouted, but they weren't people who would listen just because he told them to. Lucia was looking at that scene with a complex expression.

Fortunately, Yu SoHyun listened to YongHo's explanations from the beginning to the end.

From time to time, she looked at Lucia with a strange gaze, but he couldn't say anything about that.

In the end, he didn't go to the Halloween party. However, that didn't mean that Yu SoHyun looked after him at the house either.

‘My body hurts and my heart hurts too.....’

Guarding the house when everyone else left, YongHo tasted the porridge that Yu SoHyun had bought.

The heat remained; it was warm.

‘I want to go home.’

At that moment, YongHo wanted to see not Yu SoHyun, not Lucia, but his mother.

That was a few days ago, but that day’s situation ended up becoming teasing material.

“Work already! Na DaeBang, have you finished developing yet?”

YongHo asked while looking at Na DaeBang. He couldn’t pressure Dave with work anyway. It was a different field, and he was of the same position as him, so the easiest target was Na DaeBang.

“Hyung-nim, people shouldn’t do that.”

Na DaeBang sat down in his seat immediately. It wasn’t easy to make an upgraded program. To increase the performance of the image processing library made in Shinseki, it wasn’t possible to do it with normal means.

He was making it starting from the initial structure. Comparing it to architecture, it was like drawing up the blueprint.

“So sit down and work, Mr. Na.Dae.Bang.”

When Na DaeBang sat down, Dave finally went back to his seat as well. They got along so well with each other so that the company had basically acknowledged him as the second Dave.

After that incident, Mark didn't act or speak in an unusual way. He just concentrated on his own work quietly.

YongHo also flexibly and silently acknowledged the trivial points that he could find in Mark's code.

The schedule was always busy.

Not to mention each and every one of them, neither YongHo, nor Mark, had the time.

‘It's Kenneth who's acting strange.....’

YongHo noticed it without seeing it. In contrast to Mark being quiet, Kenneth's reaction was abnormal.

He would sometimes glare at YongHo from time to time while working. At first YongHo just let it go, but he felt somewhat

unusual when it repeatedly continued.

‘And here, I have a lot of work to do.’

Even if he didn’t do anything, the load was starting to get heavier on the server development side.

Their pretext was to allow the users an ease in using the app while running at a faster time compared to the Shinseki app, it wasn’t easy.

He had already lost a lot of time due to the psychological warfare between Mark and him. He was running out of time.

‘Ah, forget it. I should do my work first.’

He felt like he would get neurosis if he even minded the matter about Kenneth. YongHo was someone who already experienced Burnout syndrome, he didn’t wish to try neurosis as well.

He knew that the answer was to stop minding about such things from experience.

When he started working for real, the development speed progressed quickly.

Excluding Lucia, the code from other people that YongHo was responsible for, didn’t have many things to point out.

Moreover, with coding, YongHo could do it with his eyes closed. He was coding rapidly, as if he was a proficient author writing a book.

Thinking back to YongHo's previous state, this was unimaginable.

‘I also grew a lot.’

When he first learned programming, he had to search the internet after writing a single line of code. (T/N: That's me)

He could only go to the next line after he searched and confirmed that he had used the proper function, in the proper way.

However, it wasn't like that now.

He coded smoothly like a flowing river.

‘If it's at this speed, I might be able to finish earlier than the schedule.’

The biggest reason for his speed was the Bug Window. If there was a bug in the program, he could immediately find and solve the problem.

YongHo appreciated the existence of the Bug Window.

‘Thanks.’

Biting off a chunk of Godiva chocolate, YongHo started working again. It wasn't that the development had finished,

The field that YongHo was developing was the server side.

The web portal sites that we usually use can be seen as a server. The person accessing it is the client, and the server is where the client is accessing.

To be more exact, web portal sites are called web servers.

Used in games, they're called game servers.

Chatting servers for chatting.

Like such, the word in front of 'server' can be said to be its usage.

Servers can be categorized according to its uses, and that's because the software to make the server would be different according to the uses.

For a server to process transactions, one had to mind more about the security, and to express webs, a communication protocol known as HTTP must be supported.

Amongst those, the thing YongHo was developing was called the image processing API(Application Programming Interface) server.

If a user takes the photos and sends it to the server that YongHo implemented, it must quickly change the said photos into the results that he wants before returning the result.

The most important thing in such servers was the performance.

‘It might be better if we reduced the size a little.’

It was Na DaeBang who was in charge of the actual image processing bit. YongHo was focusing on making the server able to process a large quantity of users at once.

This company was one where it was operating a website with more than 70 million users per day.

It had plenty of knowhow in operating servers. However, what YongHo was doing now wasn’t following the original method.

‘I need to make this load of work from 100 servers function in only 10 servers.’

This was the standard that YongHo had set for himself. Following the original methods did not lead to improvement.

In the initial stages, he could develop himself well even just by following the original method. He developed himself by following the methods of An ByungHoon, Son SeokHo, Jeff Done and a lot of other people.

Also, he followed the guidance of the Bug Window countless times.

He now wanted not to imitate, but to create.

So the goal he had set for himself was to make the server run with 10 times more efficiency than the one in the company right now.

However, the problem wasn't only with the server.

'The time taken in the network is considerable too.'

The image would be transferred through the network. As images had a bigger size than text files, he could not ignore the transfer time.

If it was just one or two images, then it wouldn't matter, but the images would be sent from 70 million people. If one sent 10KB of images, then the total would be more than 600GB.

One movie was around 2GB. YongHo was implementing while considering that 300 movies would come through the network.



‘There’s a limit to just using the asynchronous processing... That doesn’t mean I can work on image compressing too.....’

This was the biggest block that YongHo had met while coding. Asynchronous processing meant that he wouldn’t process everything in order.

Originally, if user(A) sends data, then the server wouldn’t do anything else until it is done processing the data sent by user(A).

However, with asynchronous processing, if the server receives data from user(B) while it’s processing user(A)’s data, then it would also process that data.

The speed would increase, but the probability of data getting corrupted was high. The coding difficulty would also increase accordingly, but YongHo’s problem wasn’t with the difficulty of coding.

He had to decrease the size of the image passing through the network. If the size is reduced, then the time used in the network would naturally decrease as well.

Above that, the amount he had to process in the server would decrease too.

‘How should I do this.....’

YongHo's hands, which were dancing on top of the keyboard, had also stopped. Time to think was just as important as the time to code.

YongHo was now at a level where he could implement what was inside his head. Now, it was more important to build up the logic as to how to implement it, inside his head.

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"Jeff, let's go home."

"I don't think I'll go home today."

"Aren't you overworking yourself?"

"I'll just check one more thing, so go first."

While vaguely listening to Jonathan's words, Jeff extinguished the light on his cigarette with his shoes. Then he went back up to the office.

The time was nearing 11 p.m. Jeff thought that there would be no one inside his office, and took out another cigarette.

"This is strange."

Then, with both of his legs on the desk, he positioned himself in a comfortable position.

The thing that vaguely seemed to be within his reach, but unreachable, was making Jeff frustrated. If he just grabbed it, then he thought that he would be able to arrive at the objective that he had set for himself.

“Is there a problem with the algorithm.....”

He seemed to be unable to think of anything while sitting down, so he stood up and walked towards the whiteboard.

While smoking, he wrote mathematical formulae on the whiteboard. The main reason was to check if there was anything wrong with it.

“There are no problems though.....”

He did it again, but there was no problem. Jeff looked at the code after he sat back down, confused.

Jeff's ears could hear something while he was absorbed in thinking, his back deep in the chair.

“Hmph! Do you think this is enough?”

“Of course, you must have been shocked that day... but it really

was not intentional.”

On one hand, YongHo was holding coffee, while on the other, a bag of chocolate. Yu SoHyun, who walked in front of him, didn't relax her coy expression.

It was because the effect of the incident on Halloween day hadn't been resolved yet.

“So, you ate the porridge?”

“It was really delicious. I think I recovered thanks to that.”

Fortunately, YongHo's efforts in saying only the correct things, seemed to be working. Yu SoHyun's coy expression also seemed to be relaxing a little.

“Well, if you say so.....”

Yu SoHyun blurred the end of her lines, as if forgiving him at this point. While conversing like such, they were entering the office where Yu SoHyun was working.

“Do you think this is your house?”

It was Yu SoHyun who panicked at Jeff's picky attitude. YongHo already knew of Jeff's personality.

What was interesting was that he became pickier the friendlier he was with someone. Unlike when they first met, the more time they spent together, the more picky Jeff became. (T/N: Jeff is tsundere~)

“It could be considered as the home of my heart, where my master is.”

Instead of Yu SoHyun, who was not saying anything due to panic, YongHo spoke up. Yu SoHyun tried to explain but there was no need to.

“More of your nonsense... It’s late so miss SoHyun should go home too.”

Jeff spoke with a softer tone. As it hadn’t been long since Yu SoHyun started working there, she stayed behind trying to become more familiar with the company.

She had only left for a bit since she heard that YongHo was coming.

“But what are you doing and not leaving, Mr. Jeff?”

YongHo asked while approaching Jeff. He was curious as to what was it that made him unable to go home. He felt like it would definitely not be a loss if he looked at it.

“Trying to leech my stuff again? Get lost.”

“Ayy, why are you like that again. We should help each other out.”

“And I said that I need no help from you.”

“Did you already forget that I had already helped you twice before?”

Jeff was sitting there, thinking that YongHo’s nonchalant attitude was absurd. He seemed to have thrown away the cigarette that he was smoking the moment people entered, as only the faint smell of smoke was showing that he had smoked.

“Bah! Coincidence.”

Even though YongHo had approached right next to him, Jeff didn’t hide the monitor. His attitude was to make him do it if he wants to.

YongHo didn’t deny that and looked at the code that Jeff had written.

“Run it once.”

“Hey, am I someone who would run just because you told m.....”

Jeff couldn’t finish his words. It was because YongHo had already compiled and ran the program mid way.

After the program ran, he lost his words completely.

“Can I refer to the source if I solve it?”

Jeff looked at YongHo in absurdity. YongHo didn't avoid Jeff's gaze either.

It was something which would be solved in 10 minutes if he looked at the Bug Window. If he could refer to Jeff's code, with solving it in 10 minutes as compensation, then he would profit.

## Chapter 99: Breakthrough (2)

---

The always cynical-looking Jeff burst out in laughter for the first time.

“BWAHAHAHAHA!”

Jeff’s laughter contained a little absurdity, loathing, and some worry that YongHo may actually be able to do it.

YongHo didn’t need to explain, so he just stood there quietly. Yu SoHyun, who came in with him, also nervously sat there when Jeff laughed. Although they hadn’t worked together for a long period of time, he might have been seen as reasonable and cool-headed, but he rarely ever laughed.

“.....”

“YongHo, no matter how, that’s not right. You will solve the problem?”

“Yes.”

“Bwahaha.....”

When YongHo replied with conviction, Jeff laughed again. Seeing him even grab his stomach and laugh with his waist down, it didn’t look that good.



However, even with Jeff's reaction, YongHo just stood there without flinching.

“This is not an example contained in textbooks.”

Jeff's voice turned serious after he laughed his heart out. He had already been helped out by YongHo twice, but he still strongly thought that it was just a coincidence.

This was because he had seen too much of YongHo's capability during his algorithm study with YongHo.

The limit that ordinary people always have.

The giant wall known as algorithms.

Jeff definitely saw YongHo's figure in front of that wall.

There were people who could automatically calculate the four basic operations of three digit numbers within their heads.

One of them being Jeff.

He didn't easily forget a scene or a book that he had once seen.

He was a genius, so to speak.

He started studying computer science due to his interest and it grew rapidly. Now, he didn't even need an ID card to prove his identity somewhere.

Just his name would make most people recognize him.

His smart head played a big role in this.

However, YongHo wasn't like that.

YongHo seemed to need effort.

No, he seemed to need efffffffoooooorrrrrrrrrrrrtttttttt. (E/N: I think this is on purpose, cause chamber with his tests and all ROFL.)(T/N: effort-노력, that thing - 노오오오오오오오오오 노력)

Could he catch his foot if he put in several times the effort of that of others?

However, no matter how much he tried, Jeff thought that YongHo wouldn't become like him.

People say that there was a paper-thin difference between geniuses and ordinary people, but he had never seen anyone who overcame that paper-thin difference.

Feeling that Jeff had disdained him, YongHo's face also stiffened

a little. The atmosphere between them tensed, and a nervousness formed in the air.

“I’m not a student who studies relying on books now.”

“... Then what will you do if you cannot solve it? As I said, I don’t show my source to anyone.”

“Every night, I’ll come here and do trivial work.”

YongHo’s suggestion was tempting, even to Jeff.

Startups were always short of hands.

In Jeff’s eyes, he couldn’t leave YongHo with a high-level algorithm problem, but organizing sources or web developing, or apps and other front-end development seemed suitable for him to do.

“Then could you solve it in one hour?”

“Yes.”

To try, regardless of the outcome.

YongHo nodded his head immediately.

Looking at the overall source, it seemed to be related to file compression. He hadn't had a good look at it, but the comments he could see from time to time had such a meaning behind them.

If he could take the source that Jeff made, and applied it to the server and the client that he was in the middle of developing, then he thought that it might be the key to a revolutionary increase in performance.

Jeff went outside for a smoke. Yu SoHyun was looking at YongHo dumbfoundedly.

He had come to see her, but now, he was working.

‘Wha, what the hell.....?’

She was disappointed, but on the other hand, it was hard to suppress her emotions that were attracted to him.

Even within the company, not many people talked to Jeff like that. His pickiness was one reason, but more importantly, it was because not many people got through to him.

If there were levels starting from one and ending at five, Jeff's level would be level 5. However, from what Yu SoHyun saw herself, there was no one at the same level as Jeff.

Even from her own view, where she didn't know any programming at all, it was obvious.

Meetings always ended in a one-sided lecture from Jeff.

‘I don’t know whether they’re close... or he has the ability.’

And YongHo was speaking to such Jeff without holding anything back. He probably has that much ability – she thought.

Moreover, the concentration that he was showing now was even more impressive.

‘He seems to be concentrating hard.’

His figure looking at the monitor and concentrating, looked charming. She even found him to be sexy seeing him concentrating only on programming while excluding everything else.

‘Let’s forgive him if he succeeds, and... keep it if he doesn’t.’

On one side, she found him reprehensible for ignoring her like this and working. While gritting her teeth in secret, Yu SoHyun looked at YongHo, who was coding.

YongHo quickly solved the problem. The guidance of the Bug Window was that good. While editing the bugs, YongHo could only exclaim at Jeff’s ability.

“Prediction eh.....”

There was an element of prediction on top of Huffman's algorithm.

The Huffman algorithm.

The algorithm was used in most of the file compression programs that we use were those that had Huffman's algorithm applied to it.

Jeff brought prediction into the Huffman algorithm to predict what kind of data would come next after each data.

For instance, if the photo contained a picture of the sky, then it was likely that most of the said image would be blue.

Then, it was highly probable that the color next to blue would be blue.

Jeff brought such a concept into compression.

"He's in a different league."

YongHo once again felt Jeff's league.

There was a thrilling electricity that filled his body.

The electricity came up from his toes, and went up to his head,

before enveloping his body.

“Ah.....”

YongHo quietly exclaimed.

As if the puzzles of the things he studied were being put in place, he started to understand Jeff's code.

When studying, the limit approaches sometime. As if being hit by a wall, one's abilities don't increase and people just walk in the same spot.

And when that walking on the spot reaches a certain extent, an explosive growth in the graph can be drawn. (E/N: Bottleneck)

YongHo's state right now was like that.

Algorithms were what YongHo was the weakest at.

However, he didn't give up and endlessly put in effort. He asked about the things he didn't know to Jeff, and implemented it when he went back home while learning.

This was the result.

Jeff's fantastic code, as if an immortal medicine, broke the giant

wall that blocked YongHo's path and lead him on the path.

He wasn't just solving bugs.

Each and every line on Jeff's code started being understood by him, and he could simulate what the result would be when he ran the program.

“.....”

YongHo couldn't close his wide opened mouth. The more he understood, the more he was shocked.

He finally understood why Jeff disdained him so much. Compared to Jeff, it was only reasonable that he was disdained.

Like how a good book changes a person's life, Jeff's code made a programmer open his eyes.

Having come back up after his smoke, Jeff asked from behind YongHo.

“Do you understand what it is?”

Jeff's picky tone was the same as ever. Until now, there wasn't anyone within the company who understood Jeff's explanations.



As such, it could be said that he was developing the core part by himself.

That was the reason why he wasn't leaving work even though it was past midnight.

Jeff thought that YongHo would naturally not understand anything.

The coincidences ended here.

That was known best by Jeff more than anyone else, as he was the one who tutored YongHo. He was judging YongHo as a level lower than the programmers working with him.

Whether he knew it or not, YongHo spoke while exclaiming.

“It's really amazing. You've added a concept of prediction on top of the Huffman's algorithm. But... the problem is that the predicting probability is too low.”

“...What? Say that again.”

“Wait a moment, I'll see this bit a little more.”

Not flinching at Jeff's question, YongHo focused on the code.

His expression was as if looking at a piece of art.

He had the same expression as those who were looking at art pieces drawn by a master in a museum or an art gallery.

Exclamation and admiration.

YongHo had another thing.

A challenge.

The challenging mind to complete the program by solving the problem that Jeff was experiencing, was filling YongHo.

“.....”

Now, even Jeff didn't say anything and quietly watched YongHo, who was coding.

Yu SoHyun, who was eavesdropping on their conversation, also went behind YongHo.

Every time YongHo's hands flickered on the keyboard, new codes started appearing on the screen.

The code that Jeff wrote disappeared, and the code that YongHo wrote started appearing.

Jeff, who was behind him, couldn't understand.

‘...No way.’

Even a few days ago when he tutored him, YongHo didn't have this kind of skill.

As if showing his skills which he hid until now, YongHo knew exactly what he was trying to do through the code.

‘He won't succeed for real right?’

He thought that YongHo could understand what kind of concepts that the program was made with.

However, implementing with the code itself was a different matter altogether.

It was like how knowing a mathematical formula was not the same as solving a related problem immediately.

‘Hm.....’

Jeff still couldn't believe it.

However, not like he had to.

YongHo saw through the core code that the program had. It wasn't like with other people who he had to explain to.

It was the core found from the code.

As such, he could implement it with the code again.

Vdec compress program building.....(10%)

Vdec compress program building.....(41%)

Vdec compress program building.....(98%)

The coding ended and even the program build had ended.

Build.

The process of making code to be able to be run in a computer.

Only after the build ended could the program run.

All that process had ended right now.

“Then I'll run it.”

YongHo also seemed nervous as his words were trembling. Even though he had checked numerous times, he couldn't help his trembling.

“Do it quickly.”

Jeff also seemed impatient as he urged YongHo. Even until then, he couldn't hide his doubtful mind.

File compression.

To test, YongHo clicked a simple button that the program supplied him.

To test the program easily, he had only made a single button.

It was made so that the prepared files with 10mb, 100mb and 500mb would be shown on the screen as how much data it would consume after being compressed.

On the screen, the loading screen appeared again.

Compressing file.....

The longer the ellipses became, the more the tension in the office rose. And after less than one minute had passed, the results of the compression appeared on the screen.

4mb, 43mb, 212mb.

!!!!!!Passing criteria!!!!

This was the passing criteria.

Meaning that it had passed the standard that Jeff had set.

Not a fail, but a pass.

The compression rate was bigger with a bigger file. (T/N: Is it me or is this statement not true...?)

Like how the log saying ‘passing criteria’ told them, the results were successful.

Jeff barely held himself back from cheering by biting on his lips.

Rather, it was Yu SoHyun who jumped around in joy when she read the words ‘passing criteria’.

“Wha? It’s done right? It’s successful, right?”

Pretending to not know of Yu SoHyun’s violent reaction, YongHo finally turned his head and looked at Jeff.

YongHo’s eyes were shining.

“How is it?”

He didn't need to listen to Jeff's answer.

Jeff nodded his head a few times instead of replying. Barely opening his mouth, he pretended to not care and threw a line.

“Let's work together. I'll give you the treatment you want.”

“I need to rest first today.”

It was already nearing 1 a.m. Fatigue overcame him, perhaps due to focusing too suddenly.

Today, it seemed he needed some sleep.

# Chapter 100: Breakthrough (3)

---

He felt that he had a dream.

Even though it happened just tens of minutes ago, he felt distant as if it had happened several days ago.

‘What was that?’

It was as if someone else had possessed his body to code. And the moment he coded, all the boulders that blocked his head were shattered to dust.

After that, he just left his hand to do whatever it wanted to do. When he came to himself, everything was done.

‘At least it isn’t a dream.’

Checking his phone on the bed to sleep, Jeff had messaged him.

Not once had Jeff messaged him of his own accord.

It could be seen how much shock today’s matters were to Jeff.

-Thanks, and I mean it when I said to work together so if you have the thought then, tell me anytime.



It was as if it was a marriage proposal. (T/N: !!!)

Although he had never been proposed to before, he thought that this would feel even better. (T/N: !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)

‘Not a bad feeling.’

For the first time in a while, he slept soundly.

The moment he came to work, YongHo gathered all the developers. It was to apply Jeff’s algorithm to the current project.

“Then I’ll say this shortly. I have found a way to use half as much data. As such, we need to change a little to apply the said library to the client.”

“.....”

“I will make it into a library within one week before I release it, so please develop with this in mind.”

“YongHo! What do you mean? I don’t understand?”

Dave had just come into the meeting wondering what was up. Na DaeBang and James weren’t any different.

They were all making expressions of curiosity.

Decrease the amount of data by half?

Surpassing revolution, this level reached shock.

The era was ruled by data.

Countless people looked for business opportunities via data, and were analyzing human action patterns to set a direction.

To do that, countless amounts of data was needed. Also, such data needed to be saved.

Halving it.

It's not something that could just be applied on servers.

If it was really true, then it can be applied to all fields.

“There's a programmer called Jeff. It's from him. I'm planning to customize it to fit this project. Currently, it has been confirmed that it works on normal files.”

Ignoring Dave, YongHo continued explaining.

The meeting room changed into a place of shock.

The meeting wasn't long. It ended within ten minutes. However, the people couldn't hide their excited expressions.

Anyone who has interest in the related field would know how amazing YongHo's words were right now.

One of them, was of course, Dave.

"Is it for real?"

"Yes, it's real. I met Jeff yesterday and confirmed that the program was running."

"...Jeff? That Jeff Done?" (T/N: I forgot how I named Jeff Done, was it Jeff Dunn or Done?)

"It's the Jeff Done you're thinking of."

"Jeff, Jeff Done....."

Dave seemed especially bothered about the word Jeff as he kept muttering the word.

"I've been given permission to refer to the source, so let's try applying it. There probably would be a considerable rise in performance. It's even applicable to DB."

“That’s true.....”

Dave looked somewhat bitter. However, YongHo had no room to recognize such minute changes on Dave. It wasn’t like the source was in YongHo’s possession.

He had to implement the source in his head before he forgot everything.

Like how professional chess players simulate their match after the match itself, he had to make a program while thinking back to each situation.

He felt like he would forget the already faint memory if he talked anymore.

“Then, I have to pull out the stuff in my head.”

YongHo spoke while pointing to his head. Then, he agilely went back to his seat before running the IDE(Integrated Development Environment, a tool that can compile, debug, etc).

Coding time began once again.

He didn’t remember 100% of it perfectly.

Jeff didn’t code one or two lines.

Moreover, the time YongHo read the code wasn't that long either. What was fortunate that the bug related things left behind a log on the Bug Window.

All the bugs that YongHo had solved left behind a log on the Bug Window.

Referring to that, YongHo thought back to yesterday's matters.

'Setting up the structure using Huffman's algorithm and... putting an element of prediction inside it.'

The core of a program was just a single line that wasn't long. YongHo refined his thoughts starting from there.

Perhaps due to not even one day having passed, they were faint, but he remembered most of them.

'What was important was how to predict... since the probability of prediction would differ according to that.'

Predicting wrong would screw up the program completely. If the prediction was a 5 but the actual number was a 2, then it would become a completely different file.

'And speed too.'

It was a problem even if the prediction speed was low. If the file

compression took ages, then no one would use the program.

‘It will be hard to make the same thing.’

Trying his best to remember, YongHo focused on coding. It wouldn’t be completely the same.

However, he was sure that the server performance would become better if the development was finished.

\*\*\*

After he had lost in the coding competition, Mark completely stopped sexually harassing Lucia.

Kenneth seemed slightly disappointed, but Mark himself didn’t show anything on the surface. Rather, he focused more on work.

Kenneth called for Mark sneakily.

“Mark, you alright? It’s originally the position you should have taken.”

“Well, I don’t have the ability so I can’t do anything about it.”

“Who dares to call you that way!”

“You saw it too that day.”

Mark seemed to completely acknowledge his loss. Although he did lose by a small margin, a loss was a loss.

As it was a fair competition, no objections could be raised.

Moreover, as he had participated in the meeting just now, Mark was thinking that he had an inferior ability compared to YongHo more and more.

“Do you know what YongHo said just now?”

“.....”

“He said he found something that would increase the performances of the compression programs by at least half. It seems he will apply it to our server.”

“Compression?”

“Amazing right?... We were using a lot from the budget on storage as the amount of data increased explosively too... to think he'd solve it using software... Now I don't even have the slightest regrets.”

Mark spoke while blankly looking at the clouds in the sky. Although he did admit his loss, he felt that he would win again if

they competed again. He had the regret that he might be able to win if they did it again.

However, even that regret was all but gone now.

Mark spoke to the quiet Kenneth.

“You too, stop bullying Lucia and come out fairly. If it doesn’t work, then... oh well. It’s not like she’s the only woman in the world.”

“.....”

“Well, then. I’ll go on first. YongHo told me to prepare to apply it to the client so I need to look at the code.”

Until Mark stood up and disappeared, Kenneth didn’t move from that spot. When Mark was just about to disappear from his sight, Kenneth quietly muttered.

“If it doesn’t work, then.....”

Then he stood up. However, he shouldn’t have.

Kenneth justified all his actions until now with just one reason.

I did it because I liked you.



However, it was too late. Even if the start wasn't twisted, it wouldn't have been that easy.

“I'm sorry.”

“.....”

Lucia spoke with her head lowered. Kenneth acted as if nothing had happened, but he couldn't hide his reddened face.

“I have someone I like.”

Lucia rejected Kenneth while telling him the reason, that he didn't ask for. One might think it was just an excuse, but Kenneth didn't seem to think like that.

“Is it... the person I think it is?”

“.....”

Now, Lucia became quiet. She considered that it wasn't necessary to mention such private matters.

He was a complete stranger.

A colleague at work, no more, no less.

“...Anyway, I understand very well what you mean.”

On his way back to the office, Kenneth looked at the place where YongHo was sitting.

He was looking at the monitor and was doing something as if possessed. It seemed he was developing the thing that Mark was talking about.

‘There is no place for you in America. The things you’ve earned here are not yours.’

From some time, countless foreigners had come to Silicon Valley. India, China, South Korea, etc, many people who received the H1B visa had come to Silicon Valley like the tide.

And they took American jobs.

‘Even without the H1B, Silicon Valley will not disappear.’

Someone said this on an American news channel.

That there will be no Silicon Valley without H1B. However, Kenneth thought differently.

The power of the strongest country in the world didn’t come from migrants.

Kenneth's words were too small so nobody around him heard it.

YongHo didn't hear it either.

He looked as if he was trapped in space and time. As he didn't have the brains that other people had, he put in effort to focus.

He put more effort in than anyone else, and according to his effort, his ability to focus became stronger.

He was concentrating enough to not hear anything from his surroundings.

'Something's missing.'

He felt like he had implemented it similar to what he remembered. However, something was lacking. 2% was missing.

'I can't remember it.....'

He couldn't remember the source perfectly. If he could implement it the same way from beginning to end, then that was a genius.

Unfortunately, YongHo wasn't within the range where people were called geniuses.

‘Hm.....’

Now that he had made a prototype, the performance also dropped. The compression rate didn’t go over 50%, and even on the speed side, just from what he felt, it took several times longer.

‘I should ask again after meeting him.’

At such times, he needed to see Jeff. He definitely did say that he would allow him to refer to it. Since Jeff owed him, he would teach him nicely.

And the offer to move workplaces.

He literally gave out a blank check, saying he would listen to any requests. The time he spent at the current company was nearing one year. Although he didn’t know the company’s system or their work completely, he vaguely felt the outline.

He felt that there would be more things for him to learn if he was with Jeff, rather than here.

‘I should meet him at least once.’

Today, too, the moon could be seen, after he raised his head from work. He now had to go home.

```
$ git add *
```

He added the source he wrote until now,

```
$ git commit -m "Added compression-related library"
```

And added the explanation for the source.

```
$ git push origin master
```

Then he saved the the source he wrote on the remote server.

Master.

YongHo was the owner of the project.